

THE
ENGLISH THEATRE
IN
EIGHT VOLUMES.

CONTAINING
The most valuable PLAYS
Which have been acted on the
LONDON STAGE.

V O L. II.

ALL for LOVE.
ABRAMULE.
ANNA BULLEN.
CATO.
CÆSAR in EGYPT.

L O N D O N :
Printed for T. LOWNDS in Fleet-street.
M DCC LXII.

Where may be had, All Sorts of PLAYS.





Gravelot inv.

J. B. Guichet sculp.

1
A L L for L O V E:

O R, T H E

W O R L D W E L L L O S T.

A

T R A G E D Y.

By Mr. *D R Y D E N*.

Facile est verbum aliquod ardens (ut ita dicam) notare:
idque restinctis animorum incendiis irridere. *Cicero.*



L O N D O N:

Printed for J. T O N S O N in the Strand.

M D C C X X I V.

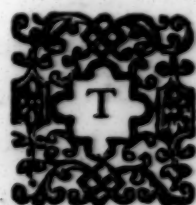


To the Right Honourable

T H O M A S,

*Earl of Danby, Viscount Latimer, and
Baron Osborne of Kiveton in York-
shire, Lord High Treasurer of England,
one of his Majesty's most Honourable
Privy-Council, and Knight of the most
Noble Order of the Garter, &c.*

M Y L O R D,



THE Gratitude of Poets is so
troublesome a Virtue to great
Men, that you are often in Dan-
ger of your own Benefits: For
you are threaten'd with some
Epistle, and not suffer'd to do good in quiet,
or to compound for their Silence whom you

The Epistle Dedicatory.

have oblig'd. Yet, I confess, I neither am or ought to be surpris'd at this Indulgence: For your Lordship has the same Right to favour Poetry, which the Great and Noble have ever had.

Carmen amat, quisquis carmine digna gerit.

There is somewhat of a Tie in Nature betwixt those who are born for worthy Actions, and those who can transmit them to Posterity: And though ours be much the inferior Part, it comes at least within the Verge of Alliance; nor are we unprofitable Members of the Commonwealth, when we animate others to those Virtues, which we copy and describe from you.

'Tis indeed their Interest, who endeavour the Subversion of Governments, to discourage Poets and Historians; for the best which can happen to them, is, to be forgotten: But such who, under Kings, are the Fathers of their Country, and by a just and prudent ordering of Affairs preserve it, have the same reason to cherish the Chroniclers of their Actions, as they have to lay up in Safety the Deeds and Evidences of their Estates: For such Records are their undoubted Titles to the Love and Reverence of After-ages. You
Lord

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Lordship's Administration has already taken up a considerable part of the *English Annals*; and many of its most happy Years are owing to it. His Majesty, the most knowing Judge of Men, and the best Master, has acknowledg'd the Ease and Benefit he receives in the Incomes of his Treasury, which you found not only disorder'd, but exhausted. All things were in the confusion of a *Chaos*, without Form or Method, if not reduced beyond it, even to Annihilation: So that you had not only to separate the jarring Elements, but (if that boldness of Expression might be allow'd me) to create them. Your Enemies had so embroyl'd the Management of your Office, that they look'd on your Advancement as the Instrument of your Ruin. And as if the clogging of the Revenue, and the confusion of Accounts, which you found in your Entrance, were not sufficient, they added their own Weight of Malice to the public Calamity, by forestalling the Credit which shou'd cure it: Your Friends on the other side were only capable of pitying, but not of aiding you: No farther Help or Counsel was remaining to you, but what was founded on yourself: And that indeed was your Security: For your Diligence, your
Con-

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Constancy, and your Prudence, wrought more surely within, when they were not disturb'd by any outward Motion. The highest Virtue is best to be trusted with itself, for Assistance only can be given by a *Genius* superior to that which it assists. And 'tis the noblest kind of Debt, when we are only oblig'd to God and Nature. This then, my Lord, is your just Commendation, that you have wrought out yourself a way to Glory, by those very Means that were design'd for your Destruction: You have not only restor'd, but advanc'd the Revenues of your Master, without Grievance to the Subject: And, as if that were little yet, the Debts of the *Exchequer*, which lay heaviest both on the Crown, and on private Persons, have by your Conduct been establish'd in a Certainty of Satisfaction. An Action so much the more Great and Honourable, because the Case was without the ordinary Relief of Laws; above the Hopes of the Afflicted, and beyond the Narrowness of the Treasury to redress, had it been manag'd by a less able Hand. 'Tis certainly the happiest, and most unenvy'd part of all your Fortune, to do Good to many, while you do Injury to none: To receive at once the Prayers of the
Subject,

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Subject, and the Praises of the Prince: And by the Care of your Conduct, to give him Means of exerting the chiefest (if any be the chiefest) of his Royal Virtues, his distributive Justice to the Deserving, and his Bounty and Compassion to the Wanting. The Disposition of Princes towards their People, cannot be better discover'd than in the Choice of their Ministers: Who, like the Animal Spirits betwixt the Soul and Body, participate somewhat of both Natures, and make the Communication which is betwixt them. A King, who is just and moderate in his Nature, who rules according to the Laws, whom God made happy by forming the Temper of his Soul to the Constitution of his Government, and who makes us happy, by assuming over us no other Sovereignty than that wherein our Welfare and Liberty consists; a Prince, I say, of so excellent a Character, and so suitable to the Wishes of all good Men, could not better have convey'd himself into his Peoples Apprehensions, than in your Lordship's Person; who so lively express the same Virtues, that you seem not so much a Copy, as an Emanation of him. Moderation is doubtless an Establishment of Greatness; but there is a Steadiness
of

The Epistle Dedicatory.

of Temper which is likewise requisite in a Minister of State: So equal a Mixture of both Virtues, that he may stand like an *Isthmus* betwixt the two encroaching Seas of arbitrary Power, and lawless Anarchy. The Undertaking would be difficult to any but an extraordinary Genius, to stand at the Line, and to divide the Limits; to pay what is due to the great Representative of the Nation, and neither to inhance, nor to yield up the undoubted Prerogatives of the Crown. These, my Lord, are the proper Virtues of a Noble *Englishman*, as indeed they are properly *English* Virtues: No People in the World being capable of using them, but we who have the Happiness to be born under so equal, and so well-pois'd a Government. A Government which has all the Advantages of Liberty beyond a Commonwealth, and all the Marks of Kingly Sovereignty without the Danger of a Tyranny. Both my Nature, as I am an *Englishman*, and my Reason, as I am a Man, have bred in me a Loathing to that specious Name of a Republick: That Mock-appearance of a Liberty, where all who have not part in the Government, are Slaves: And Slaves they are of a viler Note, than such as are Subjects
to

The Epistle Dedicatory.

to an absolute Dominion. For no Christian Monarchy is so absolute, but 'tis circumscrib'd with Laws : But when the Executive Power is in the Law-makers, there is no farther Check upon them ; and the People must suffer without a Remedy, because they are oppress'd by their Representatives. If I must serve, the Number of my Masters, who were born my Equals, would but add to the Ignominy of my Bondage. The Nature of our Government, above all others is exactly suited both to the Situation of our Country, and the Temper of the Natives : An Island being more proper for Commerce and for defence, than for extending its Dominions on the Continent : For what the Valour of its Inhabitants might gain, by reason of its Remoteness, and the Casualties of the Seas, it cou'd not so easily preserve : And therefore, neither the arbitrary Power of one in a Monarchy, nor of many in a Commonwealth, could make us greater than we are. 'Tis true, that vaster and more frequent Taxes might be gather'd, when the Consent of the People was not ask'd or needed, but this were only by Conquering abroad to be poor at home : And the Examples of our Neigh-

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Neighbours teach us, that they are not always the happiest Subjects, whose Kings extend their Dominions farthest. Since therefore we cannot win by an Offensive War, at least a Land War, the Model of our Government seems naturally contriv'd for the Defensive Part: And the Consent of a People is easily obtain'd to contribute to that Power which must protect it. *Felices nimium, bona si sua norint, Angligenæ!* And yet there are not wanting Malecontents amongst us, who surfeiting themselves on too much Happiness, wou'd persuade the People that they might be happier by a Change. 'Twas indeed the Policy of their old Forefather, when himself was fallen from his Station of Glory, to seduce Mankind into the same Rebellion with him, by telling him he might yet be freer than he was: That is, more free than his Nature would allow, or (if I may so say) than God could make him. We have already all the Liberty which Free-born Subjects can enjoy; and all beyond it is but Licence. But if it be Liberty of Conscience which they pretend, the Moderation of our Church is such, that its Practice extends not to the Severity of Persecution,

The Epistle Dedicatory.

tion, and its Discipline is withal so easy, that it allows more Freedom to Dissenters than any of the Sects would allow to it. In the mean time, what Right can be pretended by these Men to attempt Innovations in Church or State? Who made them the Trustees, or (to speak a little nearer their own Language) the Keepers of the Liberty of *England*? If their Call be extraordinary, let them convince us by working Miracles; for ordinary Vocation they can have none to disturb the Government under which they were born, and which protects them. He who has often chang'd his Party, and always has made his Interest the Rule of it, gives little Evidence of his Sincerity for the Publick Good: 'Tis manifest he changes but for himself, and takes the People for Tools to work his Fortune. Yet the Experience of all Ages might let him know, that they who trouble the Waters first, have seldom the Benefit of Fishing: As they who began the late Rebellion, enjoy'd not the Fruit of their Undertaking, but were crush'd themselves by the Usurpation of their own Instrument. Neither is it enough for them to answer, that they only intend a Reformation of the

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Government, but not the Subversion of it: On such Pretences all Insurrections have been founded: 'Tis striking at the Root of Power, which is Obedience. Every Remonstrance of private Men, has the Seed of Treason in it; and Discourses which are couch'd in ambiguous Terms, are therefore the more dangerous, because they do all the Mischief of open Sedition, yet are safe from the Punishment of the Laws. These, my Lord, are Considerations which I should not pass so lightly over, had I room to manage them as they deserve: For no Man can be so inconsiderable in a Nation, as not to have a Share in the Welfare of it; and if he be a true *Englishman*, he must at the same time be fir'd with Indignation, and revenge himself as he can on the Disturbers of his Country. And to whom could I more fitly apply my self, than to your Lordship, who have not only an inborn, but an hereditary Loyalty? The memorable Constancy and Sufferings of your Father, almost to the Ruin of his Estate for the Royal Cause, were an Earnest of that, which such a Parent and such an Institution wou'd produce in the Person of a Son. But so unhappy an Occasion

The Epistle Dedicatory.

caſion of manifeſting your own Zeal, in ſuffering for his preſent Maſteſty, the Providence of God, and the Prudence of your Adminiſtration, will, I hope, prevent. That as your Father's Fortune waited on the Unhappineſs of his Sovereign, ſo your own may participate of the better Fate which attends his Son. The Relation which you have by Alliance to the Noble Family of your Lady, ſerves to confirm to you both this happy Augury. For what can deſerve a greater Place in the *Engliſh* Chronicle, than the Loyalty and Courage, the Actions and Death of the General of an Army fighting for his Prince and Country? The Honour and Gallantry of the Earl of *Linſey* is ſo illuſtrious a Subject, that 'tis fit to adorn an Heroick Poem; for he was the Proto-Martyr of the Cauſe, and the Type of his unfortunate Royal Maſter.

Yet, after all, my Lord, if I may ſpeak my Thoughts, you are happy rather to us than to yourſelf: For the Multiplicity, the Cares, and the Vexations of your Imployment, have betrayed you from yourſelf, and given you up into the Poſſeſſion of the Publick. You are robb'd

The Epistle Dedicatory.

of your Privacy and Friends, and scarce any Hour of your Life you can call your own. Those who envy your Fortune, if they wanted not Good nature, might more justly pity it; and when they see you watch'd by a Croud of Suitors, whose Importunity 'tis impossible to avoid, would conclude with Reason, that you have lost much more in true Content, than you have gain'd by Dignity; and that a private Gentleman is better attended by a single Servant, than your Lordship with so clamorous a Train. Pardon me, my Lord, if I speak like a Philosopher on this Subject; the Fortune which makes a Man uneasy, cannot make him happy: And a wise Man must think himself uneasy, when few of his Actions are in his Choice.

This last consideration has brought me to another, and a very seasonable one for your Relief; which is, That while I pity your want of Leisure, I have impertinently detain'd you so long a time. I have put off my own Business, which was my Dedication, 'till 'tis so late, that I am now ashamed to begin it: And therefore I will say nothing of the Poem, which I present to you, because I know not if you are like to have an
Hour

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Hour, which, with a good Conscience, you may throw away in perusing it: And for the Author, I have only to beg the Continuance of your Protection to him, who is,

My LORD,

Your Lordship's most oblig'd,

Most humble, and

Most obedient Servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.



P R E F A C E.

THE Death of *Antony* and *Cleopatra* is a Subject which has been treated by the greatest Wits of our Nation, after *Shakespear*; and by all so variously, that their Example has given me the Confidence to try myself in this Bow of *Ulysses* amongst the Croud of Shooters; and, withal, to take my own measures, in aiming at the Mark. I doubt not but the same Motive has prevailed with all of us in this Attempt; I mean the Excellency of the Moral: For the chief Persons represented were famous Patterns of unlawful Love; and their End accordingly was unfortunate. All reasonable Men have long since concluded, that the Hero of the Poem ought not to be a Character of perfect Virtue, for then he could not, without Injustice, be made unhappy; nor yet altogether wicked, because he could not then be pitied. I have therefore steer'd the middle course; and have drawn the Character of *Antony* as favourably as *Plutarch*, *Appian*, and *Dion Cassius* would give me leave: The like I have observ'd in *Cleopatra*. That which is wanting to work up the Pity to a greater Height, was not afforded me by the Story: For the Crimes of Love which they both committed, were not occasioned by any Necessity, or fatal Ignorance, but were wholly voluntary; since our Passions are, or ought to be, within our Power. The Fabrick of the Play is regular enough, as to the Inferior Parts of it; and the Unities
of

P R E F A C E.

of Time, Place and Action, more exactly observ'd, than perhaps the *English* Theatre requires. Particularly, the Action is so much one, that it is the only one of the kind without Episode, or Underplot: Every Scene in the Tragedy conducing to the main Design, and every Act concluding with a Turn of it. The greatest Error in the Contrivance seems to be in the Person of *Octavia*: For, though I might use the Privilege of a Poet, to introduce her into *Alexandria*, yet I had not enough consider'd, that the Compassion she moved to herself and Children was destructive to that which I reserv'd for *Antony* and *Cleopatra*; whose mutual Love being founded upon Vice, must lessen the Favour of the Audience to them, when Virtue and Innocence were oppress'd by it. And, though I justified *Antony* in some measure, by making *Octavia's* Departure to proceed wholly from herself; yet the force of the first Machine still remain'd; and the dividing of Pity, like the cutting of a River into many Channels, abated the strength of the natural Stream. But this is an Objection which none of my Criticks have urg'd against me; and therefore I might have let it pass, if I could have resolv'd to have been partial to myself. The Faults my Enemies have found, are rather Cavils, concerning little, and not essential Decencies; which a Master of the Ceremonies may decide betwixt us. The *French* Poets, I confess, are strict observers of these Punctilios: They would not, for Example, have suffer'd *Cleopatra* and *Octavia* to have met; or if they had met, there must only have pass'd betwixt them some cold Civilities, but no eagerness of Repartee, for fear of offending against the Greatness of their Characters, and the Modesty of their Sex. This Objection I foresaw, and at the same time contemned: For I judg'd it both natural and probable, that *Octavia*, proud of her new-gain'd Conquest, would search out *Cleopatra* to triumph over her; and that *Cleopatra* thus attack'd, was not of a Spirit to shun the Encounter: And 'tis not unlikely, that two exasperated Rivals should use such Satire as I have put

P R E F A C E.

into their Mouths; for after all, though the one were a *Roman*, and the other a *Queen*, they were both Women. 'Tis true, some Actions, though Natural, are not fit to be represented; and broad Obscenities in Words, ought in good Manners to be avoided: Expressions therefore are a modest Clothing of our Thoughts, as Breeches and Petticoats are of our Bodies. If I have kept myself within the Bounds of Modesty, all beyond it is but Nicety and Affectation; which is no more but Modesty depraved into a Vice; They betray themselves who are too quick of Apprehension in such Cases, and leave all reasonable Men to imagine worse of them, than of the Poet.

Honest Montaigne goes yet farther: *Nous ne sommes que ceremonie; la ceremonie nous emporte, & laissons la substance des choses: Nous nous tenons aux branches, & abandonnons le tronc & le corps. Nous avons appris aux Dames de rougir, oyans seulement nommer ce qu'elles ne craignent aucunement à faire: Nous n'osons appeller à droit nos membres, & ne craignons pas de les employer à toute sorte de debauchee. La Ceremonie nous defend d'exprimer par paroles les choses licites & naturelles, & nous l'en croyons; la raison nous defend de n'en faire point d'illcites & mauvaises, & personne ne l'en croit.* My Comfort is, that by this Opinion my Enemies are but sucking Criticks, who would fain be nibbling, ere their Teeth are come.

Yet in this Nicety of Manners does the Excellency of *French* Poetry consist: Their Heroes are the most civil People breathing; but their good Breeding seldom extends to a Word of Sense: All their Wit is in their Ceremony; they want the Genius which animates our Stage; And therefore 'tis but necessary, when they cannot please, that they should take care not to offend. But, as the civilest Man in the Company is commonly the Dullest, so these Authors, while they are afraid to make you laugh or cry, out of pure good Manners, make you sleep. They are so careful not to exasperate a Critic, that they never leave him any work; so busy with the Broom, and make so clear a Riddance, that there

P R E F A C E.

there is little left, either for Censure or for Praise: For no Part of a Poem is worth our Discommending, where the whole is insipid; as when we have once tasted of pall'd Wine, we stay not to examine it Glass by Glass. But while they affect to shine in Trifles, they are often careless in Essentials. Thus their *Hippolytus* is so scrupulous in Point of Decency, that he will rather expose himself to Death, than accuse his Step-mother to his Father; and my Criticks I am sure will commend him for it: But we of grosser Apprehensions are apt to think that this Excess of Generosity is not practicable, but with Fools and Madmen. This was good Manners with a Vengeance; and the Audience is like to be much concern'd at the Misfortunes of this admirable Hero: But take *Hippolytus* out of his Poetick Fit, and I suppose he would think it a wiser Part, to set the Saddle on the right Horse, and choose rather to live with the Reputation of a plain-spoken honest Man, than to die with the Infamy of an incestuous Villain. In the mean time we may take notice, that where the Poet ought to have preserv'd the Character as it was deliver'd to us by Antiquity, when he should have given us the Picture of a rough young Man, of the *Amazonian* strain, a jolly Huntsman, and both by his Profession and his early Rising a Mortal Enemy to Love, he has chosen to give him the Turn of Galantry, sent him to Travel from *Athens* to *Paris*, taught him to make Love, and transform'd the *Hippolytus* of *Euripides* into Monsieur *Hippolite*. I should not have troubled myself thus far with *French* Poets, but that I find our *Chebreux* Criticks wholly form their Judgments by them. But for my part, I desire to be try'd by the Laws of my own Country; for it seems unjust to me, that the *French* should prescribe here, till they have conquer'd. Our little Sonneteers who follow them, have too narrow Souls to judge of Poetry. Poets themselves are the most proper, though I conclude not the only Criticks. But till some Genius, as Universal as *Aristotle*, shall arise, one who can penetrate into all Arts and Sciences, without the Practice of them, I shall think it reasonable, that the Judgment of an Artificer in his own

P R E F A C E.

Art should be preferable to the Opinion of another Man ; at least where he is not brib'd by Interest, or prejudic'd by Malice : and this, I suppose, is manifest by plain Induction : For, first, the Crowd cannot be presum'd to have more than a gross Instinct, of what pleases or displeases them : Every man will grant me this ; but then, by a particular Kindness to himself, he draws his own Stake first, and will be distinguish'd from the Multitude, of which other men may think him one. But, If I come closer to those who are allow'd for witty Men, either by the Advantage of their Quality, or by common Fame, and affirm that neither are they qualify'd to decide Sovereignly concerning Poetry, I shall yet have a strong Party of my Opinion ; for most of them severally will exclude the Rest, either from the Number of witty Men, or at least of able Judges. But here again they are all indulgent to themselves : And every one who believes himself a Wit, that is, every Man, will pretend at the same time to a right of Judging. But to press it yet farther, there are many witty Men, but few Poets ; neither have all Poets a Taste of Tragedy. And this is the Rock on which they are daily splitting. Poetry, which is a Picture of Nature, must generally please : But 'tis not to be understood that all Parts of it must please every Man ; Therefore is not Tragedy to be judg'd by a witty Man, whose taste is only confin'd to Comedy. Nor is every Man who loves Tragedy, a sufficient Judge of it : He must understand the Excellencies of it too, or he will only prove a blind Admirer, not a Critick. From hence it comes that so many Satires on Poets, and Censures of their Writings, fly abroad. Men of pleasant Conversation, (at least esteem'd so) and indu'd with a trifling kind of Fancy, perhaps help'd out with some smattering of *Latin*, are ambitious to distinguish themselves from the Herd of Gentlemen, by their Poetry ;

*Rarus enim ferme sensus communis in illa
Fortunâ.*

And is not this a wretched Affectation, not to be contented with what Fortune has done for them, and
fit

P R E F A C E.

fit down quietly, with their Estates, but they must call their Wits in question, and needlessly expose their Nakedness to publick View? Not considering that they are not to expect the same Approbation from sober Men, which they have found from their Flatterers after the third Bottle? If a little Glittering in Discourse has pass'd them on us for witty men, where was the Necessity of undeceiving the World? Would a Man who has an ill Title to an Estate, but yet is in Possession of it, would he bring it of his own accord to be try'd at *Westminster*? We who write, if we want the Talent yet have the Excuse that we do it for a poor Subsistence; but what can be urg'd in their Defence, who not having the Vocation of Poverty to scribble, out of meer Wantonness take pains to make themselves ridiculous? *Horace* was certainly in the right, where he said, *That no Man is satisfied with his own Condition.* A Poet is not pleas'd because he is not rich; and the Rich are discontented, because the Poets will not admit them of their Number. Thus the Case is hard with Writers: If they succeed not, they must starve; and if they do, some malicious Satire is prepar'd to level them, for daring to please without their Leave. But while they are so eager to destroy the Fame of others, their Ambition is manifest in their Concernment: Some Poem of their own is to be produced, and the Slaves are to be laid flat with their Faces on the Ground, that the Monarch may appear in the greater Majesty.

Dionysius and *Nero* had the same Longings, but with all their Power they could never bring their Business well about. 'Tis true, they proclaim'd themselves Poets by Sound of Trumpet; and Poets they were upon pain of Death to any Man who durst call them otherwise. The Audience had a fine time on't, you may imagine; they sat in a bodily Fear, and look'd as demurely as they could: For 'twas a hanging Matter to laugh unseasonably; and the Tyrants were suspicious, as they had reason, that their Subjects had 'em in the Wind: So, every man in his own Defence set as good a Face upon the Business as he could: 'Twas known before-hand.

P R E F A C E.

band that the Monarchs were to be crown'd Laureats ; but when the Show was over, and an honest Man was suffer'd to depart quietly, he took out his Laughter which he had stifled ; with a firm Resolution never more to see an Emperor's Play, though he had been ten Years a making it. In the mean time the true Poets were they who made the best Markets, for they had Wit enough to yield the Prize with a good Grace, and not contend with him who had thirty Legions : They were sure to be rewarded, if they confess'd themselves bad Writers, and that was somewhat better than to be Martyrs for their Reputation. *Lucan's* Example was enough to teach them Manners ; and after he was put to death, for overcoming *Nero*, the Emperor carried it without Dispute for the best Poet in his Dominions : No Man was ambitious of that grinning Honour ; for if he heard the malicious Trumpeter proclaiming his Name before his betters, he knew there was but one way with him. *Mæcenas* took another Course, and we know he was more than a great Man, for he was witty too : But finding himself far gone in Poetry, which *Seneca* assures us was not his Talent, he thought it his best way to be well with *Virgil* and with *Horace* ; that at least he might be a Poet at the second hand ; and we see how happily it has succeeded with him ; for his own bad Poetry is forgotten, and their Panegyricks of him still remain. But they who should be our Patrons, are for no such expensive Ways to Fame : They have much of the Poetry of *Mæcenas*, but little of his Liberality. They are for persecuting *Horace* and *Virgil* in the Persons of their Successors, (for such is every Man, who has any part of their Soul and Fire, though in a less degree.) Some of their little *Zanies* yet go farther ; for they are Persecutors even of *Horace* himself, as far as they are able, by their ignorant and vile Imitations of him ; by making an unjust use of his Authority, and turning his Artillery against his Friends. But how would he disdain to be copy'd by such Hands ! I dare answer for him he would be more uneasy in their Company, than he was with *Crispinus* their
Fore-

P R E F A C E.

Forefather in the *Holy Way*; and would no more have allow'd them a Place amongst the Criticks, than he would *Demetrius* the Mimick, and *Tigellius* the Buffoon;

— — *Demetri, teque Tigelli,*
Discipulorum inter jubeo plorare Cathedras.

With what Scorn would he look down on such miserable Translators, who make *Doggril* of his *Latin*, mistake his Meaning, mis-apply his Censures, and often contradict their own? He is fix'd as a Land-mark to set out the Bounds of Poetry.

— — *Saxum antiquum, ingens,*
Limes agro positus, litem ut discerneret arvis:

But other Arms than theirs, and other Sinews are requir'd, to raise the Weight of such an Author; and when they would toss him against their Enemies,

Genua labant, gelidus concrevit frigore sanguis,
Tum lapis ipse viri, vacuum per inane volutus,
Nec spatium evasit totum, nec pertulit ictum.

For my part, I would wish no other Revenge, either for myself or the rest of the Poets, from this Rhyming Judge of the Twelve-penny Gallery, this Legitimate Son of *Sternhold*, than that he would subscribe his Name to his Censure, or (not to tax him beyond his Learning) set his Mark: For should he own himself publicly, and come from behind the Lion's Skin, they whom he condemns, would be thankful to him, they whom he praises would choose to be condemned; and the Magistrates whom he has elected, would modestly withdraw from their Employment, to avoid the Scandal of his Nomination. The Sharpness of his Satire, next to himself, falls most heavily on his Friends, and they ought never to forgive him for commending them perpetually the wrong way, and sometimes by contraries. If he have a Friend whose Hastiness in Writing is his greatest Fault, *Horace* would have taught him to have minc'd the Matter, and to have call'd it a Readiness of Thought, and a flowing Fancy:

For

P R E F A C E.

For Friendship will allow a Man to christen an Imperfection by the Name of some neighbour Virtue :

*Vellem in amicitia sic erraremus ; Et isti
Errori nomen virtus posuisset honestum.*

But he would never have allow'd him to have call'd a slow Man hasty, or a hasty Writer a slow Drudge, as *Juvenal* explains it :

— *Canibus pigris, scabioque vetustâ
Lævibus, Et sicca lambentibus ora lucernæ,
Nomen erit, Pardus, Tigris, Leo ; si quid adhuc est
Quod fremit in teris violentius.*

Yet *Lucretius* laughs at a foolish Lover, even for excusing the Imperfections of his Mistress :

*Nigra μέλιχρος est, immunda Et fætida ἀκοσμος.
Balba loqui non quit, τραυλίξει ; muta pudens est, &c.*

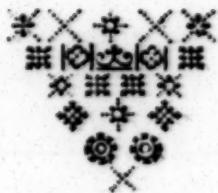
But to drive it *ad Æthiopem Cygnum* is not to be indur'd. I leave him to interpret this by the Benefit of his *French* Version on the other side, and without farther considering him than I have the rest of my illiterate Censors, whom I have disdain'd to answer, because they are not qualified for Judges. It remains that I acquaint the Reader, that I have endeavour'd in this Play to follow the Practice of the Ancients, who, as *Mr. Rymer* has judiciously observ'd, are and ought to be our Masters. *Horace* likewise gives it for a Rule in his *Art of Poetry*.

— *Vos exemplaria Græca
Nocturnâ versate manu, versate diurnâ.*

Yet though their Models are regular, they are too little for *English* Tragedy ; which requires to be built in a larger Compass. I could give an Instance in the *Oedipus Tyrannus*, which was the Master-piece of *Sophocles* ; but I reserve it for a more fit Occasion, which I hope to have hereafter. In my Style I have profess'd to imitate the Divine *Shakspear* ; which that I might perform more freely, I have disincumbred myself from Rhyme. Not that I condemn my former Way, but that

P R E F A C E.

that this is more proper to my present Purpose. I hope I need not to explain myself, that I have not copy'd my Author servilely: Words and Phrases must of Necessity receive a Change in succeeding Ages: But 'tis almost a Miracle, that much of his Language remains so pure; and that he who began Dramatick Poetry amongst us, untaught by any, and, as *Ben Jonson* tells us, without Learning, should by the Force of his own Genius perform so much, that in a manner he has left no Phrase for any who come after him. The Occasion is fair, and the Subject would be pleasant to handle the Difference of Styles betwixt him and *Fletcher*, and wherein, and how far they are both to be imitated. But since I must not be over-confident of my own performance after him, it will be Prudence in me to be Silent. Yet, I hope, I may affirm, and without Vanity, that by imitating him, I have excell'd myself throughout the Play; and particularly, that I prefer the Scene betwixt *Antony* and *Ventidius* in the first Act, to any thing which I have written in this Kind.





P R O L O G U E.

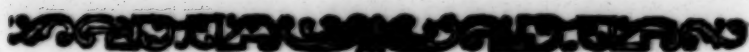
WHAT Flocks of Criticks hover here To-day,
As Vultures wait on Armies for their Prey,
All gaping for the Carcase of a Play,
With croaking Notes they bode some dire Event,
And follow dying Poets by the Scent.
Ours gives himself for gone ; you've watch'd your Time !
He fights this Day unarm'd ; without his Rhyme :
And brings a Tale which often has been told ;
As sad as Dido's ; and almost as old.
His Hero, whom you Wits his Bully call,
'Bates of his Mettle ; and scarce rants at all :
He's somewhat lewd ; but a well-meaning Mind ;
Weeps much ; fights little ; but is wondrous kind.
In short, a Pattern, and Companion fit,
For all the keeping Tonies of the Pit.
I could name more : a Wife and Mistress too ;
Both (to be plain) too good for most of you :
The Wife well-natur'd, and the Mistress true.
Now, Poets, if your Fame has been his Care ;
Allow him all the Candour you can spare.
A brave Man scorns to quarrel once a Day ;
Like Hector, in at ev'ry petty Fray.
Let those find Fault who's Wit's so very small,
They've need to show that they can think at all :
Errors like Straws, upon the Surface flow ;
He who would search for Pearls must dive below.

PROLOGUE.

*Fops may have leave to level all they can ;
As Pygmies would be glad to lop a Man.
Half-Wits are Fleas ; so little and so light,
We scarce could know they live, but that they bite.
But, as the Rich, when tir'd with daily Feasts,
For change, become their next poor Tenant's Guests ;
Drink hearty Draughts of Ale, from plain brown Bowls,
And snatch the homely Rasber from the Coals :
So you, retiring from much better Cheer,
For once, may venture to do Penance here.
And since that plenteous Autumn now is past,
Whose Grapes and Peaches have indulg'd your Taste,
Take in good part, from our poor Poet's Board,
Such riwell'd Fruits as Winter can afford.*



Dramatis



Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Marc Antony,
Ventidius, *his General*,
Dolabella, *his Friend*,
Alexis, *the Queen's Eunuch*,
Serapion, *Priest of Isis*,
Another Priest,
Servants to Antony.

Mr. Hart.
Mr. Mohun.
Mr. Clarke.
Mr. Goodman.
Mr. Griffin.
Mr. Coysh.

W O M E N.

Cleopatra *Queen of Ægypt*,
Octavia, *Antony's Wife*,
Charmion, } *Cleopatra's Maids.*
Iras, }
Antony's two little Daughters.

Mrs. Boutell.
Mrs. Corey.

SCENE, ALEXANDRIA.

A L L



A L L for L O V E:

O R, T H E

W O R L D W E L L L O S T.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

S C E N E, *The Temple of Isis.*

Enter Serapion, Myris, Priests of Isis.

S E R A P I O N.

P Ortents, and Prodigies, are grown so frequent,
That they have lost their Name. Our fruitful *Nile*
Flow'd ere the wonted Season, with a Torrent
So unexpected, and so wondrous fierce,
That the wild Deluge overtook the Haste
Ev'n of the Hinds that watch'd it: Men and Beasts
Were borne above the Tops of Trees, that grew
On th' utmost Margin of the Water-mark.
Then, with so swift an Ebb, the Flood drove backward,
It

It slipt from underneath the Scaly Herd:
 Here monstrous *Phocæ* panted on the Shore;
 Forsaken *Delphins* there, with their broad Tails,
 Lay lashing the departing Waves: Hard by 'em,
 Sea-horses floundring in the slimy Mud,
 Toss'd up their Heads, and dash'd the Ooze about 'em.

Enter Alexas behind them.

Myr. Avert these Omens, Heav'n.

Serap. Last Night between the Hours of twelve and one,
 In a lone Isle o'th' Temple while I walk'd
 A Whirlwind rose, that, with a violent Blast,
 Shook all the Dome: The Doors around me clapt;
 The Iron Wicket, that defends the Vault,
 Where the long Race of *Ptolemies* is laid,
 Burst open, and disclos'd the mighty Dead.
 From out each Monument, in order plac'd,
 An armed Ghost starts up: The Boy-King last
 Rear'd his inglorious Head. A Peal of Groans
 Then follow'd, and a lamentable Voice
 Cry'd, *Ægypt* is no more. My Blood ran back,
 My shaking Knees against each other knock'd;
 On the cold Pavement down I fell intranc'd,
 And so unfinish'd left the horrid Scene.

Alex. And, dream'd you this? or, did invent the Story,
[Showing himself.]

To frighten our *Ægyptian* Boys withal,
 And train 'em up betimes in fear of Priesthood?

Serap. My Lord, I saw you not,
 Nor meant my Words should reach your Ears; but what
 I utter'd was most true.

Alex. A foolish Dream,
 Bred from the Fumes of indigested Feasts,
 And holy Luxury.

Serap. I know my duty:
 This goes no farther.

Alex. 'Tis not fit it should.
 Nor would the Times now bear it, were it true.
 All southern, from yon Hills, the *Roman* Camp
 Hangs o'er us black and threatning, like a Storm
 Just breaking on our Heads.

Serap.

Serap. Our faint *Egyptians* pray for *Antony*;
But in their servile Hearts they own *Octavius*.

Myr. Why then does *Antony* dream out his Hours,
And tempts not Fortune for a noble Day,
Which might redeem what *Actium* lost?

Alex. He thinks 'tis past Recovery.

Serap. Yet the Foe
Seems not to press the Siege.

Alex. O, there's the Wonder.

Mecænas and *Agrippa*, who can most
With *Cæsar*, are his Foes. His Wife *Octavia*,
Driv'n from his House, solicits her Revenge;
And *Dolabella*, who was once his Friend,
Upon some private Grudge, now seeks his Ruin;
Yet still War seems on either side to sleep.

Serap. 'Tis strange that *Antony*, for some days past,
Has not beheld the Face of *Chopatra*;
But here, in *Isis*' Temple, lives retir'd,
And makes his Heart a Prey to black Despair.

Alex. 'Tis true; and we much fear he hopes by Absence
To cure his Mind of Love.

Serap. If he be vanquish'd,
Or make his Peace, *Ægypt* is doom'd to be
A Roman Province; and our plenteous Harvests
Must then redeem the Scarceness of their Soil.
While *Antony* stood firm, our *Alexandria*
Rival'd proud *Rome* (Dominion's other Seat)
And Fortune striding, like a vast *Colossus*,
Could fix an equal foot of Empire here.

Alex. Had I my Wish, these Tyrants of all Nature,
Who Lord it o'er Mankind, should perish, perish
Each by the other's Sword; but, since our Will
Is lamely follow'd by our Pow'r, we must
Depend on one; with him to rise or fall.

Serap. How stands the Queen affected?

Alex. O she dotes,
She dotes, *Serapion*, on this vanquish'd Man,
And winds herself about his mighty Ruins:
Whom would she yet forsake, yet yield him up,
This hunted Prey, to his Pursuer's Hands,

She

She might preserve us all : but 'tis in vain——
 This changes my Designs, this blasts my Counsels,
 And makes me use all means to keep him here,
 Whom I could wish divided from her Arms
 Far as the Earth's deep Center. Well, you know
 The State of Things ; no more of your ill Omens,
 And black Prognosticks ; labour to confirm
 The Peoples Hearts.

Enter Ventidius, talking aside with a Gentleman of Antony's.

Serap. These Romans will o'er hear us.
 But, who's that Stranger? by his warlike Port,
 His fierce Demeanor, and erected Look,
 He's of no vulgar Note.

Alex. O 'tis *Ventidius*,
 Our Emp'r's great Lieutenant in the East,
 Who first shew'd *Rome* that *Parthia* could be conquer'd.
 When *Antony* return'd from *Syria* last,
 He left this Man to guard the *Roman* Frontiers.

Serap. You seem to know him well.

Alex. Too well. I saw him in *Cilicia* first,
 When *Cleopatra* there met *Antony* :
 A mortal Foe he was to us, and *Egypt*.
 But, let me witness to the Worth I hate,
 A braver *Roman* never drew a Sword.
 Firm to his Prince ; but, as a Friend, not Slave,
 He ne'er was of his Pleasures ; but presides
 O'er all his cooler Hours, and Morning Counsels :
 In short, the Plainness, Fierceness, rugged Virtue
 Of an old true-stampt *Roman* lives in him.
 His coming 'bodes I know not what of Ill
 To our Affairs. Withdraw, to mark him better ;
 And I'll acquaint you why I sought you here,
 And what's our present Work.

[They withdraw to a Corner of the Stage ; and Ventidius, with the other, comes forwards to the Front.]

Vent. Not see him, say you?
 I say, I must, and will.

Gent. He has commanded,
 On Pain of Death, none should approach his Presence.

Vent.

Vent. I bring him News will raise his drooping Spirits,
Give him new Life.

Gent. He sees not *Cleopatra*.

Vent. Would he had never seen her.

Gent. He eats not, drinks not, sleeps not, has no use
Of any thing, but Thought, or, if he talks,
'Tis to himself, and then 'tis perfect Raving;
Then he defies the World, and bids it pass;
Sometimes he gnaws his Lip, and curses loud
The Boy *Octavius*; then he draws his Mouth
Into a scornful Smile, and cries, Take all,
The World's not worth my Care.

Vent. Just, just his Nature.
Virtue's his Path; but sometimes 'tis too narrow
For his vast Soul; and then he starts out wide,
And bounds into a Vice that bears him far
From his first Course, and plunges him in Ills:
But, when his Danger makes him find his Fault,
Quick to observe, and full of sharp Remorse,
He censures eagerly his own Misdeeds,
Judging himself with Malice to himself,
And not forgiving what, as Man he did,
Because his other Parts are more than Man.
He must not thus be lost.

[*Alexas and the Priests come forward.*]

Alex. You have your full Instructions, now advance;
Proclaim your Orders loudly.

Serap. Romans, Egyptians, hear the Queen's Command.
Thus *Cleopatra* bids, Let Labour cease.

To Pomp and Triumphs give this happy Day,
That gave the World a Lord: 'Tis *Antony's*.

Live, *Antony*; and *Cleopatra* live.

Be this the general Voice sent up to Heav'n,
And ev'ry publick Place repeat this Echo.

Vent. Fine Pageantry!

[*Aside.*]

Serap. Set out before your Doors,
The Images of all your sleeping Fathers,
With Laurels crown'd; with Laurels wreath your Posts,
And strow with Flow'rs the Pavement; let the Priests
Do present Sacrifice; pour out the Wine,

And

And call the Gods to join with you in Gladness.

Vent. Curse on the Tongue that bids this general Joy.
Can they be Friends of *Antony*, who revel
When *Antony's* in Danger? hide, for shame,
You *Romans*, your Great Grandfires Images,
For fear their Souls should animate their Marbles,
To blush at their degenerate Progeny.

Alex. A Love which knows no Bounds to *Antony*,
Would mark the Day with Honours; when all Heav'n
Labour'd for him, when each propitious Star
Stood wakeful in his Orb, to watch that Hour,
And shed his better Influence. Her own Birth day
Our Queen neglected, like a vulgar Fate,
That pass'd obscurely by.

Vent. Would it had slept,
Divided far from his; till some remote
And future Age had call'd it out, to ruin
Some other Prince, not him.

Alex. Your Emperor,
Tho' grown unkind, would be more gentle, than
T'upbraid my Queen, for loving him too well.

Vent. Does the mute Sacrifice upbraid the Priest?
He knows him not his Executioner.

O, she has deck'd his Ruin with her Love,
Led him in golden Bands to gaudy Slaughter,
And made Perdition pleasing: She has left him
The Blank of what he was;

I tell thee, Eunuch, she has quite unmann'd him:
Can any *Roman* see, and know him now,
Thus alter'd from the Lord of half Mankind,
Unbent, unfinew'd, made a Woman's Toy,
Shrunk from the vast Extent of all his Honours,
And cramp'd within a Corner of the World?
O, *Antony*!

Thou bravest Soldier, and thou best of Friends!
Bounteous as Nature; next to Nature's God! [em,
Could'st thou but make new World's, so would'st thou give
As Bounty were thy Being. Rough in Battle,
As the first *Romans*, when they went to War;
Yet after Victory, more pitiful

Than

Than all their praying Virgins left at home!

Alex. Would you could add to those more shining
Virtues

His Truth to her who loves him.

Vent. Would I could not.

But, wherefore waste I precious Hours with thee?

Thou art her darling Mischief, her chief Engine,

Antony's other Fate. Go, tell thy Queen,

Ventidius is arriv'd, to end her Charms.

Let your *Egyptian* Timbrels play alone;

Nor mix effeminate Sounds with *Roman* Trumpets.

You dare not fight for *Antony*; go pray,

And keep your Cowards holy-day in Temples.

[*Exit* *Ant* *Alex.* *Serap.*

Re-enter the Gentleman of M. Antony.

2 *Gent.* The Emperor approaches, and commands,
On pain of Death, that none presume to stay.

1 *Gent.* I dare not disobey him. [*Going out with the other.*

Vent. Well, I dare.

But I'll observe him first unseen, and find

Which way his Humour drives: The rest I'll venture.

[*Withdraws.*

*Enter Antony, walking with a disturb'd Motion before
he speaks.*

Ant. They tell me, 'tis my Birth-day; and I'll keep it
With double Pomp of Sadness.

'Tis what the Day deserves, which gave me Breath.

Why was I rais'd the Meteor of the World,

Hung in the Skies, and blazing as I travell'd,

'Till all my Fires were spent; and then cast downward

To be trod out by *Cæsar*?

Vent. [*Aside.*] On my Soul,

'Tis mournful, wond'rous mournful!

Ant. Count thy Gains;

Now, *Antony*, would'st thou be born for this?

Glutton of Fortune, thy devouring Youth

Has starv'd thy wanting Age.

Vent. How Sorrow shakes him!

[*Aside.*

So, now the Tempest tears him up by th' Roots,

And on the Ground extends the noble Ruin.

Ant. [*Having thrown himself down.*] Lie there, the
Shadow of an Emperor;

The Place thou presteest on thy Mother Earth
Is all thy Empire now: Now it contains thee;
Some few Days hence, and then 'twill be too large,
When thou'rt contracted in thy narrow Urn,
Shrunk to a few cold Ashes; then *Othavia*,
(For *Cleopatra* will not live to see it)
Othavia then will have thee all her own,
And bear thee in her widow'd Hand to *Cæsar*;
Cæsar will weep, the Crocodile will weep,
To see his Rival of the Universe
Lie still and peaceful there. I'll think no more on't.
Give me some Musick; look that it be sad:
I'll sooth my Melancholy, 'till I swell,
And burst myself with sighing— [*Soft Musick.*]
'Tis somewhat to my Humour: Stay, I fancy
I'm now turn'd wild, a Commoner of Nature;
Of all forsaken, and forsaking all;
Live in a shady Forest's Sylvan Scene,
Stretch'd at my length beneath some blasted Oak,
I lean my Head upon the mossy Bark,
And look just of a piece, as I grew from it:
My uncomb'd Locks, matted like Mistleto,
Hang o'er my hoary Face; a murm'ring Brook
Runs at my Foot.

Vent. Methinks I fancy
Myself there too.

Ant. The Herd come jumping by me,
And fearless, quench their Thirst, while I look on,
And take me for their Fellow-Citizen.
More of this Image, more; it lulls my Thoughts.

[*Soft Musick again.*]

Vent. I must disturb him; I can hold no longer.

[*Stands before him.*]

Ant. *starting up.* Art thou *Ventidius*?

Vent. Are you *Antony*?

I'm liker what I was, than you to him;
I left you last.

Ant. I'm angry.

Vent. So am I.

Ant.

Ant. I would be private: Leave me.

Vent. Sir, I love you,
And therefore will not leave you.

Ant. Will not leave me?
Where have you learnt that Answer? Who am I?
Vent. My Emperor; the Man I love next Heav'n:
If I said more, I think 'twere scarce a Sin:
You're all that's good and god-like.

Ant. All that's wretched.
You will not leave me then?

Vent. 'Twas too presuming
To say I would not; but I dare not leave you:
And 'tis unkind in you to chide me hence
So soon, when I so far have come to see you.

Ant. Now thou hast seen me. art thou satisfy'd?
For, if a Friend, thou hast beheld enough;
And if a Foe, too much.

Vent. Look, Emperor, this is no common Dew,
[Weeping.

I have not wept this forty Years; but now
My Mother comes afresh into my Eyes;
I cannot help her Softness. [weeps!

Ant. By Heav'n, he weeps, poor good old Man, he
The big round Drops course one another down
The Furrows of his Cheeks. Stop 'em, *Ventidius*,
Or I shall blush to Death: They set my Shame,
That caus'd 'em, full before me,

Vent. I'll do my best.

Ant. Sure there's Contagion in the Tears of Friends;
See, I have caught it too. Believe me, 'tis not
For my own Grievs but thine—Nay, Father.

Vent. Emperor.

Ant. Emperor! Why, that's the Style of Victory;
The conqu'ring Soldier, red with unfelt Wounds,
Salutes his General so: but never more
Shall that Sound reach my Ears.

Vent. I warrant you.

Ant. *Actium, Actium!* Oh——

Vent. It fits too near you.

Ant. Here, here it lies; a Lump of Lead by Day,
K 2 And,

And, in my short, distracted, nightly Slumbers,
The Hag that rides my Dreams——

Vent. Out with it: give it vent.

Ant. Urge not my shame.

I lost a Battel.

Vent. So has *Julius* done. [think'st;

Ant. Thou favour'st me, and speak'st not half thou
For *Julius* fought it out, and lost it fairly:

But *Antony*——

Vent. Nay, stop not.

Ant. *Antony*.

(Well, thou wilt have it) like a Coward, fled,
Fled while his Soldiers fought; fled first, *Ventidius*.
Thou long'st to curse me, and I give thee leave.
I know thou cam'st prepar'd to rail.

Vent. I did.

Ant. I'll help thee—I have been a Man, *Ventidius*.

Vent. Yes; and a brave one; but——

Ant. I know thy Meaning.

But, I have lost my Reason, have disgrac'd
The Name of Soldier, with inglorious Ease.
In the full Vintage of my flowing Honours,
Sat still, and saw it prest by other Hands.
Fortune came smiling to my Youth, and woo'd it,
And purple Greatness met my ripen'd Years.
When first I came to Empire, I was born
On Tides of People, crouding to my Triumphs;
The Wish of Nations, and the willing World
Receiv'd me as its Pledge of future Peace;
I was so great, so happy, so belov'd,
Fate could not ruin me; till I took Pains
And work'd against my Fortune, chid her from me,
And turn'd her loose; yet still she came again.
My careless Days, and my luxurious Nights,
At length have weary'd her, and now she's gone,
Gone, gone, divorc'd for ever. Help me, Soldier,
To curse this Mad-man, this industrious Fool,
Who labour'd to be wretched: Pr'ythee curse me.

Vent. No.

Ant. Why?

Vent.

Vent. You are too sensible already
Of what you've done, too conscious of your Failings,
And, like a Scorpion, whipt by others first
To Fury, sting yourself in mad Revenge.
I would bring Balm, and pour it in your Wounds,
Cure your distemper'd Mind, and heal your Fortunes.

Ant. I know thou would'st.

Vent. I will,

Ant. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Vent. You laugh.

Ant. I do, to see officious Love
Give Cordials to the Dead.

Vent. You would be lost then?

Ant. I am.

Vent. I say you are not. Try your Fortune. *[rate,*

Ant. I have, to th' utmost. Dost thou think me despit-
Without just Cause? No, when I found all lost
Beyond repair, I hid me from the World,
And learnt to scorn it here; which now I do
So heartily, I think it is not worth
The cost of keeping.

Vent. *Cæsar* thinks not so:

He'll thank you for the Gift he could not take.
You would be kill'd like *Tully*, would you? do,
Hold out your Throat to *Cæsar*, and die tamely

Ant. No, I can kill myself; and so resolve.

Vent. I can die with you too, when time shall serve;
But Fortune calls upon us now to live,
To Fight, to Conquer.

Ant. Sure thou dream'st, *Ventidius*.

Vent. No; 'tis you dream; you sleep away your Hours
In desperate Sloth, miscall'd *Philosophy*.

Up, up, for Honour's sake; twelve Legions wait you,
And long to call you Chief: By painful Journeys,
I led 'em patient, both of Heat and Hunger,
Down from the *Parthian* Marches, to the *Nile*.

'Twill do you good to see their Sun-burnt Faces,
Their scarr'd Cheeks, and chopt Hands: there's Virtue
They'll sell those mangled Limbs at dearer Rates [in 'em.
Than yond trim Bands can buy.

Ant. Where left you them?

Vent. I said, in lower *Syria*.

Ant. Bring 'em hither;

There may be Life in these.

Vent. They will not come.

[*Aids.*

Ant. Why didst thou mock my Hopes with promis'd
To double my Despair? They're Mutinous.

Vent. Most Firm and Loyal.

Ant. Yet they will not march
To succour me. O Trifler!

Vent. They petition

You would make haste to head 'em.

Ant. I'm besieg'd.

[hither?

Vent. There's but one Way shut up: How came I

Ant. I will not stir.

Vent. They would perhaps desire

A better Reason.

Ant. I have never us'd

My Soldiers to demand a Reason of

My Actions. Why did they refuse to march?

Vent. They said they would not fight for *Cleopatra*.

Ant. What was't they said?

Vent. They said, they would not fight for *Cleopatra*.

Why should they fight indeed to make her conquer,
And make you more a Slave; to gain you Kingdoms,
Which, for a Kiss, at your next midnight Feast,
You'll sell to her? then she new names her Jewels,
And calls this Diamond such or such a Tax,
Each Pendant in her Ear shall be a Province.

Ant. Ventidius, I allow your Tongue free Licence
On all my other Faults; but, on your Life,
No word of *Cleopatra*: She deserves
More Worlds than I can lose.

Vent. Behold, you Pow'rs,

To whom you have intrusted Humankind;
See *Europe*, *Africk*, *Asia*, put in Balance,
And all weigh'd down by one light worthless Woman!
I think the Gods are *Antonies*, and give,
Like Prodigals, this nether World away
To none but wasteful Hands.

Ant.

Ant. You grow presumptuous.

Vent. I take the Privilege of plain Love to speak.

Ant. Plain Love! plain Arrogance, plain Insolence!
Thy Men are Cowards; thou, an envious Traitor;
Who, under seeming Honesty, hast vented
The Burden of thy rank o'erflowing Gall.
O that thou wert my Equal; great in Arms
As the first *Cæsar* was, that I might kill thee
Without a Stain to Honour!

Vent. You may kill me;
You have done more already, call'd me Traitor.

Ant. Art thou not one?

Vent. For showing you yourself.
Which none else durst have done; but had I been
That Name, which I disdain to speak again,
I needed not have sought your abject Fortunes,
Come to partake your Fate, to die with you.
What hindred me to've led my conqu'ring Eagles
To fill *Octavius'* Bands? I cou'd have been
A Traitor then, a glorious happy Traitor,
And not have been so call'd.

Ant. Forgive me, Soldier:
I've been too passionate.

Vent. You thought me false;
Thought my old Age betray'd you: Kill me, Sir;
Pray kill me; yet you need not, your Unkindness
Has left your Sword no Work.

Ant. I did not think so;
I said it in my Rage: Pr'ythee forgive me:
Why didst thou tempt my Anger, by Discovery
Of what I would not hear?

Vent. No Prince but you
Could merit that Sincerity I us'd,
Nor durst another Man have ventur'd it;
But you, ere Love mis-led your wandring Eye,
Were sure the chief and best of human Race,
Fram'd in the very Pride and Boast of Nature;
So perfect, that the Gods who form'd you wonder'd
At their own Skill, and cry'd, a lucky Hit
Has mended our Design. Their Envy hindred,

Else you had been Immortal, and a Pattern,
When Heav'n would work for Ostentation sake,
To copy out again.

Ant. But *Cleopatra*—

Go on; for I can bear it now.

Vent. No more.

Ant. Thou dar'st not trust my Passion; but thou may'st:
Thou only lov'st; the rest have flatter'd me. [Word.

Vent. Heav'n's Blessing on your Heart, for that kind
May I believe you love me? speak again.

Ant. Indeed I do. Speak this, and this, and this.

[*Hugging him.*

Thy Praises were unjust; but, I'll deserve 'em,
And yet mend all. Do with me what thou wilt?
Lead me to Victory, thou know'st the Way.

Vent. And, will you leave this—

Ant. Pr'ythee do not curse her,

And I will leave her; though, Heav'n knows, I love
Beyond Life, Conquest, Empire; all but Honour:
But I will leave her.

Vent. That's my Royal Master.

And, shall we fight?

Ant. I warrant thee, old Soldier.

Thou shalt behold me once again in Iron,
And at the head of our old Troops, that beat
The *Parthians*, cry aloud, Come follow me.

Vent. O now I hear my Emperor! in that Word
Octavius fell. Gods, let me see that Day,
And, if I have ten Years behind, take all;
I'll thank you for th' Exchange.

Ant. Oh *Cleopatra*!

Vent. Again?

Ant. I've done: In that last Sigh, she went.
Cæsar shall know what 'tis to force a Lover
From all he holds most dear.

Vent. Methinks you breathe

Another Soul: Your Looks are more Divine;
You speak a Hero, and you move a God.

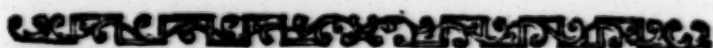
Ant. O, thou hast fir'd me; my Soul's up in Arms,
And mans each Part about me: Once again,

That

That noble Eagerness of Fight has seiz'd me ;
That Eagerness, with which I darted upward
To *Cassius*' Camp : In vain the steepy Hill
Oppos'd my Way ; in vain a War of Spears
Sung round my Head, and planted all my Shield ;
I won the Trenches, while my foremost Men
Lagg'd on the Plain below.

Vent. Ye Gods, Ye Gods,
For such another Hour !

Ant. Come on, my Soldier !
Our Hearts and Arms are still the same : I long
Once more to meet our Foes ; That thou and I,
Like Time and Death, marching before our Troops,
May taste Fate to 'em ; Mow 'em out a Passage,
And, entring where the foremost Squadrons yield,
Begin the noble Harvest of the Field. [Exeunt.



ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Cleopatra, Iras and Alexas.

Cleo. **W**HAT shall I do, or whither shall I turn ?
Ventidius has o'ercome, and he will go.

Alex. He goes to fight for you.

Cleo. Then he would see me, ere he went to fight :
Flatter me not : If once he goes, he's lost ;
And all my Hopes destroy'd.

Alex. Does this weak Passion
Become a mighty Queen ?

Cleo. I am no Queen ;
Is this to be a Queen, to be besieg'd
By yon insulting *Roman* ; and to wait
Each Hour the Victor's Chain ? These Ills are small ;
For *Antony* is lost, and I can mourn
For nothing else but him, Now come, *Octavius*,
I have no more to lose ; prepare thy Bands ;
I'm fit to be a Captive : *Antony*

Has taught my Mind the Fortune of a Slave.

Iras. Call Reason to assist you.

Cleo. I have none,

And none would have: My Love's a noble Madness,
Which shows the Cause deserv'd it. Moderate Sorrow
Fits vulgar Love; and for a vulgar Man:

But I have lov'd with such transcendent Passion,

I soar'd, at first, quite out of Reason's View,

And now am lost above it—No, I'm proud

'Tis thus: Would *Antony* could see me now;

Think you he would not sigh? though he must leave me:

Sure he would sigh; for he is noble natur'd,

And bears a tender Heart: I know him well.

Ah, no, I know him not; I knew him once,

But now 'tis past.

Iras. Let it be past with you:

Forget him, Madam.

Cleo. Never, never, *Iras.*

He once was mine; and once, though now 'tis gone,
Leaves a faint Image of Possession still.

Alex. Think him Unconstant, Cruel, and Ungrateful.

Cleo. I cannot: If I could, those Thoughts were vain;
Faithless, Ungrateful, Cruel, though he be,
I still must love him.

Enter Charmion.

Now, what News, my *Charmion*?

Will he be kind? and, will he not forsake me?

Am I to live or die? nay, do I live?

Or am I dead? for when he gave his Answer,
Fate took the Word, and then I liv'd or dy'd.

Char. I found him, Madam——

Cleo. A long Speech preparing?

If thou bring'st Comfort, haste, and give it me;
For never was more need.

Iras. I know he loves you.

Cleo. Had he been kind, her Eyes had told me so,
Before her Tongue could speak it: Now she studies,
To soften what he said; but give me Death,
Just as he sent it, *Charmion*, undisguis'd,
And in the Words he spoke.

Char.

Char. I found him then
Incompass'd round, I think, with Iron Statues,
So mute, so motionless his Soldiers stood,
While awfully he cast his Eyes about,
And ev'ry Leader's Hopes and Fears survey'd:
Methought he look'd resolv'd, and yet not pleas'd.
When he beheld me struggling in the Crowd,
He blush'd, and bade make way.

Alex. There's Comfort yet.

Char. *Ventidius* fixt his Eyes upon my Passage,
Severely, as he meant to frown me back.
And suddenly gave place; I told my Message,
Just as you gave it, broken and disorder'd;
I number'd in it all your Sighs and Tears,
And while I mov'd your pitiful Request,
That you but only begg'd a last Farewel,
He fetch'd an inward Groan, and ev'ry time
I nam'd you, sigh'd, as if his Heart were breaking,
But shun'd my Eyes, and guiltily look'd down;
He seem'd not now that awful *Antony*
Who shook an arm'd Assembly with his Nod,
But making show as he would rub his Eyes,
Disguis'd and blotted out a falling Tear.

Cleo. Did he then weep? and was I worth a Tear?
If what thou hast to say be not as pleasing,
Tell me no more, but let me die contented.

Char. He bid me say, He knew himself so well,
He could deny you nothing, if he saw you;
And therefore——

Cleo. Thou would'st say, he would not see me?

Char. And therefore begg'd you not to use a Power,
Which he could ill resist; yet he should ever
Respect you as he ought.

Cleo. Is that a Word
For *Antony* to use to *Cleopatra*?
Oh that faint Word, Respect! how I disdain it!
Disdain myself, for loving after it!
He should have kept that Word for cold *Octavia*.
Respect is for a Wife: Am I that thing,
That dull insipid Lump, without Desires,
And without Pow'r to give 'em?

Alex.

Alex. You misjudge;
 You see through Love, and that deludes your Sight.
 As, what is straight, seems crooked through the Water;
 But I, who bear my Reason undisturb'd,
 Can see this *Antony*, this dreaded Man,
 A fearful Slave, who fain would run away,
 And shuns his Master's Eyes; if you pursue him,
 My Life on't, he still drags a Chain along,
 That needs must clog his Flight.

Cleo. Could I believe thee!

Alex. By ev'ry Circumstance I know he loves.
 True, he's hard prest, by Int'rest and by Honour:
 Yet he but doubts, and parlies, and casts out
 Many a long Look for Succour.

Cleo. He sends word,
 He fears to see my Face.

Alex. And would you more?
 He shows his Weakness who declines the Combat;
 And you must urge your Fortune. Could he speak
 More plainly? To my Ears, the Message sounds
 Come to my Rescue, *Cleopatra*, come;
 Come, free me from *Ventidius*; from my Tyrant:
 See me, and give me a pretence to leave him.
 I hear his Trumpets. This way he must pass.
 Please you, retire a while; I'll work him first,
 That he may bend more easy.

Cleo. You shall rule me;
 But all, I fear, in vain. [*Ex. with Char. and Iras.*]

Alex. I fear so too;
 Though I conceal'd my Thoughts to make her bold:
 But 'tis our utmost Means, and Fate besriend it.

[*Withdraws.*]

Enter Lictors with Fasces; one bearing the Eagle: *Then*
enter Antony with *Ventidius*, follow'd by other Com-
manders.

Ant. *Octavius* is the Minion of blind Chance,
 But holds from Virtue nothing.

Vent. Has he Courage?

Ant. But just enough to season him from Coward,
 O, 'tis the coldest Youth upon a Charge,

The

The most deliberate *Fighter*! if he ventures
(As in *Illyria* once they say he did
To storm a Town) 'tis when he cannot choose,
When all the World have fixt their Eyes upon him;
And then he lives on that for seven Years after.
But, at a close Revenge he never fails.

Vent. I heard you challeng'd him.

Ant. I did, *Ventidius*.

What think'st thou was his Answer? 'Twas so tame,
He said he had more Ways than one to die,
I had not.

Vent. Poor!

Ant. He has more Ways than one;
But he would choose 'em all before that one.

Vent. He first would choose an Ague, or a Fever.

Ant. No: It must be an Ague, not a Fever:
He has not Warmth enough to die by that.

Vent. Or old Age and a Bed.

Ant. Ay, there's his Choice.

He would live, like a Lamp, to the last Wink,
And crawl upon the utmost Verge of Life:
O *Hercules*! Why should a Man like this,
Who dares not trust his Fate for one great Action,
Be all the Care of Heav'n? Why should he lord it
O'er fourscore thousand Men, of whom each one
Is braver than himself?

Vent. You conquer'd for him:

Philippi knows it; there you shar'd with him
That Empire, which your Sword made all your own.

Ant. Fool that I was, upon my Eagle's Wings
I bore this Wren, 'till I was tir'd with Soaring,
And now he mounts above me.

Good Heav'ns, is this, is this the Man who braves me?
Who bids my Age make way? Drives me before him?
To the World's Ridge, and sweeps me off like Rubbish.

Vent. Sir, we lose time; the Troops are mounted all.

Ant. Then give the Word to march:
I long to leave this Prison of a Town,
To join the Legions; and, in open Field,
Once more to shew my Face. Lead, my Deliverer.

Enter

Enter Alexas.

Alex. Great Emperor,
In mighty Arms renown'd above Mankind,
But, in soft Pity to the oppress'd a God :
This Message sends the mournful *Cleopatra*
To her departing Lord.

Vent. Smooth Sycophant !

Alex. A thousand Wishes, and ten thousand Pray'rs,
Millions of Blessings wait you to the Wars,
Millions of Sighs and Tears she sends you too,
And would have sent
As many dear Embraces to your Arms,
As many parting Kisses to your Lips ,
But those, she fears, have weary'd you already,

Vent. [*Aside.*] False Crocodile !

Alex. And yet she begs not now, you would not leave her,
That were a Wish too mighty for her Hopes,
Too presuming for her low Fortune, and your ebbing Love,
That were a Wish for her more prosp'rous Days,
Her blooming Beauty, and your growing Kindness.

Ant. [*Aside.*] Well, I must Man it out ; What would the Queen ?

Alex. First, to these noble Warriors, who attend
Your daring Courage in the Chase of Fame,
(Too daring, and too dang'rous for her Quiet)
She humbly recommends all she holds dear,
All her own Cares and Fears, the Care of you.

Vent. Yes, witness *Ætium*.

Ant. Let him speak, *Ventidius*.

Alex. You, when his matchless Valour bears him forward,
With Ardour too heroic, on his Foes,
Fall down, as she would do, before his Feet :
Lie in his way, and stop the Paths of Death ;
Tell him, this God is not invulnerable,
That absent *Cleopatra* bleeds in him ;
And, that you may remember her Petition,
She begs you wear these Trifles, as a Pawn,
Which, at your wish'd Return, she will redeem

[*Gives Jewels to the Commanders.*]

With all the Wealth of *Ægypt*:

This

This, to the great *Ventidius* she presents,
Whom she can never count her Enemy,
Because he loves her Lord.

Vent. Tell her I'll none on't;
I'm not asham'd of honest Poverty:
Not all the Diamonds of the East can bribe
Ventidius from his Faith. I hope to see
These, and the rest of all her sparkling Store,
Where they shall more deservingly be plac'd.

Ant. And who must wear 'em then?

Vent. The wrong'd *Octavia*.

Ant. You might have spar'd that Word.

Vent. And he that Bribe.

Ant. But have I no Remembrance?

Alex. Yes, a dear one:

Your Slave, the Queen——

Ant. My Mistreis.

Alex. Then your Mistreis,

Your Mistreis would, she says, have sent her Soul,
But that you had long since; she humbly begs
This ruby Bracelet, set with bleeding Hearts,
(The Emblems of her own) may bind your Arm.

[*Presenting a Bracelet.*]

Vent. Now, my best Lord, in Honour's Name, I ask
you,

For Manhood's sake, and for your own dear Safety,
Touch not these poison'd Gifts,
Infected by the Sender, touch 'em not;
Myriads of bluest Plagues lie underneath 'em,
And more than Aconite has dipt the Silk.

Ant. Nay, now you grow too Cynical, *Ventidius*:
A Lady's Favours may be worn with Honour.
What, to refuse her Bracelet! On my Soul,
When I lie pensive in my Tent alone,
'Twill pass the wakeful Hours of Winter Nights,
To tell those pretty Beads upon my Arm,
To count for every one a soft Embrace.
A melting Kiss at such and such a Time;
And now and then the Fury of her Love,
When——And what Harm's in this?

Alex.

Alex. None, none, my Lord,
But what's to her, that now 'tis past for ever.

Ant. [*Going to tie it.*] We Soldiers are so awkward
help me to tie it.

Alex. In faith, my Lord, we Courtiers too are awkward
In these Affairs: So are all Men indeed:
Ev'n I, who am not one. But shall I speak?

Ant. Yes, freely.

Alex. Then, my Lord, fair Hands alone
Are fit to tie it; she, who sent it, can.

Vent. Hell, Death! this Eunuch Pandar ruins you.
You will not see her?

[*Alexas whispers an Attendant, who goes out.*]

Ant. But to take my Leave.

Vent. Then I have wash'd an *Æthiops*. Y're undone;
Y're in the Toils; y're taken; y're destroy'd:
Her Eyes do *Cæsar's* Work.

Ant. You fear too soon.

I'm constant to myself: I know my Strength;
And yet she shall not think me barbarous neither,
Born in the Depths of *Africk*: I'm a *Roman*,
Bred to the Rules of soft Humanity.
A Guest, and kindly us'd, should bid farewell.

Vent. You do not know

How weak you are to her, how much an Infant;
You are not proof against a Smile, or Glance;
A Sigh will quite disarm you.

Ant. See, she comes!

Now you shall find your Error. Gods, I thank you;
I formed the Danger greater than it was.
And now 'tis near, 'tis lessen'd.

Vent. Mark the End yet.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmion and Iras.

Ant. Well, Madam, we are met.

Cleo. Is this a Meeting?

Then, we must part?

Ant. We must.

Cleo. Who says we must?

Ant. Our own hard Fates.

Cleo. We make those Fates ourselves.

Ant.

Ant. Yes, we have made 'em; we have lov'd each other
Into our mutual Ruin.

Cleo. The Gods have seen my Joys with envious Eyes;
I have no Friends in Heav'n; and all the World,
(As 'twere the Bus'ness of Mankind to part us)
Is arm'd against my Love: Ev'n you yourself
Join with the rest; you, you are arm'd against me.

Ant. I will be justify'd in all I do
To late Posterity, and therefore hear me.
If I mix a Lye
With any Truth, reproach me freely with it;
Else, favour me with Silence.

Cleo You command me,
And I am dumb.

Vent. I like this well: He shows Authority.

Ant. That I derive my Ruin
From you alone——

Cleo. O Heav'ns! I ruin you!

Ant. You promis'd me your Silence, and you break it
Ere I have scarce begun.

Cleo. Well, I obey you.

Ant. When I beheld you first it was in *Ægypt*,
Ere *Cæsar* saw your Eyes; you gave me Love.
And were too young to know it; that I settled
Your Father on his Throne, was for your sake,
I left th' Acknowledgment for time to ripen,
Cæsar stept in, and with a greedy Hand
Pluck'd the green Fruit, ere the first blush of Red,
Yet cleaving to the Bough. He was my Lord,
And was, beside, too great for me to rival.
But, I deserv'd you first, tho' he enjoy'd you.
When, after, I beheld you in *Cilicia*,
An Enemy to *Rome*, I pardon'd you.

Cleo. I clear'd myself——

Ant. Again you break your Promise.
I lov'd you still, and took your weak Excuses,
Took you into my Bosom, stain'd by *Cæsar*,
And not half mine; I went to *Ægypt* with you,
And hid me from the Bus'ness of the World,
Shut out enquiring Nations from my Sight,

To

222 ALL for LOVE: Or,

To give whole Years to you.

Vent. Yes, to your Shame be't spoken. [Aside.

Ant. How I lov'd

Witness ye Days and Nights, and all ye Hours,
That danc'd away with Down upon your Feet,
As all your Bus'ness were to count my Passion.
One Day pass'd by, and nothing saw but Love;
Another came, and still 'twas only Love:
The Suns were weary'd out with looking on,
And I untir'd with loving.
I saw you every Day, and all the Day;
And every Day was still but as the first:
So eager was I still to see you more.

Vent. 'Tis all too true.

Ant. *Fulvia*, my Wife, grew jealous,
As she indeed had Reason, rais'd a War
In *Italy*, to call me back.

Vent. But yet

You went not.

Ant. While within your Arms I lay,
The World fell mouldring from my Hands each Hour,
And left me scarce a Grasp (I thank your Love for't.)

Vent. Well push'd: That last was home.

Cleo. Yet may I speak?

Ant. If I have urg'd a Falshood, yes; else, not,
Your Silence says I have not. *Fulvia* dy'd;
(Pardon, you Gods, with my Unkindness dy'd)
To set the World at Peace, I took *Octavia*,
This *Cesar's* Sister; in her Pride of Youth,
And Flow'r of Beauty did I wed that Lady,
Whom blushing I must praise, because I left her.
You call'd; my Love obey'd the fatal Summons:
This rais'd the *Roman* Arms; the Cause was yours.
I would have fought by Land, where I was stronger;
You hinder'd it: Yet, when I fought at Sea,
Forsook me fighting; and (oh Stain to Honour!
Oh lasting Shame!) I knew not that I fled;
But fled to follow you.

Vent. What Haste she made to hoist her purple Sails!
And, to appear magnificent in Flight,

Drew

Drew half our Strength away.

Ant. All this you caus'd.

And, would you multiply more Ruins on me?
This honest Man, my best, my only Friend,
Has gather'd up the Shipwreck of my Fortunes;
Twelve Legions I have left, my last Recruits,
And you have watch'd the News, and bring your Eyes
To seize them too. If you have aught to answer,
Now speak, you have free Leave.

Alex. [*Aside.*] She stands confounded:
Despair is in her Eyes.

Vent. Now lay a Sigh i'th' way, to stop his Passage:
Prepare a Tear, and bid it for his Legions;
'Tis like they shall be sold. [Judge

Cleo. How shall I plead my Cause, when you my
Already have condemn'd me? Shall I bring
The Love you bore me for my Advocate?
That now is turn'd against me, that destroys me?
For, Love, once past, is, at the best forgotten;
But often sours to Hate: 'twill please my Lord
To ruin me, and therefore I'll be guilty.
But, could I once have thought it would have pleas'd you,
That you would pry, with narrow searching Eyes
Into my Faults, severe to my Destruction,
And watching all Advantages with Care,
That serve to make me wretched? Speak, my Lord,
For I end here. Though I deserve this Usage,
Was it like you to give it?

Ant. O you wrong me,
To think I sought this Parting, or desir'd
T' accuse you more than what will clear myself,
And justify this Breach.

Cleo. Thus low I thank you.
And since my Innocence will not offend,
I shall not blush to own it.

Vent. After this
I think she'll blush at nothing.

Cleo. You seem griev'd,
(And therein you are kind) that *Cæsar* first
Enjoy'd my Love, though you deserv'd it better:

I grieve for that, my Lord, much more than you;
 For, had I first been yours, it would have sav'd
 My second Choice: I never had been his,
 And ne'er had been but yours. But *Cæsar* first,
 You say possess'd my Love. Not so, my Lord:
 He first possess'd my Person; you my Love:
Cæsar lov'd me; but I lov'd *Antony*.
 If I endur'd him after, 'twas because
 I judg'd it due to the first Name of Men;
 And, half constrain'd, I gave, as to a Tyrant,
 What he would take by Force.

Vent. O Siren! Siren!

Yet grant that all the Love she boasts were true,
 Has she not ruin'd you? I still urge that,
 The fatal Consequence.

Cleo. The Consequence indeed,
 For I dare challenge him, my greatest Foe,
 To say it was design'd: 'Tis true, I lov'd you,
 And kept you far from an uneasy Wife,
 (Such *Fulvia* was.)

Yes, but he'll say you left *Octavia* for me; —
 And, can you blame me to receive that Love,
 Which quitted such Desert for worthless Me?
 How often have I wish'd some other *Cæsar*,
 Great as the first, and as the second young,
 Would court my Love, to be refus'd for you!

Vent. Words, Words; but *Antium*, Sir, remember
Actium.

Cleo. Ev'n there, I dare his Malice. True, I counsell'd
 To fight at Sea; but, I betray'd you not.
 I fled, but not to th' Enemy. 'Twas Fear;
 Would I had been a Man, not to have fear'd,
 For none would then have envy'd me your Friendship,
 Who envy me your Love.

Ant. We're both unhappy:
 If nothing else, yet our ill Fortune parts us.
 Speak, would you have me perish by my Stay?

Cleo. If as a Friend you ask my Judgment, Go;
 If as a Lover, Stay. If you must perish:
 'Tis a hard Word; but stay.

Vent.

Vent. See now th' Effects of her so boasted Love !
She strives to drag you down to Ruin with her ;
But, could she 'scape without you, oh how soon
Would she let go her Hold, and haste to Shore,
And never look behind !

Cleo. Then judge my Love by this.

[*Giving Antony a Writing.*]

Could I have borne
A Life or Death, a Happiness or Woe
From yours divided, this had giv'n me Means.

Ant. By *Hercules*, the Writing of *Octavius* !
I know it well ; 'tis that proscribing Hand,
Young as it was, that led the way to mine,
And left me but the second Place in Murder——
See, see, *Ventidius* ! here he offers *Ægypt*,
And joins all *Syria* to it, as a Present,
So, in Requital, she forsake my Fortunes,
And join her Arms with his.

Cleo. And yet you leave me !

You leave me, *Antony* ; and, yet I love you.
Indeed I do : I have refus'd a Kingdom,
That's a Trifle :

For I could part with Life ; with any thing,
But only you. O let me die but with you !
Is that a hard Request ?

Ant. Next living with you,
'Tis all that Heav'n can give.

Alex. He melts ; we conquer.

[*Aside.*]

Cleo. No: you shall go: Your Int'rest calls you hence ;
Yes; your dear Int'rest pulls too strong, for these
Weak Arms to hold you here—— [Takes his Hand.
Go; leave me, Soldier ;

[For you're no more a Lover :) leave me dying :
Push me all pale and panting from your Bosom,
And, when your March begins, let one run after
Breathless almost for Joy ; and cry, She's dead :
The Soldiers shout ; you then perhaps may sigh,
And muster all your *Roman* Gravity ;
Ventidius chides ; and straight your Brow clears up,
As I had never been.

Ant.

Ant. Gods, 'tis too much; too much for Man to bear;

Cleo. What is't for me then,

A weak forsaken Woman: and a Lover?

Here let me breathe my last? Envy me not

This Minute in your Arms: I'll die apace:

As fast as e'er I can; and end your Trouble.

Ant. Die! Rather let me perish: Loosen'd Nature
Leap from its Hinges, sink the Props of Heav'n,
And fall the Skies to crush the nether World.

My Eyes, my Soul, my All!

[*Embraces her.*]

Vint. And what's this Toy,

In Balance with your Fortune, Honour, Fame?

Ant. What is't, *Ventidius*? it out-weighs them all;

Why, we have more than conquer'd *Cæsar* now:

My Queen's not only Innocent, but loves me.

This, this is she 'who drags me down to Ruin!

'But, could she 'scape without me, with what haste

'Would she let slip her hold, and make to Shore,

'And never look behind!'

Down on thy Knees, Blasphemer as thou art,

And ask forgiveness of wrong'd Innocence.

Vent. I'll rather die, than take it. Will you go?

Ant. Go! Whither? Go from all that's Excellent!

Faith, Honour, Virtue, all good things forbid,

That I should go from her, who sets my Love

Above the Price of Kingdoms. Give, you Gods,

Give to your Boy, your *Cæsar*,

This Rattle of a Globe to play withal,

This Gu-gau World, and put him cheaply off:

I'll not be pleas'd with less than *Cleopatra*.

Cleo. She's wholly yours. My Heart's so full of Joy,

That I shall do some wild Extravagance

Of Love, in publick; and the foolish World,

Which knows not Tenderneſs, will think me mad.

Vent. O Women! Women! Women! all the Gods

Have not such Pow'r of doing good to Man,

As you of doing harm.

[*Exit.*]

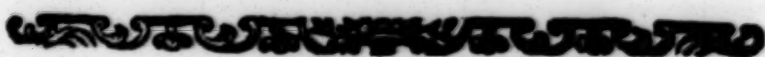
Ant. Our Men are arm'd.

Unbar the Gate that looks to *Cæsar's* Camp:

I would revenge the Treachery he meant me:

And

And long Security makes Conquest easy.
I'm eager to return before I go;
For, all the Pleasures I have known, beat thick
On my Remembrance: How I long for Night!
That both the sweets of mutual Love may try,
And Triumph once o'er *Cæsar* ere we die. [Exeunt.]



ACT III. SCENE I.

At one Door enter Cleopatra, Charmion, Iras, and Alexas, a Train of Egyptians: At the other Antony and Romans. The Entrance on both Sides is prepar'd by Musick; The Trumpets first sounding on Antony's Part: Then answer'd by Timbrels, &c. on Cleopatra's. Charmion and Iras hold a Laurel Wreath betwixt them. A Dance of Egyptians. After the Ceremony, Cleopatra crowns Antony.

Ant. I Thought how those white Arms would fold me in,
And strain me close, and melt me into Love;
So pleas'd with that sweet Image, I sprung forwards,
And added all my Strength to every Blow.

Cleo. Come to me, come, my Soldier, to my Arms,
You've been too long away from my Embraces;
But, when I have you fast, and all my own,
With broken Murmurs, and with amorous Sighs,
I'll say, you were unkind, and punish you,
And mark you red with many an eager Kiss.

Ant. My brighter *Venus*!

Cleo. O my greater *Mars*!

Ant. Thou join'st us well, my Love!
Suppose me come from the *Phlegræan* Plains,
Where gasping Giants lay, cleft by my Sword:
And Mountain Tops par'd off each other Blow,
To bury those I slew: Receive me, Goddess:
Let *Cæsar* spread his subtle Nets, like *Vulcan*,
In thy Embraces I would be beheld

By

By Heav'n and Earth at once;
 And make their Envy what they meant their Sport.
 Let those who took us blush: I would love on
 With awful State, regardless of their Frowns,
 As their superior God.
 There's no Satiety of Love in thee;
 Enjoy'd, thou still art new; perpetual Spring
 Is in thy Arms; the ripen'd Fruit but falls,
 And Blossoms rise to fill its empty Place;
 And I grow rich by Giving.

Enter Ventidius, and stands apart.

Alex. O, now the Danger's past, your General comes.
 He joins not in your Joys nor minds your Triumphs;
 But, with contracted Brows, looks frowning on,
 As envying your Success.

Ant. Now, on my Soul, he loves me; truly loves me;
 He never flatter'd me in any Vice,
 But awes me with his Virtue: Ev'n this Minute
 Methinks he has a Right of chiding me.
 Lead to the Temple: I'll avoid his Presence;
 It checks too strong upon me. *[Exeunt the rest.]*

[As Antony is going, Ventidius pulls him by the Robe.]
Vent. Emperor!

Ant. 'Tis the old Argument; I pr'ythee spare me.

[Looking back.]

Vent. But this one Hearing, Emperor.

Ant. Let go

My Robe; or, by my Father *Hercules*——

Vent. By *Hercules's* Father, that's yet greater,
 I bring you somewhat you would wish to know.

Ant. Thou seest we are observ'd; attend me here,
 And I'll return. *[Exit.]*

Vent. I'm waning in his Favour, yet I love him;
 I love this Man, who runs to meet his Ruin;
 And, sure the Gods, like me, are fond of him:
 His Virtues lie so mingled with his Crimes,
 As would confound their Choice to punish one,
 And not reward the other.

Enter Antony.

Ant. We can Conquer,

You see, without your Aid.
 We have dislodg'd their Troops.
 They look on us at Distance, and, like Curs
 Scap'd from the Lions Paws, they bay far off,
 And lick their Wounds, and faintly threaten War.
 Five thousand *Romans* with their Faces upward
 Lie breathless on the Plain.

Vent. 'Tis well: And he
 Who lost 'em, could have spar'd ten thousand more.
 Yet if, by this Advantage, you could gain
 An easier Peace, while *Cæsar* doubts the Chance
 Of Arms! —

Ant. O think not on't, *Ventidius*;
 The Boy pursues my Ruin, he'll no Peace;
 His Malice is confederate in Advantage;
 O, he's the coolest Murderer, so stanch,
 He kills and keeps his Temper.

Vent. Have you no Friend
 In all his Army, who has Power to move him?
Mecænas, or *Agrippa* might do much.

Ant. They are both too deep in *Cæsar*'s Interests.
 We'll work it out by dint of Sword, or perish.

Vent. Fain I would find some other.

Ant. Thank thy Love.
 Some four or five such Victories as this
 Will save thy farther Pains.

Vent. Expect no more; *Cæsar* is on his Guard:
 I know, Sir, you have conquer'd against odds;
 But still you draw Supplies from one poor Town,
 And of *Egyptians*; He has all the World,
 And, at his Beck, Nations come pouring in,
 To fill the Gaps you make. Pray think again.

Ant. Why dost thou drive me from myself, to search
 For Foreign Aids? to hunt my Memory,
 And range all o'er a waste and barren Place
 To find a Friend? The Wretched have no Friends—
 Yet I had one, the bravest Youth of *Rome*,
 Whom *Cæsar* loves beyond the Love of Women;
 He could resolve his Mind, as Fire does Wax,
 From that hard rugged Image melt him down,

And mould him in what softer Form he pleas'd.

Vent. Him would I see; that Man of all the World;
Just such a one we want.

Ant. He lov'd me too,
I was his Soul; he liv'd not but in me:
We were so clos'd within each other's Breasts,
The Rivets were not found that join'd us first.
That does not reach us yet: We were so mixt,
As meeting Streams, both to ourselves were lost;
We were one Mass; we could not give or take,
But from the same; for he was I, I he.

Vent. He moves as I would wish him. *Aside.*

Ant. After this,

I need not tell his Name: 'Twas *Dolabella*.

Vent. He's now in *Cæsar's* Camp.

Ant. No matter where,
Since he's no longer mine. He took unkindly
That I forbade him *Cleopatra's* Sight;
Because I fear'd he lov'd her: He confess
He had a Warmth, which for my sake, he stifled;
For 'twere impossible that two, so one,
Should not have lov'd the same. When he departed,
He took no leave; and that confirm'd my Thoughts.

Vent. It argues that he lov'd you more than her,
Else he had stay'd; but he perceiv'd you jealous,
And would not grieve his Friend: I know he loves you.

Ant. I should have seen him then ere now.

Vent. Perhaps

He has thus long been lab'ring for your Peace.

Ant. Would he were here.

Vent. Would you believe he lov'd you?
I read your Answer in your Eyes you would.
Not to conceal it longer, he has sent
A Messenger from *Cæsar's* Camp with Letters.

Ant. Let him appear.

Vent. I'll bring him instantly.

[*Exit Ventidius, and re-enters immediately with Dolabella.*]

Ant. 'Tis he himself, himself by holy Friendship!
[*Runs to embrace him.*]

Art thou return'd at last, my better Half?

Come

Come give me all myself.

Let me not live,

If the young Bridegroom, longing for his Night,
Was ever half so fond.

Dola. I must be silent: for my Soul is busy
About a nobler Work: She's new come home;
Like a long-absent Man, and wanders o'er
Each Room, a Stranger to her own, to look
If all be safe.

Ant. Thou hast what's left of me:
For I am now so sunk from what I was,
Thou find'st me at my lowest Water-mark.
'The Rivers that ran in, and rais'd my Fortunes,
Are all dry'd up, or take another Course:
What I have left is from my native Spring;
I've still a Heart that swells, in scorn of Fate,
And lifts me to my Banks.

Dola. Still you are lord of all the World to me,

Ant. Why, then I yet am so; for thou art all.
If I had any Joy when thou wert Absent,
I grudg'd it to myself; methought I robb'd
Thee of thy Part. But, Oh my *Dolabella*!
Thou hast beheld me other than I am.
Hast thou not seen my Morning Chambers fill'd
With Scepter'd Slaves, who waited to salute me?
With Eastern Monarchs, who forgot the Sun,
To worship my Uprising? Menial Kings
Ran courting up and down my Palace-yard,
Stood silent in my Presence, watch'd my Eyes,
And at my least Command, all started out
Like Racers to the Goal.

Dola. Slaves to your Fortune.

Ant. Fortune is *Cæsar's* now; and what am I?

Vent. What you have made yourself; I will not flatter.

Ant. Is this friendly done?

Dola. Yes, when his End is so, I must join with him;
Indeed I must, and yet you must not chide:
Why am I else your Friend?

Ant. Take heed, young Man,
How thou upbraid'st my Love: The Queen has Eyes,
L 2 And

And thou too hast a Soul. Canst thou remember
When, swell'd with Hatred, thou beheld'st her first
As accessory to thy Brother's Death?

Dola. Spare my Remembrance; 'twas a guilty Day,
And still the Blush hangs here.

Ant. To clear herself,
For sending him no Aid, she came from *Ægypt*,
Her Gally down the Silver *Cydno*s row'd,
The Tackling Silk, the Streamers wav'd with Gold,
The gentle Winds were lodg'd in purple Sails:
Her Nymphs, like *Nereids*, round her Couch were plac'd;
Where she, another Sea-born *Venus*, lay.

Dola. No more: I would not hear it.

Ant. O, you must!
She lay, and leant her Cheek upon her Hand,
And cast a Look so languishingly sweet,
As if, secure of all Beholders Hearts,
Neglecting she could take 'em: Boys, like *Cupids*,
Stood Fanning with their painted Wings, the Winds
That play'd about her Face: But if she smil'd,
A darting Glory seem'd to blaze abroad:
That Mens desiring Eyes were never weary'd;
But hung upon the Object: To soft Flutes
The Silver-Oars kept Time; and while they play'd,
The Hearing gave new Pleasure to the Sight; [more;
And both to Thought. 'Twas Heav'n, or somewhat
For she so charm'd all Hearts, that gazing Crowds
Stood panting on the Shore, and wanted Breath
To give their Welcome Voice.

Then, *Dolabella*, where was then thy Soul?
Was not thy Fury quite disarm'd with Wonder?
Did'st thou not shrink behind me from those Eyes,
And whisper in my Ear, Oh tell her not
That I accus'd her of my Brother's Death?

Dola. And should my Weakness be a Plea for yours?
Mine was an Age when Love might be excus'd,
When kindly Warmth, and when my springing Youth
Made it a Debt to Nature. Yours——

Vent. Speak boldly.
Yours, he would say, in your declining Age,

When

When no more Heat was left but what you forc'd,
When all the Sap was needful for the Trunk,
When it went down, then they constrain'd the Course,
And robb'd from Nature, to supply Desire;
In you (I would not use so harsh a Word)
'Tis but plain Dotage.

Ant. Ha!

Dola. 'Twas urg'd too home.
But yet the Loss was private that I made;
'Twas but myself I lost; I lost no Legions;
I had no World to lose, no People's Love.

Ant. This from a Friend?

Dola. Yes, *Antony*, a true one;
A Friend so tender, that each Word I speak
Stabs my own Heart before it reach your Ear,
O, judge me not less kind because I chide:
To *Cæsar* I excuse you.

Ant. O ye Gods!

Have I then liv'd to be excus'd to *Cæsar*?

Dola. As to your Equal.

Ant. Well: he's but my Equal.

While I wear this, he never shall be more.

Dola. I bring Conditions from him.

Ant. Are they Noble?

Methinks thou shouldst not bring 'em else? yet he
Is full of deep Dissembling; knows no Honour
Divided from his Int'rest. Fate mistook him;
For Nature meant him for an Usurer,
He's fit indeed to buy, not conquer Kingdoms.

Vent. Then, granting this,
What Pow'r was theirs who wrought so hard a Temper
To honourable Terms!

Ant. It was my *Dolabella*, or some God.

Dola. Nor I; nor yet *Macenas*, nor *Agrippa*:
They were your Enemies; and I a Friend
Too weak alone; yet 'twas a *Roman* Deed.

Ant. 'Twas like a *Roman* done: Show me that Man
Who has preserv'd my Life, my Love, my Honour;
Let me but see his Face.

Vent. That Task is mine,
And, Heav'n, thou know'st how pleasing. [*Exit Vent.*]

Dola. You'll remember
To whom you stand oblig'd?

Ant. When I forget it,
Be thou unkind, and that's my greatest Curse.
My Queen shall thank him too.

Dola. I fear she will not.

Ant. But she shall do't: The Queen, my *Dolabella*!
Hast thou not still some Grudgings of thy Fever?

Dola. I would not see her lost.

Ant. When I forsake her,
Leave me my better Stars; for she has Truth
Beyond her Beauty. *Cæsar* tempted her,
At no less Price than Kingdoms to betray me;
But she resisted all: And yet thou chid'st me
For loving her too well. Could I do so?

Dola. Yes? there's my Reason.

*Re-enter Ventidius, with Octavia, leading Antony's two
little Daughters.*

Ant. Where?—*Octavia* there! [*Starting back.*]

Vent. What, is she Poison to you? a Disease?
Look on her, view her well; and those she brings:
Are they all Strangers to your Eyes? has Nature
No secret Call, no Whisper they are yours? [*'em*]

Dola. For Shame, my Lord, if not for Love, receive
With kinder Eyes. If you confess a Man,
Meet 'em, embrace 'em, bid 'em welcome to you.
Your Arms should open, ev'n without your Knowledge,
To clasp 'em in; your Feet should turn to Wings,
To bear you to 'em; and your Eyes dart out,
And aim a Kiss ere you could reach the Lips.

Ant. I stood amaz'd to think how they came hither.

Vent. I sent for 'em; I brought 'em in, unknown
To *Cleopatra's* Guards.

Dola. Yet, are you cold?

Octav. Thus long I have attended for my Welcome;
Which as a Stranger, sure I might expect.
Who am I?

Ant. *Cæsar's* Sister.

Octav.

Othav. That's unkind !

Had I been nothing more than *Cæsar's* Sister,
Know, I had still remain'd in *Cæsar's* Camp ;
But your *Othavia*, your much injur'd Wife,
Though banish'd from your Bed, driven from your house,
In spite of *Cæsar's* Sister, still is yours.

'Tis true, I have a Heart disdains your Coldness,
And prompts me not to seek what you should offer ;
But a Wife's Virtue still surmounts that Pride :
I come to claim you as my own ; to show
My Duty first, to ask, nay beg your Kindness :
Your Hand, my Lord ; 'tis mine, and I will have it.

[Taking his Hand.]

Vent. Do, take it, thou deserv'st it.

Dola. On my Soul,

And so she does ; She's neither too submissive,
Nor yet too haughty ; but is just a Mean
Shows, as it ought, a Wife and *Roman* too.

Ant. I fear, *Othavia*, you have begg'd my Life.

Othav. Begg'd it, my Lord ?

Ant. Yes, begg'd it, my Ambassadors,
Poorly and basely begg'd it of your Brother.

Othav. Poorly and basely I could never beg :
Nor could my Brother grant.

Ant. Shall I, who to my kneeling Slave, could say,
Rise up, and be a King ; shall I fall down
And cry, Forgive me, *Cæsar* ? shall I set
A Man, my Equal, in the Place of *Jove*,
As he could give me Being ? No ; that Word
Forgive, would choke me up,
And die upon my Tongue.

Dola. You shall not need it.

Ant. I will not need it. Come, you've all betray'd me ;
My Friend too ! To receive some vile Conditions,
My Wife has bought me, with her Prayers and Tears ;
And now I must become her branded Slave.
In every peevish Mood she will upbraid
The Life she gave : If I but look awry,
She cries, I'll tell my Brother.

Othav. My hard Fortune

Subjects me still to your unkind Mistakes.
 But the Conditions I have brought are such
 You need not blush to take : I love your Honour,
 Because 'tis mine ; it never shall be said
Octavia's Husband was her Brother's Slave.

Sir, you are free ; free ev'n from her you lothe ;
 For, tho' my Brother bargains for your Love,
 Makes me the Price and Cement of your Peace,
 I have a Soul like yours ; I cannot take
 Your Love as Alms, nor beg what I deserve.
 I'll tell my Brother we are reconcil'd ;
 • He shall draw back his Troops and you shall march
 To rule the East : I may be dropt at *Athens* ;
 No matter where, I never will complain,
 But only keep the barren Name of Wife,
 And rid you of the Trouble.

Vent. Was ever such a Strife of sullen Honour !
 Both scorn to be oblig'd.

Dola. O, she has touch'd him in the tender'st Part ;
 See how he reddens with Despite and Shame
 To be out-done in Generosity !

Vent. See how he winks ! how he dries up a Tear,
 That fain would fall !

Ant. Octavia, I have heard you, and must praise
 The Greatness of your Soul ;
 But cannot yield to what you have propos'd :
 For I can ne'er be conquer'd but by Love ;
 And you do all for Duty. You would free me,
 And would be dropt at *Athens* ; was't not so ?

Octav. It was, my Lord.

Ant. Then I must be oblig'd
 To one who loves me not, who, to herself,
 May call me thankless and ungrateful Man :
 I'll not endure it, no.

Vent. I'm glad it pinches there. [tue ?

Octav. Would you triumph o'er poor *Octavia's* Vir-
 That Pride was all I had to bear me up ;
 That you might think you ow'd me for your Life,
 And ow'd it to my Duty, not my Love.
 I have been injur'd, and my haughty Soul

Could

Could brook but ill the Man who flights my Bed.

Ant. Therefore you love me not.

Octav. Therefore, my Lord,
I should not love you.

Ant. Therefore you would leave me ?

Octav. And therefore I should leave you—if I could.

Dola. Her Soul's too great, after such Injuries,
To say she loves ; and yet she let's you see it.
Her Modesty and Silence plead her Cause.

Ant. O *Dolabella*, which way shall I turn ?
I find a secret Yielding in my Soul ;
But *Cleopatra*, who would die with me,
Must she be left ? Pity pleads for *Octavia* ;
But does it not plead more for *Cleopatra* ?

Vent. Justice and Pity both plead for *Octavia* :
For *Cleopatra*, neither.

One would be ruin'd with you ; but she first
Had ruin'd you : The other, you have ruin'd,
And yet she would preserve you.
In every thing their Merits are unequal.

Ant. O, my distracted Soul !

Octav. Sweet Heav'n compose it.
Come, come, my Lord, if I can pardon you,
Methinks you should accept it. Look on these ;
Are they not yours ? Or stand they thus neglected
As they are mine ! Go to him, Children, go ;
Kneel to him, take him by the Hand, speak to him ;
For you may speak, and he may own you too,
Without a Blush ; and so he cannot all
His Children ; Go, I say and pull him to me,
And pull him to yourselves, from that bad Woman.
You, *Agrippina*, hang upon his Arms ;
And you, *Antonia*, clasp about his Waste :
If he will shake you off, if he will dash you
Against the Pavement, you must bear it, Children ;
For you are mine, and I was born to suffer.

[*Here the Children go to him, &c.*]

Vent. Was ever Sight so moving ! Emperor !

Dola. Friend !

Octav. Husband !

Boob Child. Father!

Ant. I am vanquish'd: Take me,

Octavia; take me, Children; share me all.

[Embracing them]

I've been a thriftless Debtor to your Loves,
And run out much in Riot from your Stock;
But all shall be amended.

Octav. O blest Hour!

Dola. O happy Change!

Vent. My Joy stops at my Tongue;
But it has found two Channels here for one,
And bubbles out above. *[thou wilt;*

Ant. to Octav. This is thy Triumph; lead me where
Ev'n to thy Brother's Camp.

Octav. All there are yours.

Enter Alexas hastily.

Alex. The Queen, my Mistress, Sir, and yours—

Ant. 'Tis past. Octavia, you shall stay this Night;
To morrow, Caesar and we are one.

[Ex. leading Octavia, Dola. and the Children follow.]

Vent. There's News for you; run, my officious Eunuch,
Be sure to be the first; haste forward:
Haste, my dear Eunuch, haste.

[Exit.]

Alex. This downright fighting Fool, this thick-skull'd.
This blunt unthinking Instrument of Death, *[Hero,*
With plain dull Virtue, has out-gone my Wit:
Pleasure forsook my early't Infancy,
The Luxury of others robb'd my Cradle,
And ravish'd thence the Promise of a Man:
Cast out from Nature, disinherited
Of what her meanest Children claim by Kind;
Yet, Greatness kept me from Contempt: That's gone.
Had Cleopatra follow'd my Advice,
Then he had been betray'd, who now forsakes.
She dies for Love; but she has known its Joys:
Gods, is this just, that I, who know no Joys,
Must die, because she loves?

Enter Cleopatra, Charmion, Iras, and Train.

O, Madam, I have seen what blasts my Eyes!

Octavia's here.

Cleo.

Cleo. Peace with that Raven's Note,
I know it too; and now am in
The Pangs of Death.

Alex. You are no more a Queen;
Egypt is lost.

Cleo. What tell'st thou me of *Egypt*?
My Life, my Soul is lost! *Octavia* has him!
O fatal Name to *Cleopatra's* Love!
My Kisses, my Embraces now are hers;
While I——But thou hast seen my Rival; speak,
Does she deserve this Blessing? Is she fair?
Bright as a Goddess? and is all Perfection
Confin'd to her? It is. Poor I was made
Of that coarse Matter which, when she was finish'd,
The Gods threw by, for Rubbish.

Alex. She's indeed a very Miracle.

Cleo. Death to my Hopes, a Miracle.

Alex. A Miracle; [Bowling.
I mean of Goodness; for in Beauty, Madam,
You make all Wonders cease.

Cleo. I was too rash:
Take this in part of Recompence. But, oh,
[Giving a Ring.

I fear thou flatter'st me.

Char. She comes! she's here!

Iras. Fly, Madam, *Cæsar's* Sister!

Cleo. Were she the Sister of the Thund'rer *Jove*,
And bore her Brother's Lightning in her Eyes,
Thus would I face my Rival.

[Meets Octavia with Ventidius, Octavia bears up to
her. Their Trains come up on either side.

Octav. I need not ask if you are *Cleopatra*,
Your haughty Carriage——

Cleo. Shows I am a Queen.
Nor need I ask who you are.

Octav. A Roman:
A Name that makes and can unmake a Queen.

Cleo. Your Lord, the Man who serves me, is a Roman.

Octav. He was a Roman, till he lost that Name
To be a Slave in Egypt: but I come

To free him thence.

Cleo. Peace, peace, my Lover's *Juno*.
When he grew weary of that household Clog,
He chose my easier Bonds.

Octav. I wonder not
Your Bonds are easy ; you have long been practis'd
In that lascivious Art : He's not the first
For whom you spread your Snares : Let *Cæsar* witness.

Cleo. I lov'd not *Cæsar* ; 'twas but Gratitude
I paid his Love : The worst your Malice can,
Is but to say the greatest of Mankind
Has been my Slave. The next, but far above him
In my Esteem, is he whom Law calls yours,
But whom his Love made mine.

Octav. I would view nearer [*Coming up close to her.*]
'That Face which has so long usurp'd my Right,
To find th' inevitable Charms, that catch
Mankind so sure, that ruin'd my dear Lord.

Cleo. O, you do well to search ; for had you known
But half these Charms, you had not lost his Heart.

Octav. Far be their Knowledge from a *Roman* Lady,
Far from a modest Wife. Shame of our Sex,
Dost thou not blush, to own those black Endearments
That make Sin pleasing ?

Cleo. You may blush who want 'em.
If bounteous Nature, if indulgent Heav'n
Have giv'n me Charms to please the bravest Man ;
Should I not thank 'em ? Should I be ashamed,
And not be proud ? I am, that he has lov'd me ;
And, when I love not him, Heav'n change this Face
For one like that.

Octav. Thou lov'st him not so well.

Cleo. I love him better, and deserve him more.

Octav. You do not ; cannot : You have been his Ruin
Who made him cheap at *Rome*, but *Cleopatra* ?
Who made him scorn'd abroad, but *Cleopatra* ?
At *Antium*, who betray'd him ? *Cleopatra*.
Who made his Children Orphans ? and poor me
A wretched Widow ? only *Cleopatra*.

Cleo.

Cleo. Yet she who loves him best is *Cleopatra*.
If you have suffer'd, I have suffer'd more.
You bear the specious Title of a Wife,
To gild your Cause, and draw the pitying World
To favour it: The World contemns poor me;
For I have lost my Honour, lost my Fame,
And stain'd the Glory of my Royal House,
And all to bear the branded Name of Mistress.
There wants but Life, and that too I would lose
For him I love.

Octav. Be't so then; take thy Wish. [*Exit cum suis.*]

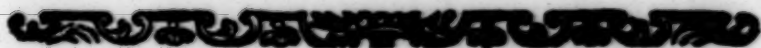
Cleo. And 'tis my Wish.
Now he is lost for whom alone I liv'd.
My Sight grows dim, and every Object dances,
And swims before me, in the Maze of Death.
My Spirits, while they were oppos'd, kept up;
They could not sink beneath a Rival's Scorn:
But now she's gone they faint.

Alex. Mine have had leisure
To recollect their Strength, and furnish Counsel,
To ruin her: who else must ruin you.

Cleo. Vain Promiser!
Lead me, my *Charmion*; nay, your Hand too, *Iras*,
My Grief has Weight enough to sink you both.
Conduct me to some solitary Chamber,
And draw the Curtains round;
Then leave me to myself, to take alone
My fill of Grief:

There I till Death will his Unkindness weep:
As harmless Infants moan themselves asleep. [*Exeunt.*]





A C T IV. S C E N E I.

Enter Antony and Dolabella.

Dola. **W**HY would you shift it from yourself, on me?
Can you not tell her you must part?

Ant. I cannot.

I could pull out an Eye, and bid it go,
And t'other should not weep. Oh, *Dolabella*,
How many Deaths are in this Word *Depart*!
I dare not trust my Tongue to tell her so:
One Look of hers would thaw me into Tears,
And I should melt till I were lost again.

Dola. Then let *Ventidius*;
He's rough by Nature.

Ant. Oh, he'll speak to harshly;
He'll kill her with the News: Thou, only thou.

Dola. Nature has cast me in so soft a Mould,
That but to hear a Story feign'd for Pleasure
Of some sad Lover's Death, moistens my Eyes,
And robs me of my Manhood.—I should speak
So faintly; with such fear to grieve her Heart,
She'd not believe it earnest.

Ant. Therefore; therefore
Thou only, thou art fit: Think thyself Me,
And when thou speak'st (but let it first be long)
Take off the Edge from every sharper Sound,
And let our Parting be as gently made
As other Loves begin: Wilt thou do this?

Dola. What you have said, so sinks into my Soul,
That, if I must speak, I shall speak just so.

Ant. I leave you then to your sad Task: Farewel.
I sent her word to meet you.

[Goes to the Door, and comes back]

I forgot;
Let her be told, I'll make her Peace with mine:

Her

Her Crown and Dignity shall be preserv'd,
If I have Power with *Cæsar*——O be sure
To think on that.

Dola. Fear not, I will remember.

[*Antony goes again to the Door, and comes back.*

Ant. And tell her, too, how much I was constrain'd;
I did not this but with extremest Force:
Desire her not to hate my Memory,
For I still cherish hers;——insist on that.

Dola. Trust me, I'll not forget it.

Ant. Then That's all, [*Goes out, and returns again.*
Wilt thou forgive my Fondness this once more?
Tell her tho' we shall never meet again,
If I should hear she took another Love,
The News would break my Heart——now I must go;
For every time I have return'd, I feel
My Soul more tender; and my next Command
Would be to bid her stay, and ruin both. [*Exit.*

Dola. Men are but Children of a larger Growth,
Our Appetites as apt to change as theirs,
And full as craving too, and full as vain;
And yet the Soul, shut up in her dark Room,
Viewing so clear abroad, at home sees nothing;
But like a Mole in Earth, busy and blind,
Works all her Folly up, and casts it outward
To the World's open View: Thus I discover'd,
And blam'd the Love of ruin'd *Antony*;
Yet wish that I were he to be so ruin'd.

Enter Ventidius above.

Vent. Alone and talking to himself? concern'd too?
Perhaps my Guess is right; he lov'd her once,
And may pursue it still.

Dola. O Friendship! Friendship!
Ill canst thou answer this; and Reason worse:
Unfaithful in th' Attempt; hopeless to win:
And, if I win, undone: Meer Madness all.
And yet th' Occasion's fair. What Injury
To him, to wear the Robe which he throws by?

Vent. None, none at all. This happens as I wish,
To ruin her yet more with *Antony*.

Enter

*Enter Cleopatra, talking with Alexas; Charmion,
Iras on the other side.*

Dola. She comes! What Charms have Sorrow on
that Face!

Sorrow seems pleas'd to dwell with so much Sweetness;
Yet, now and then, a melancholy Smile
Breaks loose, like Lightning in a Winter's Night,
And shows a Moment's Day.

Vent. If she should love him too! her Eunuch there!
That *Porc'pisce* bodes ill Weather. Draw, draw nearer,
Sweet Devil, that I may hear.

Alex. Believe me, try

[*Dolabella goes over to Charmion and Iras;
seems to talk with them.*]

To make him jealous; Jealousy is like
A polish'd Glass held to the Lips when Life's in doubt:
If there be Breath, 'twill catch the Damp and show it.

Cleo. I grant you Jealousy's a proof of Love,
But 'tis a weak and unavailing Medicine;
It puts out the Disease, and makes it show,
But has no Pow'r to cure.

Alex. 'Tis your last Remedy, and strongest too:
And then this *Dolabella*, who so fit
To practise on? He's handsome, valiant, young,
And looks as he were laid for Nature's Bait,
To catch weak Womens Eyes.
He stands already more than half suspected
Of loving you: The least kind Word or Glance,
You give this Youth, will kindle him with Love:
Then, like a burning Vessel set adrift,
You'll send him down amain before the Wind,
To fire the Heart of jealous *Antony*.

Cleo. Can I do this? Ah no; my Love's so true,
That I can neither hide it where it is,
Nor show it where it is not. Nature meant me
A Wife; a silly harmless household Dove,
Fond without Art, and kind without Deceit;
But Fortune, that has made a Mistress of me,
Has thrust me out to the wide World, unfurnish'd
Of Falshood to be happy.

Alex.

Alex. Force yourself.

Th' Event will be, your Lover will return
Doubly desirous to possess the Good
Which once he fear'd to lose.

Cleo. I must attempt it;
But Oh with what Regret!

[Exit Alexas. [She comes up to Dolabella.

Vent. So, now the Scene draws near; they're in my
reach. [not I

Cleo. to Dola. Discouraging with my Women! Might
Share in your Entertainment?

Char. You have been
The Subject of it, Madam.

Cleo. How! and how?

Iras. Such Praises of your Beauty!

Cleo. Meer Poetry.

Your Roman Wits, your Gallus and Tibullus,
Have taught you this from Cytheris and Delia.

Dola. Those Roman Wits have never been in Egypt,
Cytheris and Delia else had been unsung:
I, who have seen——had I been born a Poet,
Should chuse a nobler Name.

Cleo. You flatter me.

But, 'tis your Nation's Vice: All of your Country
Are Flatterers, and all false. Your Friend's like you.
I'm sure he sent you not to speak these Words.

Dola. No, Madam; yet he sent me——

Cleo. Well, he sent you——

Dola. Of a less p'earing Errand.

Cleo. How less pleasing?

Less to yourself, or me?

Dola. Madam, to both;

For you must mourn, and I must grieve to cause it.

Cleo. You, Charmion, and your Fellow, stand at distance.
Hold up, my Spirits. [Aside]——Well, now your
mournful Matter;

For I'm prepar'd, perhaps can guess it too.

Dola. I wish you would; for 'tis a thankless Office
To tell ill News: And I, of all your Sex,
Most fear displeasing you.

Cleo.

Cleo Of all your Sex,
I soonest could forgive you, if you should.

Vent. Most delicate Advances! Woman! Woman!
Dear damn'd inconstant Sex!

Cleo. In the first Place,
I am to be forsaken; is't not so?

Dola. I wish I could not answer to that Question.

Cleo. Then pass it o'er because it troubles you:
I should have been more griev'd another time.
Next, I'm to lose my Kingdom—Farewel *Egypt*.
Yet, is there any more?

Dola. Madam, I fear
Your too deep Sense of Grief has turn'd your Reason.

Cleo No, no, I'm not run mad; I can bear Fortune:
And Love may be expell'd by other Love,
As Poisons are by Poisons.

Dola.—You o'erjoy me, Madam,
To find your Grievs so moderately borne.
You've heard the worst; all are not false, like him.

Cleo. No; Heav'n forbid they should.

Dola. Some Men are constant.

Cleo. And Constancy deserves Reward, that's certain.

Dola. Deserves it not; but give it leave to hope.

Vent. I'll swear thou hast my Leave. I have enough:
But how to manage this! Well, I'll consider. [*Exit.*]

Dola. I came prepar'd,
To tell you heavy News: News, which I thought
Would fright the Blood from your pale Cheeks to hear:
But you have met it with a Chearfulness
That makes my Task more easy; and my Tongue,
Which on another's Message was employ'd,
Would gladly speak its own.

Cleo. Hold, *Dolabella*.

First tell me, were you chosen by my Lord?
Or fought you this Employment?

Dola. He pick'd me out; and, as his Bosom-Friend,
He charg'd me with his Words.

Cleo. The Message then
I know was tender, and each Accent smooth,
To mollify that rugged Word *Depart*.

Dola.

Dola. Oh, you mistake: He chose the harshest Words,
With fiery Eyes, and with contracted Brows,
He coin'd his Face in the severest Stamp:
And Fury shook his Fabrick like an Earthquake;
He heav'd for Vent, and burst like bellowing *Aëna*,
In Sounds scarce human. "Hence, away for ever:
"Let her begone, the Blot of my Renown,
"And Bane of all my Hopes:

[*All the time of this Speech Cleopatra seems more
and more concern'd, till she sinks quite down.*]

"Let her be driv'n as far as Men can think
"From Man's Commerce: She'll poison to the Center.

Cleo. Oh, I can bear no more! [Wretch!]

Dola. Help, help: Oh Wretch, Oh cursed, cursed
What have I done!

Char. Help, chase her Temples, *Iras*.

Iras. Bend, bend her forward quickly.

Char. Heav'n be prais'd,
She comes again.

Cleo. Oh, let him not approach me.
Why have you brought me back to this loath'd Being,
The Abode of Falshood, violated Vows,
And injur'd Love? For Pity, let me go;
For if there be a Place of long Repose,
I'm sure I want it. My disdainful Lord
Can never break that Quiet; nor awake
The sleeping Soul, with hollowing in my Tomb
Such Words as fright her hence, Unkind, Unkind.

Dola. Believe me, 'tis against myself I speak, [*Kneeling*.
That sure deserves Belief; I injur'd him:
My Friend ne'er spoke those Words. Oh, had you seen
How often he came back, and every time
With something more obliging and more kind
To add to what he said; what dear Farewells,
How almost vanquish'd by his Love he parted,
And lean'd to what unwillingly he left:
I, Traitor as I was, for Love of you,
(But what can you not do, who made me false!)
I forg'd that Lye; for whose Forgiveness kneels
This self-accus'd, self-punish'd Criminal.

Cleo.

Cleo. With how much Ease believe we what we wish!
Rise, *Dolabella*; if you have been guilty,
I have contributed, and too much Love
Has made me guilty too.

Th' Advance of Kindness which I made was feign'd,
To call back fleeting Love by Jealousy;
But 'twould not last. Oh, rather let me lose,
Than so ignobly trifle with his Heart. [Reach,

Dola. I find your Breast fenc'd round from human
Transparent as a Rock of solid Crystal;
Seen through, but never pierc'd. My Friend, my Friend!
What endless Treasure hast thou thrown away;
And scatter'd, like an Infant, in the Ocean,
Vain Sums of Wealth, which none can gather thence.

Cleo. Could you not beg
An Hour's Admittance to his private Ear?
Like one who wanders through long barren Wilds,
And yet foreknows no hospitable Inn
Is near to succour Hunger,
Eats his Fill before his painful March:
So would I feed awhile my famish'd Eyes
Before we part; for I have far to go,
If Death be far, and never must return.

Ventidius, with *Octavia* behind.

Vent. From hence you may discover—Oh, sweet, sweet!
Would you indeed? the pretty Hand in earnest?

Dola. I will, for this Reward. [Takes her Hand.

—Draw it not back,
'Tis all I e'er will beg.

Vent. They turn upon us.

Octav. What quick Eyes has Guilt!

Vent. Seem not to have observ'd 'em, and go on.

They enter.

Dola. Saw you the Emperor, *Ventidius*?

Vent. No.

I sought him; but I heard that he was private.
None with him, but *Hipparchus* his Freedman.

Dola. Know you his Bus'ness?

Vent. Giving him Instructions,
And Letters, to his Brother *Cæsar*.

Dola.

Dola. Well,

He must be found. [*Exeunt Dolabella and Cleo.*]

Octav. Most glorious Impudence !

Vent. She look'd methought

As she would say, Take your old Man, *Octavia* ;

Thank you, I'm better here.

Well, but what Use

Make we of this Discovery ?

Octav. Let it die.

Vent. I pity *Dolabella* ; but she's dangerous :

Her Eyes have Pow'r beyond *Thessalian* Charms

To draw the Moon from Heav'n ; for Eloquence,

The Sea-green Sirens taught her Voice their Flatt'ry ;

And while she speaks, Night steals upon the Day,

Unmark'd of those that hear : Then she's so charming,

Age buds at sight of her, and swells to Youth :

The holy Priests gaze on her when she smiles ;

And with heav'd Hands forgetting Gravity,

They bless her wanton Eyes : Even I who hate her,

With a malignant Joy behold such Beauty ;

And, while I curse, desire it. *Antony*

Must needs have some Remains of Passion still,

Which may ferment into a worse Relapse,

If now not fully cur'd. I know, this Minute,

With *Cæsar* he's endeavouring her Peace.

Octav. You have prevail'd : — But for a further purpose

[*Walks off.*]

I'll prove how he will relish this Discovery.

What make a Strumpet's Peace ! it swells my Heart :

It must not, sha' not be.

Vent. His Guards appear.

Let me begin, and you shall second me.

Enter Antony.

Ant. Octavia, I was looking you, my Love :

What, are your Letters ready ? I have giv'n

My last Instructions.

Octav. Mine, my Lord, are written.

Ant. Ventidius !

[*Drawing him aside.*]

Vent. My Lord ?

Ant. A Word in private.

When

When saw you *Dolabella*?

Vent. Now, my Lord,

He parted hence; and *Cleopatra* with him.

Ant. Speak softly. 'Twas by my Command he went,
To bear my last Farewel.

Vent. It look'd indeed [Aloud.
Like your Farewel.

Ant. More softly——My Farewel?

What secret Meaning have you in those Words
Of my Farewel? He did it by my Order.

Vent. Then he obey'd your Order. I suppose [Aloud.
You bid him do it with all Gentleness,
All Kindness, and all——Love.

Ant. How she mourn'd,
The poor forsaken Creature!

Vent. She took it as she ought; she bore your Parting
As she did *Cæsar's*, as she would another's,
Were a new Love to come.

Ant. Thou dost bely her; [Aloud.
Most basely, and maliciously bely her.

Vent. I thought not to displease you; I have done.

Oscar. You seem disturb'd, my Lord. [Coming up,

Ant. A very Trifle.

Retire, my Love.

Vent. It was indeed a Trifle.

He sent——

Ant. No more. Look how thou disobey'st me; [Angrily.

Thy Life shall answer it.

Oscar. Then 'tis no Trifle.

Vent. to Oscar. 'Tis less; a very Nothing: You too [saw it,
As well as I, and therefore 'tis no Secret.

Ant. She saw it!

Vent. Yes: She saw young *Dolabella*——

Ant. Young *Dolabella*!

Vent. Young, I think him young,
And handsome too; and so do others think him.
But what of that? He went by your Command,
Indeed 'tis probable, with some kind Message;
For she receiv'd it graciously; she smil'd:

And

And then he grew familiar with her Hand,
Squeez'd it, and worry'd it with ravenous Kisses,
She blush'd and sigh'd, and smil'd, and blush'd again;
At last she took Occasion to talk softly,
And brought her Cheek up close, and lean'd on his:
At which he whisper'd Kisses back on hers;
And then she cry'd aloud, That Constancy
Should be rewarded.

Otav. This I saw and heard.

Ant. What Woman was it, whom you heard and saw
So playful with my Friend!
Not *Cleopatra*?

Vent. Ev'n she, my Lord!

Ant. My *Cleopatra*?

Vent. Your *Cleopatra*;

Dolabella's Cleopatra :

Every Man's *Cleopatra*.

Ant. Thou ly'st.

Vent. I do not lye, my Lord.

Is this so strange? Should Mistresses be left,
And not provide against a Time of Change?
You know she's not much us'd to lonely Nights.

Ant. I'll think no more on't.

I know 'tis false, and see the Plot betwixt you.

You needed not have gone this way *Othavia*.

What harms it you that *Cleopatra's* just?

She's mine no more. I see; and I forgive:

Urge it no farther, Love.

Otav. Are you concern'd

That she's found false?

Ant. I should be, were it so;

For, tho' 'tis past, I would not that the World
Should tax my former Choice: That I lov'd one
Of so light Note; but I forgive you both.

Vent. What has my Age deserv'd, that you should think
I would abuse your Ears with Perjury?
If Heav'n be true, she's false.

Ant. Tho' Heav'n and Earth

Should witness it, I'll not believe her tainted.

Vent. I'll bring you then a Witness

From

From Hell to prove her so. Nay, go not back ;

[Seeing Alexas just entering, and starting back.

For stay you must and shall.

Alex. What means my Lord ?

Vent. To make you do what most you hate ; speak truth.

You are of *Cleopatra's* private Counsel,
Of her Bed-counsel, her lascivious Hours ;
Are conscious of each nightly Change she makes,
And watch her as *Chaldeans* do the Moon,
Can tell what Signs she passes through, what Day.

Alex. My noble Lord.

Vent. My most illustrious Pandar.

No fine set Speech, no Cadence, no turn'd Periods
But a plain home-spun Truth, is what I ask :
I did, myself, o'erhear your Queen make Love
To *Dolabella*. Speak ; for I will know,
By your Confession, what more past betwixt 'em ;
How near the Business draws to your Employment ;
And when the happy Hour.

Ant. Speak Truth, *Alexas*, whether it offend
Or please *Ventidius*, care not : Justify
Thy injur'd Queen from Malice : Dare his worst.

Octav. [Aside.] See, how he gives him Courage, how
he fears

To find her false ! and shuts his Eyes to Truth,
Willing to be mis-led !

Alex. As far as Love may plead for Woman's Frailty,
Urg'd by Desert and Greatness of the Lover ;
So far (Divine *Octavia*) may my Queen
Stand ev'n excus'd to you for loving him,
Who is your Lord : So far, from brave *Ventidius*,
May her past Actions hope a fair Report.

Ant. 'Tis well and truly spoken : Mark, *Ventidius*.

Alex. To you, most noble Emperor, her strong Passion
Stands not excus'd, but wholly justified.
Her Beauty's Charms alone, without her Crown,
From *Ind* and *Meroe* drew the distant Vows
Of sighing Kings ; and at her Feet were laid
The Scepters of the Earth, expos'd on heaps,

The WORLD well LOST.

253

To chuse where she would reign:
She thought a *Roman* only could deserve her;
And, of all *Romans*, only *Antony*.
And to be less than Wife to you, disdain'd
Their lawful Passion.

Ant. 'Tis but Truth.

[Desert.

Alex. And yet, though Love, and your unmatch'd
Have drawn her from the due regard of Honour,
At last, Heav'n open'd her unwilling Eyes
To see the Wrongs she offer'd fair *Octavia*,
Whose holy Bed she lawlessly usurp'd.
The sad Effects of this prosperous War,
Confirm'd those pious Thoughts.

Vent. [*Aside.*] O, wheel you there?
Observe him now; the Man begins to mend,
And talk substantial Reason. Fear not, Eunuch,
The Emperor has giv'n thee leave to speak.

Alex. Else had I never dar'd t'offend his Ears
With what the last Necessity has urg'd
On my forsaken Mistress; yet I must not
Presume to say her Heart is wholly alter'd.

Ant. No, dare not for thy Life, I charge thee dare not
Pronounce that fatal Word.

Octav. Must I bear this? Good Heav'n, afford me
Patience.

[*Aside.*

Vent. On, sweet Eunuch; my dear half Man, proceed.

Alex. Yet *Dolabella*

Has lov'd her long; he next my God-like Lord,
Deserves her best; and should she meet his Passion,
Rejected, as she is, by him she lov'd—

Ant. Hence, from my sight; for I can bear no more:
Let Furies drag thee quick to Hell; let all
The longer Damn'd have rest; each torturing Hand
Do thou employ, till *Cleopatra* comes,
Then join thou too, and help to torture her.

[*Exit Alexas, thrust out by Antony*

Octav. 'Tis not well,
Indeed, my Lord, 'tis much unkind to me,
To show this Passion, this extreme Concernment
For an abandon'd, faithless Prostitute.

M

Ant.

Ant. *Othavia*, leave me: I am much disorder'd,
Leave me, I say.

Othav. My Lord!

Ant. I bid you leave me.

Vent. Obey him, Madam; best withdraw a while,
And see how this will work.

Othav. Wherein have I offended you, my Lord,
That I am bid to leave you? Am I false,
Or infamous? Am I a *Cleopatra*?

Were I she,

Base as she is, you would not bid me leave you;
But hang upon my Neck, take slight Excuses,
And fawn upon my Falshood.

Ant. 'Tis too much,
Too much, *Othavia*; I am prest with Sorrows
Too heavy to be borne; and you add more:
I would retire, and recollect what's left
Of Man within, to aid me.

Othav. You would mourn
In private, for your Love, who has betray'd you.
You did but half return to me: Your Kindness
Linger'd behind with her. I hear, my Lord,
You make Conditions for her,
And would include her Treaty. Wondrous Proofs
Of Love to me!

Ant. Are you my Friend, *Ventidius*?
Or are you turn'd a *Dolabella* too,
And let this Fury loose?

Vent. Oh, be advis'd,
Sweet Madam, and retire.

Othav. Yes, I will go; but never to return,
You shall no more be haunted with this Fury.
My Lord, my Lord, Love will not always last,
When urg'd with long Unkindness and Disdain:
Take her again whom you prefer to me;
She stays but to be call'd. Poor cozen'd Man!
Let a feign'd party give her back your Heart,
Which a feign'd Love first got; for injur'd Me,
'Tho' my just Sense of Wrongs forbid my Stay,
My Duty shall be yours.

To the dear Pledges of our former Love,
My Tenderness and Care shall be transferr'd,
And they shall cheer, by turns, my widow'd Nights:
So take my last Farewel; for I despair
To have you whole, and scorn to take you half [*Exit.*

Fest. I combat Heav'n, which blasts my best Designs:
My last Attempt must be to win her back;
But Oh, I fear, in vain. [*Exit.*

Ant. Why was I fram'd with this plain honest Heart,
Which knows not to disguise its Grievs and Weakness,
But bears its Workings outward to the World?
I should have kept the mighty Anguish in,
And forc'd a smile at *Cleopatra's* Falshood:
Octavia had believ'd it, and had staid.
But I am made a shallow-forded Stream,
Seen to the Bottom: All my Clearness scorn'd,
And all my Faults expos'd—See where he comes

Enter Dolabella.

Who has prophan'd the sacred Name of Friend,
And worn it into Vileness!
With how secure a Brow, and specious Form
He gilds the secret Villain! Sure that Face
Was meant for Honesty; but Heav'n mis-match'd it,
And furnish'd Treason out with Nature's Pomp,
To make its Work more easy.

Dcla. O, my Friend!

Ant. Well, *Dolabella*, you perform'd my Message?

Dola. I did, unwillingly.

Ant. Unwillingly?

Was it so hard for you to bear our Parting?
You should have wish'd it.

Dcla. Why?

Ant. Because you love me.

And she receiv'd my Message, with as true,
With as unfeign'd a Sorrow, as you brought it?

Dcla. She loves you, ev'n to Madness.

Ant. Oh, I know it.

You, *Dolabella*, do not better know
How much she loves me. And should I
Forfake this Beauty? This all-perfect Creature?

Dola. I could not, were she mine.

Ant. And yet you first

Persuaded me: How come you alter'd since?

Dola. I said at first I was not fit to go;
I could not hear her Sighs, and see her Tears,
But Pity must prevail: And so, perhaps,
It may again with you; for I have promis'd
That she should take her last Farewel: And, see,
She comes to claim my Word.

Enter Cleopatra.

Ant. False *Dolabella*!

Dola. What's false, my Lord!

Ant. Why, *Dolabella's* false,

And *Cleopatra's* false, both false and faithless,
Draw near, you well-join'd Wickedness, you Serpents,
Whom I have, in my kindly Bosom, warm'd,
Till I am stung to Death.

Dola. My Lord, have I
Deserv'd to be thus us'd?

Cleo. Can Heav'n prepare
A newer Torment? Can it find a Curse
Beyond our Separation?

Ant. Yes, if Fate

Be just, much greater: Heav'n should be ingenious
In punishing such Crimes. The rolling Stone,
And gnawing Vulture, were slight Pains invented
When *Jove* was young, and no Examples known
Of mighty Ills; but ye have ripen'd Sin
To such a monstrous Growth, 'twill pose the Gods
To find an equal Torture. Two, two such,
Oh there's no farther Name, two such—to me,
To me, who lockt my Soul within your Breasts,
Had no Desires, no Joys, no Life, but you;
When half the Globe was mine, I gave it you
In Dowry with my Heart; I had no Use,
No Fruit of all, but you: A Friend and Mistress
Was what the World could give. Oh, *Cleopatra*!
Oh *Dolabella*! how could you betray
This tender Heart, which with an Infant-fondness
Lay lull'd betwixt your Bosoms, and there slept

Secure

Secure of injur'd Faith?

Dola. If she has wrong'd you,
Heav'n and Hell, and you revenge it.

Ant. If she has wrong'd me!
Thou would'st evade thy Part of Guilt; but swear
Thou lov'st not her.

Dola. Not so as I love you. [her.

Ant. Not so! Swear, swear. I say thou dost not love

Dola. No more than Friendship will allow.

Ant. No more?

Friendship allows thee nothing: Thou art perjur'd—
And yet thou didst not swear thou lov'dst her not;
But not so much, no more. O trifling Hypocrite,
Who dar'st not own to her thou dost not love,
Nor own to me thou dost! *Ventidius* heard it;
Ostavia saw it.

Cleo. They are Enemies.

Ant. *Alexas* is not so: He, he confess it;
He, who, next Hell, best knew it, he avow'd it.
Why do I seek a Proof beyond yourself? [To *Dola*,
You whom I sent to bear my last Farewel,
Return'd to plead her Stay.

Dola. What shall I answer?

If to have lov'd be Guilt, then I have sinn'd;
But if to have repented of that Love
Can wash away my Crime, I have repented.
Yet if I have offended past Forgiveness,
Let her not suffer: She is innocent.

Cleo. Ah, what will not a Woman do who loves!
What means will she refuse, to keep that Heart
Where all her Joys are plac'd! 'Twas I encourag'd,
'Twas I blew up the Fire that scorch'd his Soul,
To make you jealous; and by that regain you.
But all in vain; I could not counterfeit:
In spite of all the Dams, my Love broke o'er,
And drown'd my Heart again; Fate took th' Occasion;
And thus one Minute's Feigning has destroy'd
My whole Life's Truth.

Ant. Thin Cobweb Arts of Falshood;
Seen, and broke through at first.

Dola. Forgive your Mistress.

Cleo. Forgive your Friend.

Ant. You have convinc'd yourselves.

You plead each other's Cause: What Witness have you,
That you but meant to raise my Jealousy?

Cleo. Ourselves and Heav'n. [Friendship;

Ant. Guilt, witnesses for Guilt. Hence, Love and
You have no longer place in human Breasts,
These two have driv'n you out: Avoid my Sight;
I would not kill the Man whom I have lov'd;
And cannot hurt the Woman; but avoid me,
I do not know how long I can be tame;
For, if I stay one Minute more to think
How I am wrong'd, my Justice and Revenge
Will cry so loud within me, that my Pity
Will not be heard for either.

Dola. Heav'n has but

Our Sorrow for our Sins; and then delights
To pardon erring Man: Sweet Mercy seems
Its darling Attribute, which limits Justice;
As if there were Degrees in Infinite;
And Infinite would rather want Perfection,
Than punish to extent.

Ant. I can forgive

A Foe; but not a Mistress and a Friend:
Treason is there in its most horrid Shape,
Where Trust is greatest: And the Soul resign'd
Is stabb'd by its own Guards: I'll hear no more;
Hence from my Sight, for ever.

Cleo. How? for ever!

I cannot go one Moment from your Sight,
And must I go for ever?
My Joys, my only Joys are center'd here:
What Place have I to go to? my own Kingdom?
That I have lost for you: Or to the *Romans*?
They hate me for your sake: Or must I wander
The wide World o'er, a helpless, banish'd Woman,
Banish'd for love of you; banish'd from you;
Ay, there's the Banishment! Oh hear me; hear me,
With strictest Justice: For I beg no Favour:

And

And if I have offended you, then kill me,
But do not banish me.

Ant. I must not hear you.

I have a Fool within me takes your Part ;
But Honour stops my Ears.

Cleo. For Pity hear me!

Would you cast of a Slave who follow'd you,
Who crouch'd beneath your Spurn?—He has no Pity !
See, if he gives one Tear to my Departure ;
One Look, one kind Farewel : Oh Iron Heart !
Let all the Gods look down, and judge betwixt us,
If he did ever love !

Ant. No more ; *Alexas* ?

Dola. A perjurd Villain !

Ant. to Cleo. Your *Alexas* ; yours.

Cleo. O 'twas his Plot : His ruinous Design
T'ingage you in my Love by Jealousy.
Hear him ; confront him with me ; let him speak.

Ant. I have ; I have.

Cleo. And if he clear me not——

Ant. Your Creature ! one who hangs upon your Smiles !
Watches your Eye, to say or to unlay
Whate'er you please ! I am not to be mov'd.

Cleo. Then must we part ? Farewel, my cruel Lord.
Th' Appearance is against me ; and I go
Unjustifi'd, for ever from your Sight.
How I have lov'd, you know ; how yet I love,
My only Comfort is, I know myself ;
I love you more, ev'n now you are unkind,
Than when you lov'd me most ; so well, so truly,
I'll never strive against it ; but die pleas'd
To think you once were mine.

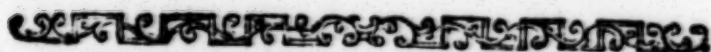
Ant. Good Heav'n, they weep at parting.
Must I weep too ? that calls 'em innocent.
I must not weep ; and yet I must, to think
That I must not forgive———

Live ; but live wretched, 'tis but just you should,
Who made me so : Live from each other's Sight :
Let me not hear you meet. Set all the Earth,
And all the Seas, betwixt your sunder'd Loves :

View nothing common but the Sun and Skies :
Now, all take several Ways ;

And each your own sad Fate with mine deplore ;
That you were false, and I could trust no more.

[*Exeunt severally.*]



ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmion, and Iras.

Char. **B**E juster, Heav'n : such Virtue punish'd thus,
Will make us think that chance rules all above,
And shuffles, with a random Hand, the Lots
Which Man is forc'd to draw.

Cleo. I could tear out these Eyes, that gain'd his Heart,
And had not Pow'r to keep it. O the Curse
Of doting on, ev'n when I find it Dotage !
Bear witness, Gods, you heard him bid me go ;
You whom he mock'd with imprecating Vows
Of promis'd Faith—I'll die, I will not bear it.
You may hold me—

[*She pulls out her Dagger, and they hold her.*]
But I can keep my Breath ; I can die inward,
And choke this Love.

Enter Alexas.

Iras. Help, O *Alexas*, help !
The Queen grows desperate, her Soul struggles in her,
With all the Agonies of Love and Rage,
And strives to force its Passage.

Cleo. Let me go.
Art thou there. Traitor !—O,
O, for a little Breath, to vent my Rage !
Give, give me way, and let me loose upon him.
Alex. Yes, I deserve it, for my ill-tim'd Truth.
Was it for me to prop
The Ruins of a falling Majesty ?

To

To place myself beneath the mighty Flaw,
Thus to be crush'd, and pounded into Atomes,
By its o'erwhelming Weight? 'Tis too presuming
For Subjects to preserve that wilful Pow'r
Which courts its own Destruction.

Cleo. I would reason
More calmly with you. Did you not o'er-rule,
And force my plain, direct, and open Love
Into these crooked Paths of Jealousy?
Now, what's th' Event? *Othavia* is remov'd;
But *Cleopatra's* banish'd. Thou, thou, Villain,
Hast push'd my Boat to open Sea; to prove,
At my sad Cost, if thou canst steer it back.
It cannot be; I'm lost too far; I'm ruin'd:
Hence, thou Impostor, Traitor, Monster, Devil——
I can no more; Thou, and my Griefs, have sunk
Me down so low, that I want Voice to curse thee.

Alex. Suppose some shipwreck'd Seaman near the Shore,
Dropping and faint, with climbing up the Cliff,
If, from above, some charitable Hand
Pull him to safety, hazarding himself
To draw the other's Weight; would he look back
And curse him for his pains? The Case is yours;
But one step more, and you have gain'd the Height.

Cleo. Sunk, never more to rise.

Alex. *Othavia's* gone, and *Dolabella* banish'd.
Believe me, Madam, *Antony* is yours.
His Heart was never lost; but started off
To Jealousy, Love's last Retreat and Covert:
Where it lies hid in Shades, watchful in Silence,
And list'ning for the Sound that calls it back
Some other, any Man, ('tis so advanc'd)
May perfect this unfinish'd Work, which I
(Unhappy only to myself) have left
So easy to his Hand.

Cleo. Look well thou do't; else——

Alex. Else, what your Silence threatens——*Antony*
Is mounted up the *Pharos*; from whose Turret,
He stands surveying our *Egyptian* Gallies,
Engag'd with *Cæsar's* Fleet: Now Death, or Conquest.

If the first happen, Fate acquits my promise :
 If we o'ercome, the Conqueror is yours.

[A distant Shout within.

Char. Have Comfort, Madam; Did you mark that
 Shout?

[Second Shout nearer.

Iras. Hark; they redouble it.

Alex. 'Tis from the Port.

The Loudness shows it near: Good News, kind Heav'ns,

Cleo. *Ofiris* make it so.

Enter Serapion.

Serap. Where, where's the Queen?

Alex. How frightfully the holy Coward stares!

As if not yet recover'd of th' Assault,

When all his Gods, and, what's more dear to him,

His Off rings were at stake.

Serap. O Horror, Horror!

Egypt has been; our latest Hour is come:

The Queen of Nations from her ancient Seat

Is sunk for ever in the dark Abyss:

Time has unroll'd her Glories to the last,

And now clos'd up the Volume.

Cleo. Be more plain:

Say, whence thou cam'st, (though Fate is in thy Face;

Which from thy haggard Eyes looks wildly out,

And threatens ere thou speak'st.)

Serap. I came from *Pharos*;

From viewing (spare me, and imagine it)

Our Land's last Hope; your Navy——

Cleo. Vanquish'd?

Serap. No.

They fought not.

Cleo. Then they fled.

Serap. Nor that. I saw,

With *Antony*, your well-appointed Fleet

Row out; and thrice he wav'd his Hand on high,

And thrice with chearful Cries they shouted back:

'Twas then false fortune, like a fawning Strumpet,

About to leave the Bankrupt Prodigal,

With a dissembled Smile would kiss at parting,

And flatter to the Last; the well-tim'd Oars

Now

Now dipt from every Bank, now smoothly run
To meet the Foe; and soon indeed they met,
But not as Foes. In few, we saw their Caps
On either side thrown up; th' *Egyptian* Gallies
(Receiv'd like Friends) past through, and fell behind
The *Roman* Rear: And now, they all come forward,
And ride within the Port.

Cleo. Enough, *Serapion*:
I've heard my Doom. This needed not, you Gods?
When I lost *Antony*, your Work was done;
'Tis but superfluous Malice. Where's my Lord?
How bears he this last Blow?

Serap. His Fury cannot be express'd by Words:
Thrice he attempted headlong to have fall'n
Full on his Foes, and aim'd at *Cæsar's* Galley:
Withheld, he raves on You; cries, He's betray'd,
Should he now find you——

Alex. Shun him, seek your Safety,
Till you can clear your Innocence.

Cleo. I'll stay.

Alex. You must not, haste you to your Monument,
While I make speed to *Cæsar*.

Cleo. *Cæsar*! No,
I have no Business with him.

Alex. I can work him
To spare your Life, and let this Madman perish. [too.

Cleo. Base fawning Wretch! wouldst thou betray him
Hence from my Sight, I will not hear a Traitor;

'Twas thy Design brought all this Ruin on us;

Serapion, thou art honest; counsel me:

But haste, each Moment's precious.

Serap. Retire; you must not yet see *Antony*.
He who began this Mischief,
'Tis just he tempt the Danger: Let him clear you:
And, since he offer'd you his servile Tongue,
To gain a poor precarious Life from *Cæsar*,
Let him expose that fawning Eloquence,
And speak to *Antony*.

Alex. O Heav'ns! I dare not,
I meet my certain Death.

Cleo.

Cleo. Slave, thou deserv'st it.
 Not that I fear my Lord, will I avoid him ;
 I know him noble : When he banish'd me,
 And thought me false, he scorn'd to take my Life ;
 But I'll be justify'd, and then die with him.

Alex. O pity me, and let me follow you.

Cleo. To Death, if thou stir hence. Speak, if thou canst,
 Now for thy Life, which basely thou wouldst save ;
 While mine I prize at this. Come, good *Serapion*.

[*Exeunt Cleo. Serap. Char. and Iras.*]

Alex. O that I less cou'd fear to lose this Being,
 Which, like a Snow-ball, in my Coward Hand,
 The more 'tis grasp'd, the faster melts away.
 Poor Reason ! What a wretched Aid art thou !
 For still, in spite of thee,
 These two long Lovers, Soul and Body, dread
 Their final Separation. Let me think :
 What can I say, to save myself from Death ?
 No matter what becomes of *Cleopatra*.

Ant. Which way ? where ?

[*Within.*]

Vent. This leads to th' Monument.

[*Within.*]

Alex. Ah me ! I hear him ; yet I'm unprepar'd :
 My Gift of Lying's gone ;
 And this Court-Devil which I so oft have rais'd,
 Forsakes me at my Need. I dare not stay ;
 Yet cannot far go hence.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Antony and Ventidius.

Ant. O happy *Cæsar* ! Thou hast Men to lead :
 Think not 'tis thou hast conquer'd *Antony* ;
 But *Rome* has conquer'd *Ægypt*. I'm betray'd.

Vent. Curse on this treach'rous Train !
 Their Soil and Heav'n infect 'em all with Baseness ;
 And their young Souls come tainted to the World
 With the first Breath they draw.

Ant. Th' original Villain sure no God created ;
 He was a Bastard of the Sun, by *Nile*,
 Ap'd into Man with all his Mother's Mud
 Crusted about his Soul.

Vent. The Nation is
 One Universal Traitor ; and their Queen

The

The very Spirit and Extract of 'em all.

Ant. Is there yet left
A Possibility of Aid from Valour ?
Is there one God unsworn to my Destruction ?
The least unmortgag'd Hope ? for, if there be,
Methinks I cannot fall beneath the Fate
Of such a Boy as *Cæsar*.

The World's one half is yet in *Antony* ;
And from each Limb of it that's hew'd away,
The Soul comes back to me.

Vent. There yet remain
Three Legions in the Town. The last Assault
Lopt off the rest : If Death be your Design,
As I must wish it now, these are sufficient
To make a Heap about us of dead Foes,
An honest Pile for Burial.

Ant. They're enough.
We'll not divide our Stars ; but Side by Side
Fight Emulous ; And with malicious Eyes,
Survey each other's Acts : So ev'ry Death
Thou giv'st, I'll take on me, as a just Debt,
And pay thee in a Soul.

Vent. Now you shall see I love you. Not a Word
Of chiding more. By my few Hours of Life,
I am so pleas'd with this brave *Roman* Fate,
That I would not be *Cæsar* to out-live you.
When we put off this Flesh, and mount together,
I shall be shown to all th' Ethereal Crowd ;
Lo, this is he who dy'd with *Antony*. [Troops ;

Ant. Who knows but we may pierce through all their
And reach my *Veterans* yet ? 'Tis worth the Tempting,
T' o'erleap this Gulph of Fate,
And leave our wond'ring Destinies behind.

Enter Alexas trembling.

Vent. See, see, that Villain ;
See, *Cleopatra* stamp't upon that Face,
With all her Cunning, all her Arts of Falshood !
How she looks out through those dissembling Eyes !
How he has set his Count'nance for Deceit ;
And promises a Lye, before he speaks !

Let

Let me dispatch him first

[Drawing.

Alex. O spare me, spare me.

Ant. Hold; he's not worth your killing. On thy Life,
(Which thou may'st keep, because I scorn to take it)
No Syllable to justify thy Queen;
Save thy base Tongue its Office.

Alex. Sir, she's gone,
Where she shall never be molested more
By Love, or you.

Ant. Fled to her *Dolabella*!

Die, Traitor, I revoke my Promise, die. [Going to kill him.

Alex. O hold, she is not fled.

Ant. She is: My Eyes
Are open to her Falshood; my whole Life
Has been a golden Dream of Love and Friendship.
But, now I wake, I'm like a Merchant rous'd
From soft Repose, to see his Vessel sinking,
And all his Wealth cast o'er. Ingrateful Woman!
Who follow'd me but as a Swallow Summer,
Hatching her young Ones in my kindly Beams,
Singing her Flatt'ries to my Morning Wake;
But, now my Winter comes, she spreads her Wings,
And seeks the Spring of *Cæsar*.

Alex. Think not so:
Her Fortunes have, in all things mixt with yours.
Had she betray'd her Naval Force to *Rome*,
How easily might she have gone to *Cæsar*,
Secure by such a Bribe!

Vent. She sent it first,
To be more welcome after.

Ant. 'Tis too plain;
Else wou'd she have appear'd, to clear herself.

Alex. Too fatally she has; she could not bear
To be accus'd by you; but shut herself
Within her Monument: Look'd down and sigh'd;
While, from her unchang'd Face, the silent Tears
Dropt, as they had not leave, but stole their Parting.
Some undistinguish'd Words she inly murmur'd;
At last, she rais'd her Eyes; and with such Looks
As dying *Lucrece* cast——

Ant.

Ant. My Heart forebode:—

Vent. All for the best: Go on.

Alex. She snatch'd her poniard,

And, ere we cou'd prevent the fatal Blow,
Plung'd it within her Breast: Then turn'd to me,
Go bear my Lord (said she) my last Farewel;
And ask him, if he yet suspect my Faith.
More she was saying, but Death rush'd betwixt.
She half pronounc'd your Name with her last Breath,
And bury'd half within her.

Vent. Heav'n be prais'd.

Ant. Then art thou innocent, my poor dear Love?
And art thou dead?

O those two Words! their Sound should be divided:
Hadst thou been false and dy'd; or hadst thou liv'd
And hadst been true—But Innocence and Death!
This shows not well above. Then what am I,
The Murderer of this Truth, this Innocence!
Thoughts cannot form themselves in Words so horrid
As can express my Guilt! [cious:

Vent. Is't come to this? The Gods have been too gra-
And thus you thank 'em for't.

Ant. to Alex. Why stay'st thou here?
Is it for thee to spy upon my Soul,
And see its inward Mourning? Get thee hence:
Thou art not worthy to behold, what now
Becomes a Roman Emperor to perform.

Alex. He loves her still:

[Aside.

His Grief betrays it. Good! the Joy to find
She's yet alive, compleats the Reconcilement.
I've sav'd myself and her. But, oh! the Romans!
Fate comes too fast upon my Wit,
Hunts me too hard, and meets me at each Double. [Exit.

Vent. Wou'd she had dy'd a little sooner tho',
Before *Octavia* went; you might have treated:
Now 'twill look tame, and wou'd not be receiv'd.
Come, rouse yourself, and let's die warm together.

Ant. I will not fight: There's no more Work for War.
The Business of my angry Hours is done.

Vent. *Cæsar* is at your Gates.

Ant.

Ant. Why, let him enter ;
He's welcome now.

Vent. What Lethargy has crept into your Soul ?

Ant. 'Tis but a Scorn of Life, and just Desire
To free myself from Bondage.

Vent. Do it bravely.

Ant. I will ; but not by Fighting. O *Ventidius* !
What should I fight for now ? My Queen is dead.
I was but great for her ; my Pow'r, my Empire,
Were but my Merchandise to buy her Love ;
And conquer'd Kings, my Factors. Now she's dead,
Let *Cæsar* take the World——
An empty Circle, since the Jewel's gone
Which made it worth my Strife : My Being's nauseous ;
For all the Bribes of Life are gone away.

Vent. Wou'd you be taken ?

Ant. Yes, I wou'd be taken ;
But, as a *Roman* ought, dead, my *Ventidius* :
For I'll convey my Soul from *Cæsar*'s reach.
And lay down Life myself. 'Tis time the World
Should have a Lord, and know whom to obey,
We two have kept its homage in suspense,
And bent the Globe on whose each side we trod,
Till it was dinted inwards : Let him walk
Alone upon't ; I'm weary of my Part.
My Torch is out ; and the World stands before me
Like a black Desert at th' Approach of Night :
I'll lay me down, and stray no farther on.

Vent. I could be griev'd,
But that I'll not out-live you : Chuse your Death ;
For, I have seen him in such various Shapes,
I care not which I take : I'm only troubled,
The Life I bear, is worn to such a Rag,
'Tis scarce worth giving. I could wish indeed
We threw it from us with a better Grace ;
That, like two Lions taken in the Toils,
We might at least thrust out our Paws, and wound
The Hunters that inclose us.

Ant. I have thought on't.
Ventidius, you must live.

Vent.

Vent. I must not, Sir.

Ant. Wilt thou not live, to speak some Good of me ?
To stand by my fair Fame, and guard th' Approaches
From the ill Tongues of Men ?

Vent. Who shall guard mine
For living after you ?

Ant. Say, I command it.

Vent. If we die well, our Deaths will speak themselves
And need no living Witness.

Ant. Thou hast lov'd me,
And fain I wou'd reward thee : I must die ;
Kill me, and take the Merit of my Death
To make thee Friends with *Cæsar*.

Vent. Thank your Kindness.
You said I lov'd you, and, in Recompence,
You bid me turn a Traitor : Did I think
You wou'd have us'd me thus ? that I should die
With a hard Thought of you !

Ant. Forgive me, *Roman*.
Since I have heard of *Cleopatra's* Death
My Reason bears no rule upon my Tongue,
But lets my Thoughts break all at random out ;
I've thought better ; do not deny me twice.

Vent. By Heav'n, I will not,
Let it not be t'outlive you.

Ant. Kill me first,
And then die thou ; For 'tis but just thou serve
Thy Friend before thyself.

Vent. Give me your Hand.
We soon shall meet again. Now, farewell, Emperor.
[Embrace.]

Methinks that Word's too cold to be my last :
Since Death sweeps all Distinctions, Farewel, Friend.
That's all——

I will not make a Bus'ness of a Trifle ;
And yet I cannot look on you and kill you ;
Pray turn your Face.

Ant. I do : Strike home be sure.

Vent. Home, as my Sword will reach. [Kills himself.]

Ant.

Ant. O, thou mistak'it;

That Wound was none of thine: Give it me back:
Thou robb'st me of my Death.

Vent. I do indeed;

But, think, 'tis the first Time I e'er deceiv'd you;
If that may plead my Pardon. And you Gods,
Forgive me, if you will, for I die perjur'd,
Rather than kill my Friend. [Dies.

Ant. Farewel. Ever my Leader, ev'n in Death!

My Queen and thou have got the Start of me;
And I'm the Lag of Honour—Gone so soon?
Is Death no more? He us'd him carelessly,
With a familiar Kindness: Ere he knock'd,
Ran to the Door, and took him in his Arms,
As who should say, You're welcome at all Hours,
A Friend need give no Warning, Books had spoil'd him;
For all the Learn'd are Cowards by Profession.

'Tis not worth

My farther Thought; for Death, for ought I know,
Is but to think no more. Here's to be satisfy'd.

[Falls on his Sword.

I've mist my Heart. O unperforming Hand!
Thou never couldst have err'd in a worse Time.
My Fortune jades me to the last; and Death,
Like a great Man, takes State, and makes me wait
For my Admittance——

[Trampling within.

Some perhaps from *Cæsar*:

If he should find me living, and suspect
That I play'd Booty with my Life! I'll mend
My Work, ere they can reach me. [Rises upon his Knees.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmion, and Iras,

Cleo. Where is my Lord; where is he?

Char. There he lies,

And dead *Ventidius* by him.

Cleo. My Fears were Prophets; I am come too late.
O that accurs'd *Alexas*! [Runs to him.

Ant. Art thou living?

Or am I dead before I knew? and thou
The first kind Ghost that meets me?

Cleo.

Cleo. Help me seat him.

Send quickly, send for Help. [*They place him in a Chair.*]

Ant. I am answer'd.

We live both. Sit thee down, my *Cleopatra*:

I'll make the most I can of Life, to stay

A Moment more with thee.

Cleo. How is it with you?

Ant. 'Tis as with a Man

Removing in a Hurry; all pack'd up,

But one dear Jewel that his Haste forgot;

And he, for that, returns upon the Spur:

So I come back, for thee.

Cleo. Too long, ye Heav'ns, you have been cruel to me;

Now show your mended Faith, and give me back

His fleeting Life.

Ant. It will not be, my Love.

I keep my Soul by force.

Say but thou art not false.

Cleo. 'Tis now too late

To say I'm true: I'll prove it, and die with you.

Unknown to me *Alexas* feign'd my Death:

Which, when I knew, I hasten'd to prevent

This fatal Consequence. My Fleet betray'd

Both you and me.

Ant. And *Doiabella*——

Cleo. Scarce esteem'd before he lov'd; but hated now.

Ant. Enough: My Life's not long enough for more.

Thou say'st thou wilt come after: I believe thee;

For I can now believe whate'er thou say'st,

That we may part more kindly.

Cleo. I will come:

Doubt not, my Life, I'll come, and quickly too:

Cesar shall triumph o'er no Part of thee.

Ant. But grieve not, while thou stay'st,

My last disastrous Times:

Think we have had a clear and glorious Day:

And Heav'n did kindly to delay the Storm

Just till our close of Evening. Ten Years Love,

And not a Moment lost, but all improv'd

To th' utmost Joys; What Ages have we liv'd!

And

And now to die each others; and, so dying,
While Hand in Hand we walk in Groves below,
Whole Troops of Lovers Ghosts shall flock about us,
And all the Train be ours.

Cleo. Your Words are like the Notes of dying Swans,
Too sweet to last. Were there so many Hours
For your Unkindness, and not one for Love?

Ant. No, not a Minute—This one Kiss—more worth
Than all I leave to *Cæsar*. [Dies.]

Cleo. O, tell me so again,
And take ten thousand Kisses, for that Word.
My Lord, my Lord: Speak, if you yet have Being;
Sigh to me, if you cannot speak; or cast
One Look; Do any thing that shows you live.

Iras. He's gone too far to hear you;
And this you see, a Lump of senseless Clay,
The Leavings of a Soul.

Char. Remember, Madam,
He charg'd you not to grieve.

Cleo. And I'll obey him,
I have not lov'd a *Roman*, not to know
What should become his Wife; his Wife, my *Charmion*,
For 'tis to that high Title I aspire:
And now I'll not die less. Let dull *Octavia*
Survive, to mourn him dead: My noble Fate
Shall knit our Spousals with a Tie too strong
For *Roman* Laws to break.

Iras. Will you then die?

Cleo. Why shouldst thou make that Question?

Iras. *Cæsar* is merciful.

Cleo. Let him be so

To those that want his Mercy: My poor Lord
Made no such Cov'nant with him, to spare me
When he was dead. Yield me to *Cæsar*'s Pride?
What, to be led in Triumph through the Streets,
A Spectacle to base *Plebeian* Eyes;
While some dejected Friend of *Antony*'s,
Close in a Corner, shakes his Head, and mutters
A secret Curse on her who ruin'd him?
I'll none of that.

Char.

Char. Whatever you resolve,
I'll follow ev'n to Death.

Iras. I only fear'd
For you; but more should fear to live without you.

Cleo. Why, now 'tis as it should be. Quick, my Friends,
Dispatch; ere this, the Town's in *Cæsar's* Hands:
My Lord looks down concern'd, and fears my Stay,
Lest I should be surpris'd;
Keep him not waiting for his Love too long,
You, *Charmion*, bring my Crown and richest Jewels,
With 'em the Wreath of Victory I made
(Vain Augury!) for him who now lies dead;
You, *Iras*, bring the Cure of all our Ills.

Iras. The Aspicks, Madam?

Cleo. Must I bid you twice? [*Exe. Char. and Iras.*]
'Tis sweet to die, when they would force Life on me,
To rush into the dark abode of Death,
And seize him first; if he be like my Love,
He is not frightful sure.

We're now alone, in Secrecy and Silence;
And is not this like Lovers? I may kiss
These pale, cold Lips; *Octavia* does not see me;
And Oh! 'tis better far to have him thus,
Than see him in her Arms—O welcome, welcome.

Enter Charmion and Iras.

Char. What must be done?

Cleo. Short Ceremony, Friends;
But yet it must be decent. First, this Laurel,
Shall crown my Hero's Head: He fell not basely,
Nor left his Shield behind him. Only thou
Could'st triumph o'er thyself; and thou alone
Wert worthy so to Triumph.

Char. To what end
These Ensigns of your Pomp and Royalty?

Cleo. Dull, that thou art! why, 'tis to meet my Love;
As when I saw him first, on *Cydnos'* Bank,
All sparkling, like a Goddess; so adorn'd,
I'll find him once again; My second Spousals
Shall match my first in Glory. Haste, haste, both,
And dress the Bride of *Antony*.

Char.

Char. 'Tis done.

Cleo. Now set me by my Lord. I claim this Place;
For I must conquer *Cæsar* too, like him,
And win my Share o'th' World. Hail, you dear Relicks
Of my immortal Love!
O let no impious Hand remove you hence;
But rest for ever here: Let *Egypt* give
His Death that Peace, which it deny'd his Life.
Reach me the Casket.

Iras. Underneath the Fruit the Aspick lies.

Cleo. Welcome, thou kind Deceiver!

[*Putting aside the Leaves.*]

Thou best of Thieves; who with an easy Key,
Dost open Life, and, unperceiv'd by us,
Ev'n steal us from ourselves: Discharging so
Death's dreadful Office better than himself,
Touching our Limbs so gently into Slumber,
That Death stands by, deceiv'd by his own Image,
And thinks himself but Sleep.

Serap. The Queen, where is she? [Within.
The Town is yielded, *Cæsar's* at the Gates.

Cleo. He comes too late t'invade the Rights of Death.
Haste, bare my Arm, and rouse the Serpent's Fury.

[*Holds out her Arm, and draws it back.*]

Coward Flesh——

Would'it thou conspire with *Cæsar*, to betray me,
As thou wert none of mine? I'll force thee to't,
And not be sent by him.
But bring myself my Soul to *Antony*.

[*Turns aside, and then shows her Arm bloody.*]

Take hence; the Work is done.

Serap. Break ope the Door, [Within.
And guard the Traitor well.

Char. The next is ours.

Iras. Now, *Charmion*, to be worthy
Of our great Queen and Mistress. [They apply the Aspics.

Cleo. Already, Death. I feel thee in my Veins;
I go with such a Will to find my Lord,
That we shall quickly meet.

A heavy Numbness creeps through every Limb,

And

And now 'tis at my Head: My Eye-lids fall,
And my dear Love is vanish'd in a Mist.
Where shall I find him, where? O turn me to him.
And lay me on his Breast—*Caesar*, thy worst;
Now part us, if thou canst. [Dies.

[Iras sinks down at her Feet, and dies; Charmion stands behind her Chair, as dressing her Head.]

Enter *Serapion*, two Priests, *Alexas* bound, Egyptians.

2 Priest. Behold, *Serapion*, what Havock Death has
Serap. 'Twas what I fear'd. [made!]

Charmion, is this well done?

Char. Yes, 'tis well done, and like a Queen, the last
Of her great Race: I follow her. [Sinks down; dies.]

Alex. 'Tis true,

She has done well: Much better thus to die,
Than live to make a Holy-day in *Rome*.

Serap. See, how the Lovers fit in State together,
As they were giving Laws to half Mankind.

Th' Impression of a Smile left in her Face,
Shows she dy'd pleas'd with him for whom she liv'd,
And went to charm him in another World.

Caesar's just entring; Grief has now no leisure.

Secure that Villain, as a Pledge of Safety,
To grace th' Imperial Triumph. Sleep, blest Pair,

Secure from human Chance, long Ages out,
While all the Storms of Fate fly o'er your Tomb;

And Fame, to late Posterity shall tell,

No Lovers liv'd so great, or dy'd so well. [Exeunt.]





EPILOGUE.

POets like Disputants, when Reasons fail,
Have one sure Refuge left, and that's to rail.
Fop, Coxcomb, Fool, are thunder'd through the Pit;
And this is all their Equipage of Wit.
We wonder how the Devil this Difference grows,
Betwixt our Fools in Verse, and yours in Prose:
For, 'Faith, the Quarrel rightly understood,
'Tis Civil War with their own Flesh and Blood.
The thread-bare Author bates the gaudy Coat;
And swears at the Gilt Coach; but swears afoot:
For 'tis observ'd of ev'ry scribbling Man,
He grows a Fop as fast as e'er he can;
Prunes up, and asks his Oracle the Glass,
If Pink or Purple best becomes his Face.
For our poor Wretch, he neither rails nor prays;
Nor likes your Wit just as you like his Plays;
He has not yet so much of Mr. Bays. }
He does his best; and if he cannot please,
Would quietly sue out his Writ of Ease,
Yet if he might his own Grand Jury call,
By the Fair Sex he begs to stand or fall.
Let Cæsar's Pow'r the Mens Ambition move,
But grace you him who lost the World for Love.
Yet if some antiquated Lady say,
The last Age is not copy'd in this Play;
Heav'n help the Man who for that Face must drudge,
Which only has the Wrinkles of a Judge.
Let not the Young and Beauteous join with those;
For should you raise such num'rous Hosts of Foes,
Young Wits and Sparks be to his Aid must call;
'Tis more than one Man's Work to please you all.





J. Thomsen 1891.

R. Kirkhall 1891.

ABRA-MULE:²

OR,

LOVE *and* EMPIRE.

A

TRAGEDY.

*Non bene conveniunt, nec in unâ sede morantur
Majestas & Amor.—— Metamorph. lib. 2.*



LONDON:

Printed for J. and R. TONSON in the Strand.

MDCCXLIII.





To the Right Honourable the
LADY Harriet Godolphin.

M A D A M,



OUR signal Favour to This Play during its Representation upon the Stage, and Your great Generosity to its Author before it was acted, have encourag'd me to make an Offering of Both to Your Ladyship; and to publish my Gratitude for such uncommon Goodness and Condescension.

N O T that by this I think to add any thing to your Character: The World was sufficiently sensible of it before: And those shining Qualities, by which Your Ladyship is so eminently distinguished, could no more be hidden than they can be exceeded. 'Tis not therefore for your sake that I address to You, but for my own; not to make any Return to Your Ladyship, but to do Honour to my self.

DEDICATION.

Which I should not have presum'd to have done without Your Permission ; and even That brings a fresh Obligation upon me. For nothing could be a greater Improvement of your former Bounty, than Your Leave to make this solemn Acknowledgment of it ; and to Persons of Your Ladyship's Rank, we cannot publicly return Thanks for one Favour, without receiving another.

For what could reflect more Lustre on This Poem, than so celebrated a Name prefix'd to it? 'Tis the peculiar Glory of Tragedy, that it has always been the most agreeable Entertainment to the Fair Sex ; who have been ever more indulgent to That, than to any other sort of Poetry. Men are generally less capable of those tender Impressions, which the Ladies (who are form'd with finer Sentiments) more easily receive. But if this be the best Pretence we can make to Masculine Wisdom, and Superiority of Reason ; I think we had better make none at all. For certainly to be soon mov'd to Compassion, and sensible of the Misfortunes of others ; is rather a Perfection in Human Nature, than an Argument of Weakness or Infirmary.

'Tis

DEDICATION.

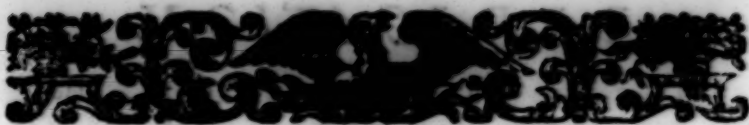
'TIS for this Reason, Madam, that Performances of this kind are the most proper Offerings to the Fair: And I am particularly happy in presenting This to one who has all their Excellencies, without any of their Defects.

But I perceive I am in Danger of obliging Your Ladyship, while I am doing You that Justice which will be highly pleasing to every Body, but Your self. I shall therefore only beg Leave to add, that since Love and Valour are the Springs of Tragedy, and give Life and Motion to it; Nothing could be more proper than to address This to Your Ladyship, whose Family is remarkable, above any other, for giving so much Beauty to the Court, and so much Courage to the Field; the one to adorn, the other to defend your Country; the one to triumph at home, and the other abroad. I am,

M A D A M,

Your Ladyship's most Obedient,

and most Humble Servant.



PROLOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. BETTERTON.

WHAT various Thoughts a Poet's Breast divide,
When brought before an Audience, to be try'd!
Guilty of Scribbling, with beseeching Hands,
Before your Bar the Malefactor stands.
Now hopes 'twill please; now doubts 'twill prove but dull;
Mourns a thin Pit; yet dreads it when 'tis full.
These are at best the anxious Writer's Cares:
But he who now your fatal Censure fears,
Has no great Man to countenance his Muse,
And shield him from the Arts which Factions use:
No necessary Friends to start Applause,
O'er-power Ill-nature, and support his Cause.
Then 'tis pure Tragedy which he prepares,
With no relieving Interval of Farce.
Nay, but one Song; his Numbers rarely chime,
Nor bless the Gall'ries with the Sweets of Rhime.
Few Actors are to fall, no Ghosts to rise;
No Fustian roars, nor mimic Lightning flies;
No Thunder from his Heroes or the Skies. }
With all these Disadvantages oppress'd,
He still has Hopes; and makes his bold Request
To Men of Sense: and here are none, I know,
But either are, or think at least they're so.
To you, with modest Awe, he dares to speak
Will not assume too much, yet scorns to sneak:
He boasts not of his Genius, or his Rules;
Nor insolently calls his Judges, Fools.
Yet to Desert disclaims not all Pretence;
To be so Modest would be Impudence.

For

PROLOGUE.

*For surely his Presumption must be great,
Who dares invite his Betters to no Treat.
Gross Dulness He expects you should not flatter ;
Yet leaves you Room enough to shew Good-nature—
Begg you would come, of all ill Passions eas'd ;
Patient to bear, and willing to be pleas'd.
Cowards and Fools are barbarous, and think
All Wit and Valour is to damn and sink ;
But Weakness in Distress still finds Defence
From Men of Courage, and from Men of Sense.*





Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

<i>Mahomet</i> the IVth Emperor of the <i>Turks</i> .	Mr. <i>Betterton</i>
<i>Pyrrhus</i> , Grand Visier.	Mr. <i>Verbruggen</i> .
<i>Solyman</i> , Brother to <i>Mahomet</i> .	Mr. <i>Powell</i> .
<i>Kisser Aga</i> , Superintendant of the <i>Seraglio</i> .	Mr. <i>Bowman</i> .
<i>Haly</i> .	Mr. <i>Freeman</i> .
<i>Cuproli</i> .	Mr. <i>Cory</i> .
<i>Murfa</i> , a <i>Tartarian</i> Merchant.	Mr. <i>Fieldhouse</i> .

W O M E N.

<i>Abra-Mulè</i> .	Mrs. <i>Bracegirdle</i> .
<i>Zaida</i> , her Confident.	Mrs. <i>Porter</i> .
<i>Marama</i> , a Creature of <i>Solyman's</i> .	Mrs. <i>Leigh</i> .

Eunuchs, Bassas, Janizaries and Attendants.

SCENE, *Constantinople*.

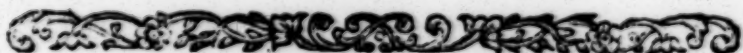
ABRA-



ABRA-MULE:

O R,

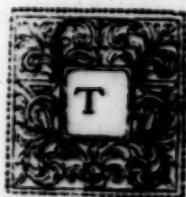
LOVE *and* EMPIRE.



A C T I. S C E N E I.

Enter Murfa and Abra-Mulè.

M U R S A.



H I S Day, fair *Abra*, smiles on you and
shines

Auspicious ; happiest Day of all your
Life ;

In which you shall be rais'd from low
Obscurity,

To the sublimest Height of Earthly Greatness :
Brought as the richest Present to the Sultan,
To crown his Pleasures, and adorn his Court ;
To entertain with Joy his softest Hours,
And charm the World's great Master with your Beauty.

Abr. Rather, as often as this Day returns
Within the Round of the revolving Year ;
Let me be clad in gloomy, sable Weeds,
Exhaust the springing Fountains of my Eyes,

Indulge

Indulge my Grief, and waste my self in Mourning.
 Be rais'd to Grandeur? No: —I shall be thrown
 Lower than first my vulgar Fortune plac'd me.
 O think not, Sir, to sooth me with the Name
 Of fancy'd Glory; for when Virtue's gone,
 And Infamy takes place, tho' you advance me
 Above the highest Monarch. you debase
 My humble Birth, and sink me into Greatness.

Mur. Ungrateful Maid! —Are then my Benefits
 So soon forgotten? Dost thou not remember
 That to this saving Arm thou ow'st thy Being?

Abr. I do, and bless you for that gen'rous Action.

Mur. Had I not interpos'd 'twixt Death and thee,
 When I with thousands of my Country-men
 Made an Incurfion into *Muscovy*,
 Thou hadst not now stood thus erect before me
 To contradict my Will——Methinks I now
 See the relentless Ruffian, with his Sword
 Uplifted, just prepar'd to give the Stroke,
 And thy bare Bosom heaving at the Point.
 Thy tender Innocence, and unripe Beauty,
 Which then e'en in a Child appear'd most lovely,
 Mov'd me to soft Compassion. Straight I seiz'd
 His threatening Arm, and stopp'd the coming Blow.
 Scarce then had Se'en full Winters snow'd upon thee;
 And those Twelve Years in which thou hast been mine,
 Say, have I not still lov'd and cherish'd thee,
 With all th' indulgent Kindness of a Father?

Abr. Hear me with Patience, Sir,——

Mur. 'Tis true, since I resolv'd upon this Voyage,
 She always has been froward, and appear'd
 Averse to my Design; but now of late
 Much more than ever—Ha! —I have a Thought;—
 It must be so—I'll put her to the Trial. — [*Aside.*
 An ill Return you make me for my Kindness, [*To her.*
 Forgetful *Abra*; but since no Persuasions
 Can bend you to my Will, I'll once comply
 With a fond Woman's Humour, be content
 To lose my Journey, and return again.
 And now I hope thou'rt fully satisfy'd.
 Ha! What, not move? What farther would'st thou ask?

What

What means that humble Posture, and those Tears ?

Abr. Kneeling.] Alas ! why will you break my tender Heart ?

Mur. Thy Words amaze me. Didst thou not desire To fly the loath'd Embraces of the Sultan, And to return again ?

Abr. I did indeed
Desire to fly th' Embraces of the Sultan ;
And yet upon my bended Knees would beg you
Not to return again. ———

Mur. 'Tis so for certain [*Aside.*
[*To her.*
I understand you not. explain your Meaning.

Abr. Since then you urge me to the Brink of Fate,
Tho' nothing but the Fear of Separation
From the most brave of Men. and best of Lovers,
Could force me to disclose the mighty Secret ;
I will unlock my Breast, and lay before you
The inmost Thoughts and Counsels of my Soul.
Know then (but ere my Story reach your Ears
Learn to forgive ; and arm your self with Patience)
That since the time that mine and your Deliv'rer,
The gen'rous Visier, the thrice Noble *Pyrrhus*,
Rescu'd us in our Journey to this City,
From the rough Insolence of stern *Polonians*,
I have in secret lov'd that wond'rous Man ;
And he with equal Fire receiv'd my Passion.
And during those four Months, in which I lay
Hinder'd from Travelling by tedious Sicknefs,
We have, by mutual Intercourse, exchang'd
Each other's Souls E'en now, while my dear Lord
Is absent at the Wars, and leading on
His succ'ring Troops to raise the Siege of *Euda*,
He has not been unmindful of his Love,
But has by Letters ———

Mur. Yes. I understand you ———
You are of late, it seems, grown intimate
With the chief Minister of State ——— For him
You would reserve your self, for him you'd stay,
For him you would avoid th' Imperial Bed.
But hear me, Maid ——— Nay, do not kneel and weep,
Nor think to mollify me with thy Pray'rs :

For

For know thy Sentence is already pass'd,
Nor is it in my Power to reverse it.
Already I've contracted for thy Beauty,
And all things are prepar'd for thy Reception;
Therefore, no more—Attend me in this Hour
To be presented to the World's great Lord.
Farewel, and think of nothing but Obedience. *[Exit.*

Abra. O harsh Command! Cruel, Hard-hearted *Murfa*,
Inexorable, obitinate old Man!
Obedience! What Obedience? and to whom?——
But why (alas!) do I deliberate,
As if I were my own, and all my Actions
At Liberty? Superior Violence
O'er-rules my Will; I must of force obey,
Because I have no Power to make Resistance,
And am too impotent to be Rebellious.

Enter Zaida and Pyrrhus.

Zaid. In Tears?—But see, I bring you Comfort, Madam.

Abra. My Lord, my Life return'd? Then all my Woes
Shall be forgot; at least I will a-while
Suspend my Grievs, and be all Joy and Pleasure,
To welcome, with the most transporting Raptures,
All that my Soul holds dear.

Pyr. Thou loveliest Creature,
I too, at sight of thee, have lost the Sense
Of past Misfortunes—Just at my Arrival
Last Night, by favour of the friendly Darkness,
Hither I came private and unattended,
Directed, by thy Letters, to the Place
Of thy Abode; and ever since have waited
For a convenient Opportunity
To gain Admission here; which *Murfa's* Absence,
And *Zaida's* Help, at last have giv'n.—And now,
At the reviving Prospect of thy Beauties,
Grief leaves my Breast, and healing Joy succeeds.
Thou smil'st—Let Fortune frown then, I'll despise her,
I'll not regard the Sultan's cold Reception,
Since I am welcome to these Arms——

Abra. Yes, my dear Lord, I may without a Blush
Receive these chaste Embraces: and to you,

Who

Who love with Honour, I with Innocence
May give those Tokens of my vow'd Fidelity.
But I, alas ! am doom'd to guilty Joys,
To the detested Arms of *Mahomet* ;
I must, in spite of me, resign my Honour,
And wrong our mutual Loves, — Injurious *Murfa*,
Despising Fears, and deaf to all Intreaties,
Has sworn this Hour to yield me to the Sultan ;
And I, by all the Arts of Virtuous Fraud,
No longer can deceive him. —————

Pyr. O the Villain !

Can ought that's human harbour so much Baseness !
Are then the Joys of this blest Meeting dash'd
So soon ? So soon will Fortune snatch thee from me,
And mock my vain Embraces ? — Thus like one
Who in a Dream, with mighty Toil and Labour,
Strives to embrace some visionary Form ;
Just as he seems to clasp the lovely Object,
It slides away, and vanishes to Air :
So I, who thro' opposing Difficulties
Have cut my tedious Way to thy lov'd Arms,
At length am disappointed ; and but see thee,
To take my last Farewel. — O slippery State
Of Human Pleasures, fleet and volatile ! —
Giv'n us, and snatch'd again in one short Moment,
To mortify our Hopes, and edge our Sufferings !

Abr. When you, in a Physician's Garb disguis'd,
Came without Interruption to my Lodgings ;
I unsuspected could dissemble Sickness.
But when the Clamours of your suff'ring Country
Tore you from me, and sent you to the Wars :
Then, lest my feign'd Disease at length should be
Detected by a true Physician's Skill ;
I was oblig'd to lay that Mask aside, .
And own my self Recov'ring.

Pyr. 'Twas, indeed,
Impossible for thee to manage long
A Fraud like That ; unless thou could'st with Art
Extinguish all thy Charms ; for surely none
Cou'd so far be impos'd on, as to think
That the grim Form of pale and meagre Sickmess

Cou'd

Could e'er be seated in a Face so lovely.

Abr. With many a vain Excuse, and false Pretence
Did I, till now, defer the fatal Hour :
But the insatiate Avarice of *Murfa*,
No longer patient of my slight Evasions,
Resolv'd at last, and fix'd upon this Day
To sacrifice me to the Sultan's Pleasure.

Pyr. Can nothing then content that greedy *Tartar*,
But Trading with the Purchase of thy Virtue ?
Damn'd Avarice ! Cursed, destructive Avarice !
Thou everlasting Foe to Love and Honour !
What will not this vile Merchant turn to Traffick,
If Chastity it self be set to Sale,
And Innocence and Virtue cannot 'scape him !
But I'll not talk away these precious Moments : ———
But fly with all the Wings that Love can lend,
To find this sordid, mercenary Churl,
And gorge his rav'nous Appetite with Gold ;
I'll buy thee off, redeem thee from Disgrace,
And once defraud my Master ———

[*Going.*

Abra. Stay, my Lord ;
And let not your Concern for my Deliv'rance
Hurry you on to things impracticable.
You know you often have propos'd these Means
To me before ; and I as often told you
The Royal Funds will scarce suffice to slake
His raging Thirst of Gold : Then he's Perverse,
Wilful and Froward, Positive and Proud ;
Has long with Pleasure hugg'd this great Design,
Fed with vast Hopes of Grandeur ; and conceiv'd
Such strange Opinions of my fatal Beauty,
That half the World he thinks too little Recomper ce
For such a Present. This I oft have told you,
And you have thought it Reason.

Pyr. True, I have ;
But then I had not that high Eminence
Of Pow'r and Greatness which I now possess ;
Nor Wealth enough, perhaps, to raise a Bribe
Sufficient ; but he will not sure refuse
So vast a Treasure as I now can give :
Besides, my Honour and Authority

Will

Will awe him to Compliance.

Abr. Were that true,

Yet 'tis too late : He cannot now comply —
His Word is gone too far to be recal'd :
The fatal Contract for my Virgin Honour
Already is agreed on, and ere this
The Purchase paid ; and should you urge him now,
Perhaps, incens'd by your Solicitations,
He may inform the Sultan of your Love ;
And then your Life, my Lord. will be in Danger.

Pyr. And what can Life afford desirable,
When thou art lost for ever ?

Abr. But perhaps

Some more secure Expedient may be found
To rescue me from Shame, and save my Honour,
Without the Hazard of your precious Life.

Pyr. Oh no ! — I am not now what once I was —
For, since I parted from thee, Fate has tarnish'd
My Glories, and o'erwhelm'd me with Misfortunes.
When leading first my Troops to succour *Buda*,
I enter'd on that fatal Expedition ;
I thought to give such Tokens of my Valour
And Conduct, that I might with Confidence
Dare beg thee of my Royal Master's Bounty,
As a Reward of my past Services.
But Fortune has defeated those Designs —
Yet still some Hopes I have — the *Kisser Aga*,
Who governs all in the Seraglio,
To whom you are presented, is my Friend.
Perhaps his Prudence and Address may yet
Recover all. — Mean while, farewell, my Love !
I must to Court, to justify my Conduct,
And clear me to the Sultan.

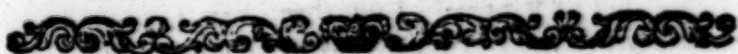
Abr. Part so soon !

Perhaps to meet no more — Indeed 'tis hard —

Pyr. Thou weep'st ; O stop that Show'r of falling Sorrows,
Which melts me to the Softness of a Woman,
And shakes my best Resolves. — 'Tis hard indeed —
So hard, that I have need of all my Courage
And many Reason, to support the Thought. —
Short have our Meetings been, by Stealth enjoy'd,

By

By interrupted, broken Intervals,
 And murder'd by the Pangs of often Parting.
 Such as sad Spirits prove, who nightly wander
 To visit the lov'd Objects they admire;
 Permitted for a while to hover round 'em,
 But quickly warn'd away. Yet e'en They go
 With less Regret than I, when at the Dawn
 They lag behind, and fain would longer stay;
 'Till sick'ning at the Morn's unwelcome Ray,
 By force they yield to Fate, and ling'ring leave the Day. }
[Exeunt severally.]



SCENE changes to a Royal Apartment. Mahomet seated in State. Prince Solymán, Haly, Cuproli, Bassas, Janizaries, &c.

Mah. OUR Prophet seems unmindful of his Charge,
 And leaves our Empire to be steer'd at random
 By blind uncertain Chance; for did not he
 Sit at his Ease, and slumber unconcern'd,
 He would not thus have yielded up my Glory,
 Nor suffer'd, spite of all my best Endeavours,
 My darling *Buda* to be ravish'd from me.

Cupr. The Prophet, Royal Sir, has done his Part,
 By substituting You to govern for him;
 And having to your Care intrusted all,
 He thinks he safely may a-while withdraw
 His Tutelary Pow'r, and leave the World
 To You, his great Vice-gerent: And had you
 Been equally successful in your Choice
 Of all those Ministers who move beneath you,
Buda had still been ours.

Sol. I always thought
 The Visier's Conduct would prove fatal to us.

Hal. This strange Miscarriage has indeed abated
 The high Esteem which I long entertain'd
 For that great Man; and if free Liberty

Be granted to disclose our real Sentiments,
It seems to me——

Mab. Be silent——I perceive
You're all agreed with Fortune to depress
The rising Glories of the Noble *Pyrrhus* ;
And nought more easy, than with formal Rhet'rick
To cast the Odium of a Battle lost
On him that manag'd it : But you forget
That dire Misfortune, and the Chance of War,
Often defeat the best-concerted Measures.
And since in many dang'rous Fields of Battle
He has giv'n such Proof of Conduct, and of Valour ;
Those Laurels which his conqu'ring Sword has won
Should shadow this Miscarriage.

Enter a Janizary.

Jan. Mighty Monarch,
Th' unfortunate Grand-Vizier is arriv'd,
And humbly craves Admittance.

Mab. Bid him enter. [*Exit Janiz.*]
Now all prepare from his own Mouth to hear
The Vindication of his injur'd Honour.

Enter Pyrrhus.

Is this the Man so much renown'd in War
For Cities storm'd, and Battles bravely fought ?
Does it become the celebrated *Pyrrhus*
Unheard-of to arrive, and private enter
Constantinople's Gates ?
Then unattended to appear at Court,
And send in his Petition for Admittance ?
Not so he look'd, when throng'd with Multitudes
Of the applauding Soldiers, he arriv'd
When waving Colours did adorn his Triumph,
And Trumpets sprightly Sound proclaim'd his Entry.
Pyr. With such Magnificence, and Martial Pomp,
Till now, were my Arrivals always honour'd ;
The thund'ring Ordnance loudly welcom'd me ;
And, what was more, the Sovereign of the World
With gracious Looks, and open Arms receiv'd me.
But now (O dire Reverse of fickle Chance !)

I come inglorious, like a Criminal,
To clear my Honour, and excuse my Conduct.

Mab. Begin then, and as bravely as you fought
Redeem your Reputation.

Pyr. As I fought?

Have I then liv'd to be arraign'd of Cowardise?
Ask brave *Lorraine*, that Thunderbolt of War,
Or great *Bavaria*, ask those mighty Chiefs
If ever I in Fight declin'd their Arms,
Or e'er was startled at the Face of Danger.

But 'twas not in my Pow'r t' inspire my Troops
With Souls as large, and fearless as my own.
All my Designs and Methods still were cross'd
By some unlucky, thwarting Accident;
As if the unseen Hand of Providence
Had interpos'd, on purpose to defeat
My close Contrivances, and break my Measures.

Hal. He little thinks whose Providence it was
That foil'd his Policy. [*Aside to Cupr.*

Pyr. Whate'er Designs,
Tho' manag'd with the greatest Secrecy,
I had resolv'd upon; the Enemy.
As if fore-knowing what I had decreed,
Still mov'd against them, and prevented me.
So that I much suspect I was betray'd
By hidden Treach'ry, and some envious Bassa,
To whom in Council I reveal'd my Thoughts,
Kept secret Correspondence with the Foe,
And gave intelligence.

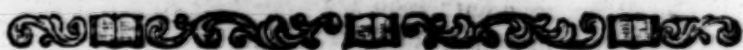
Sol. A lucky Gueffer. [*Aside to Haly.*

Pyr. But if your Highness for full Satisfaction
Demand a more particular Account;
This Paper will inform you, sign'd by most
Of th' eminent Commanders in the Army,
In which at large they justify my Conduct,
And wipe off all Aspersions—— [*Presents a Writing.*

Mab. You have indeed giv'n ample Satisfaction,
And tho' o'ercome, you acquit yourself with Honour;
My *Pyrrhus* still deserves my best Esteem,
And claims the highest place in my Affections.

[*Comes from the Throne, and embraces him.*
Therefore

Therefore let these Embraces witness for me,
That I impute this Loss to no Defect
In you ; but praise your Conduct, and your Valour.
Continue still t'enjoy your Dignity ;
And be the second Person in that Empire,
Which with your Sword so bravely you defend.
What tho' our Glory be a while obscur'd ?
The clearest Day is not without some Cloud :
Our next Attempt will give, what this has lost ;
And while the Heroick *Pyrrhus* shines in Arms,
Our wide Dominions shall the World o'er-run,
And my pale Crescent brighten to a Sun. [Exit.



ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE, *The Seraglio.*

Enter Haly and Cuproli.

HALY.

D ID you observe with what a thund'ring Tone
The Royal Boaster talk'd ? how loud he
muster'd ?
As if the Loss of this important Place
Had added to the Grandeur of his Empire.

Cupr. The Panegyrick of his darling *Pyrrhus*
Transported him so far, that he forgot
His shameful Overthrow, and look'd as stern
As if his Foes were all in Battle slain,
And *Buda* still were Part of his Dominions.

Hal. And so it now had been, had not my Care,
My vigilant, unwear'd Diligence
Baffled, and undermin'd the Visier's Conduct.
For I must own (tho' cursing let me speak it)
A braver Gen'ral never shone in Steel ;
And yet his Skill in warlike Discipline
So cools, and qualifies his matchless Courage,
That it ne'er conquers the restraining Bounds
Of Reason, or degen'rates into Rashness :
Tis no impetuous Sally of the Blood ;

But

But 'tis the Constitution of his Soul,
And can no more——

Cupr. Cankers consume your Tongue ;
Must you too in his Praise turn Orator,
And waste on so detestable a Subject
Your awkward Rhetorick ?

Hal. Mistake me not ;——
Tho' I do Justice to his Character,
You cannot boast a more exalted Hatred
Against the Visier's Person, than myself ;
Who have with such Dexterity defeated
His Plots, and render'd all his Hopes abortive.

Cupr. But to what purpose ? since he's rooted still
As deep as ever in the Sultan's Favour ;——
But by the Rage that glows within my Breast,
He shall not 'scape me thus, tho' now he shines
Above us all, and lords it o'er his Betters ;
And, while he moves in that exalted Sphere,
Injuriouly debars me from my Right ;
For that high Office by Inheritance
Is due to me, who am the Son and Brother
Of two successive Visiers ; why should I,
My Friend, be thought unworthy of that Honour
Which my Great Father, and my Elder Brother
With such Success have manag'd ?

Hal. Mabomet,
No doubt, can give a Reason.

Cupr. Mabomet ?
That Name begins to grate my Ears as harshly
As that of the scarce more detested *Pyrrhus*.
For how can I pay dutiful Allegiance
To him, who ne'er regarding my Desert
Has giv'n my Right to that aspiring Upstart,
And still supports him, wears him next his Heart
In sight of all——But see, the hated Visier
Appears, and with him that black ominous Dog
The *Kisser Aga*——Death !——my Blood ferments
At sight of 'em——Let us retire, and shun
Their walk ; the Air they breathe in is not wholesome.

[*Exeunt.*
Enter

Enter Pyrrhus, and the Kisses Aga.

Pyr. Ha! *Cuprolis*, and *Haly*! Their Cabals
Portend no Good to me.

For I've observ'd that those two haughty Courtiers,
Since my Advancement, have with envious Eyes
Beheld my Honours; with a gloomy Look
They scowl upon me, if I chance to meet them.
Then with a stiff, unwilling Bow, they pay me
Surly Respect, and sullenly pass by.

Kiss. This arrogant Behaviour gives ———

Pyr. No more ———

I have no Time to waste on Toys like these;
The Care of Life and Safety must employ
My leisure Hours; at present I've Affairs
Of greater Moment. You've already heard
The Story of my Love, and *Murfa's* Baseness;
And ere an Hour is past you will receive
The beauteous *Abra* from that Monster's Hand.

Kiss. Already I've receiv'd that lovely Maid;
And sure she is so exquisitely fram'd,
That I who many Years have dealt in Beauty,
And had the fairest Females from all Parts
Committed to my Care, ne'er yet beheld,
'Mongst such Variety of Foreign Charms,
A Virgin half so lovely——She excels
E'en *English* Beauties: and eclipses all
Those various Nations, who with Pride attend
Upon the Sultan's Pleasures.

Pyr. O! She is all Perfection; and tho' born
In a cold frozen Clime, o'er-spread with Ice
And driving Snow, (which if compar'd with hers,
Loses its Whiteness) yet her Eyes dart Fire
Able to melt the most benumm'd of Hearts
With kindling Warmth, and thaw it into Softness.
Therefore my Friend, as thou regard'st my Life,
Conspire with me in this this honest Treachery;
Secretly free her from this new Confinement,
And, while thou canst, restore her to my Wishes.

Kiss. What you propose is hazardous and difficult;
Her Beauty could not 'scape th' observing Eyes

Of

Of some in the Seraglio ; and be sure
 I've Spies enough upon me, who for hope
 Of a Reward, will give the Sultan notice
 Of such unfaithful Dealing — One I know
 Who has it in her Pow'r t' inform against me ;
 For, to divert the beauteous Stranger's Sadness,
 I recommended her to the Acquaintance
 Of one who holds the very next Apartment :
 Whom I commanded by her frequent Visits
 To cheer her Solitude.

Pyr. O fear not her :
 She never will inform ! but rather choose
 (For her own sake) t' assist thee in removing
 Her charming Rival hence :

Kiss. Perhaps she might,
 Had she that Youth and Bloom she once enjoy'd :
 But this is one, whose antiquated Beauty
 Has lost the Privilege of the Sultan's Bed ;
 And is bestow'd upon the Prince his Brother,
 The am'rous *Solyman*. However, Sir,
 I shall observe her Temper ; Gold perhaps
 May bribe her to be silent ; and the rest
 Time may dispatch beyond your Expectation.
 Nor are they groundless Hopes — I have a Project,
 (At Leisure you shall hear Particulars)
 Which, tho' it cannot now be executed,
 May one Day crown your Loves.

Pyr. Till then, my Friend,
 Be it thy Care to keep her from the Sight
 Of *Mahomet* ; who, as he is o'erwhelm'd
 With Cares, and vex'd at unsuccessful War,
 Neglects his Loves ; and therefore will forbear
 To claim her of thee, while he's ignorant
 How beautiful a Treasure he possesses.
 Mean while my Care shall be to fill his Mind
 With fresh Supplies of Bus'ness, to divert him
 From am'rous Thoughts — The rest of my Design
 I will impart hereafter — One Thing more —
 Let *Zaida* still have free Admission to her,
 Her Conversation will abate her Melancholy,
 And make the time less tedious.

Kiss. Doubt not, Sir,
Of my Fidelity, and be assur'd
Your Cares are mine —

[*Exeunt severally.*]

Re-enter Haly and Cuproli.

Hal. 'Twas greatly thought; but an Attempt so daring
Staggers my Resolution.

Cupr. Canst thou scruple?
I tell thee, Fate is in our Enterprize;
I see it written in th' eternal Volume,
That *Mahomet* must fall. — Your Fears and Doubts
Will quickly vanish, if you but reflect
On his past Reign; which still has been attended
With one continued Series of Misfortunes.
You need not be inform'd that ill Success
Renders a Sultan odious in the Eyes
Of th' unreflecting Vulgar, who conclude
That angry Heav'n will never be aton'd,
'Till they remove him from th' Imperial Seat.
Our Army's unexpected Overthrow
Before *Vienna*, whence they were repuls'd
After a tedious and expensive Siege,
You know incens'd the murmur'ing Populace,
And e'en the ruling Part of the *Divan*.
But the late Loss of *Buda* has enrag'd them
Beyond all Bounds; and now they only want
Some Person of Authority to head them,
And fire them with the Name of *Solyman*
The next Successor, who will easily
Be wrought into our Plot — What think you now?

Hal. Why now I am convinc'd that *Mahomet*
Sits loose upon his Throne: H' has long been tottering,
And nothing now is wanting, but our Help
To hasten Fate, and finish his Destruction.

Cupr. Yes; since he still protects my mortal Foe,
He shall be thrown from the Imperial Seat,
And crush that Fav'rite with his dreadful Ruins.
Thus I at once shall satiate my Revenge,
And glut Ambition: For the next Successor
I know will do me right; and thou, my Friend,
Shalt then enjoy the third Place in the Empire,

B

Which

Which hated *Kara Ibraim* now usurps,
And thou so well deserv'it.

Hal. You over-rate
My Actions, if you think they can deserve
The third Place in the Empire—Tho' at present
I see no Cause why I should not be thought
As worthy of the second as your self. [Aside
But what if un aspiring *Solyman*,
Control'd by Checks of Conscience, should refuse
So daring a Proposal ? He's the Hinge
On which our Project turns ; and should he fail us,
Our Plots are all unravell'd.

Cupr. I confess
'Tis in his Pow'r to frustrate all our Hopes ;
Nor can this bold Conspiracy succeed,
Unless that Prince concur to our Design.
For tho' the Soldiers Hearts be alienated
From *Mahomet*, yet they will ne'er revolt,
'Till the next Prince of the Imperial Line
Appear and urge his Title to the Throne.

Hal. Then *Solyman*, I fear, will ne'er comply
With our Desires.

Cupr. 'Tis true he wants Ambition,
And melancholy Blood retards the Springs
Of his unactive Soul ; and what is worse,
He talks of Virtue, Conscience, and Religion.
But then he's am'rous, subtle, and designing ;
And Thou and I, by long and near Acquaintance,
Have gain'd an absolute Ascendant o'er him.
By means of which we may without Restraint,
Use the most glowing Arguments, to fire
His Soul with glorious Thoughts of Fame and Empire.
Ha ! we have talk'd him hither——

Enter Solyman.

Sol. What is the Subject of Debate, my Friends ?

Cupr. Why, Sir, we were consulting which is better,
To suffer by the Bow-string or the Scymitar.

Sol. But why that Question ?

Cupr. 'Tis a proper one,

For

For that we were to die is past all Doubt.

Sol. Your Reason ?

Cupr. You know we have arraign'd the Visier's Conduct
Before the Sultan ; but without Success.

And since we have not, as we first design'd,
Compleated his Destruction, 'tis most certain

We have effectually procur'd our own.

For having openly declar'd our selves

Enemies to that Fav'rite, we have drawn

Makomet's Hatred on us, who, you know,

Can never rest, while any he suspects

Is master of a Head.

Sol. Then I, it seems,
Am subject to like Danger.

Cupr. True, you are ;

And how you can digest such scurvy Treatment,

I know not. I must own, my Constitution

Abhors it——Can you perish like a Slave ?

'Think——you are born a Prince——Think on that only.

Hal. Can you be strangled by th' accurs'd Hands
Of haggard Mutes ? whose Dumbness speaks more Horror

Than all th' insulting, barbarous Eloquence

Of cruel, talking Executioners :

Whose every gloomy and unalter'd Looks

Shews they are not more dumb, than deaf to Pity.

Indeed for such Plebeian Souls as ours

It matters not ; but is it fitting, Sir,

Is't fitting that a Prince born to command

The World, should suffer by th' unhallow'd Hands

Of such detested Villains ?

Sol. But what means

Are to be used for Safety and Prevention ?

Cupr. The Means are obvious : Since we are embark'd

In a Design so dangerous, we're oblig'd

To push the Expedition on, with all

Our Might, and drive our Treasons to the Head ;

For nothing can secure us now from Punishment

For our past Actions, but atchieving greater.

Sol. I know not what you drive at.

Cupr. To be plain ;

The Sultan must be ruin'd or we perish.

Sol. Ha !

Hal. Why do you start, my Lord ? 'Tis no new thing
To see a Sultan tumbled from the Throne.

Sol. I'll hear no more of this.

Cupr. What Pity 'tis

That I had not your Birth, or you my Soul !

A Prince without Ambition !

O monstrous Contradiction ! How it sounds !

For shame, Sir, lay aside these groveling Thoughts,

Exert your Royalty, and be your self ;

Or I shall grow your Rival, and suspect

That, since one Night gave Being to us both,

Our Mothers by Consent exchange'd their Infants :

And, tho' I am cheated of my glorious Birth,

You are the Visier's Son, and I the Prince.

Hal. I must confess I thought the Universe

Could not have shown a Breast so void of Fire,

As to reject with Coldness and Disdain

The Empire of the World. At such a Proffer

You should have bounded from the Earth with Transport,

Have thrown your eager Arms about our Necks,

With sparkling Eyes, and Cheeks that glow'd Ambition,

And pray'd for thousand Blessings on our Heads.

Oh how insensible, how spiritless

Is he, whom all the dazzling Charms of Greatness,

And uncontrol'd Dominion, cannot move !

Sol. My Friends, you are too violent, and mistake me.

I am not of so mortify'd a Spirit,

As to reject the golden Reins of Empire ;

But yet I am not so in Love with Pow'r,

As to dissolve the sacred Ties of Nature,

And break thro' all Restraint of Law and Conscience,

To make my self Lord of the Universe,

No——I would sooner live and die in Silence,

Untalk'd of by the World, than gain a Throne

By such illegal Means——

Hal. But sure your Conscience must be over-nice,

If you call that Illegal and Unjust

Which Nature has commanded : Self-defence

Is her first Principle——Think on your Wrongs,

Consider you can never injure him,

Since

Since he's th' unjust Aggressor. Has he not
Dabarr'd you from the Pleasures of the Court,
Confin'd you to a Guard? and what is worse,
Has he not thrice attempted on your Life?
Which had infallibly been sacrific'd,
To satiate his unnatural Thirst of Blood;
Had not the Sultaneſs with pious Fraud
Cheated his Cruelty.

Sol. All this I grant;
But were his Crimes more numerous than they are,
And he a blacker Devil than ye make him;
Yet could I ne'er consent to urge his Fate,
Nor mount that Throne from which my Brother fell
By lawleſs Violence——As for your Lives
I know he dares not think a Thought againſt them:
For in this doubtful Poſture of Affairs,
His Int'reſt is to ſooth the Populace,
Who by our Deaths would be incens'd to Madneſs.

Cupr. Suppose your Life be ſafe, which yet I queſtion,
I'd ſooner die the moſt abhorr'd of Deaths,
Than live as you do.——Princes of the Blood,
And Brothers to the Sultan? His Slaves rather;
Forc'd to comply with all his Savage Humours,
Abridg'd of Pleaſure, and of Liberty.
For ſhou'd you dare to caſt an am'rous Glance
On one of thoſe innumerable Beauties,
Whom his unbounded Luxury engroſſes;
Your Head muſt pay the Forfeit of your Eyes.
'Tis true; when they grow ſtale and antiquated,
To you his Generoſity reſigns them.
He riotouſly enjoys their Youth and Bloom,
Then leaves their Age and Uglineſs to you:
Himſelf he feaſts, but lightly puts you off
With the vile Scraps and Leavings of his Luſt.

Sol. I pr'ythee, Friend, no more.

Cupr. Yes, Sir, I've done.
Now you may go, impeach us to the Sultan,
(For you, I find, are rank'd among his Creatures)
And take our Lives, for ſaucily endeav'ring
To make you happy; and we'll die, my Friend, [To Hal.
Without repining at our Deſtiny;

Since *Solyman* has sworn to have it so.

Sol. You do me wrong by such unjust Suspicions ;
My Friendship to you both is firm as ever :
Nor shall my Aid be wanting to assist
Your Plots against the Visier, and advance you
To those high Honours which your Merits claim.
But for my Brother's Fate——no more of that :
My Friends, let me intreat you to retire,
And leave me to my self.——

Hal. We go ; in hopes that when we meet again,
Your Resolution will not be so strong
Against your Int'rest.—— [*Ex. Hal. and Cupr.*

Solyman solus.

No ; I am not in haste to hold the Reins
Of this unmanageable Government,
Oppress'd by its own Weight, and lessen'd by its Greatness,
'Tis true ; where ours, like other Monarchies,
Founded on wholsom Laws, supported by them,
Aided by Senates ; or did King and People
Think it their Int'rest to assist each other ;
Th' *Ottoman* Throne would then be worth Ambition.
But what, alas ! is Arbitrary Rule ?
He's far the greater, and happier Monarch,
Whose Pow'r is bounded by coercive Laws ;
Since while they limit, they preserve his Empire :
Yet what my fiery Friends have urg'd, has made
Some slight Impression on me——*Mabomet*
With jealous Eyes surveys me, thwarts my Loves ;
And keeps the Youth of his Seraglio from me :
Which would indeed be insupportable,
Did not my trusty Confident *Marama*
By stealth convey to my desiring Arms
Some of his choicest Beauties ; by her Wit
I cheat the Sultan, and enjoy those Pleasures
Which vainly he imagines all his own,
And quite debarr'd from all the World beside.

Enter Marama.

My dear *Marama*——

Mar. O Sir, you are obliging :

But

But are my Charms of such attractive Force
As to extort that passionate Expression ?
If so ; if I deserve so soft a Title,
Why are you not content with my Embraces,
Which *Mahomet* allows you ? No—I'm old ;
And my decaying Beauty is laid by,
Scorn'd and despis'd : Those kind endearing Words
Are not bestow'd upon me for my sake ;
But for their sakes, whom I by various Arts
Persuade to make you happy ; so that now
I gain your Love by other Womens Charms,
And only please by Proxy.

Sol. No, Thou'rt all amiable ; such sprightly Wit,
Such Depth of Thought, so fertile an Invention
Shall ever claim the Love of all our Sex,
And Wonder of thy own.

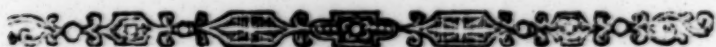
Mar. Well, slighted as I am, I yet am true,
And give such Proofs of my Fidelity
As sure no Woman ever gave before,
Nor ever will again, while I employ
My Female Cunning; plot, and rack my Brain,
To bring my happy Rivals to your Arms.
This very Hour have I been lab'ring for you ;
Height'ning your Character, and kindling Love
In the most Charming Maid I ever saw.
With whom, though now she be but just arriv'd,
I by the *Kisler's* positive Command,
And my familiar manner of Address,
Already have contracted some Acquaintance.
The *Kisler* (for what Reason is a Secret)
Seems not in haste to shew her to the Sultan ;
And she, as if not conscious of her Beauty,
Is not ambitious to appear before him.
These Circumstances favour my Design ;
Which you must now engage in : I've contriv'd
A way to guide you into her Apartment ;
Where you may sigh and languish at her Feet,
T'express a Passion which the Sight of her
Must needs inspire you with.

Sol. O my *Marama*,
Lead me this Moment, lead me to that Place

Where I may see this Master-piece of Nature ;
 And then continue to assist my Love,
 And perfect what thou hast so well begun.
 Dethrone my Brother ? No ; there's no Temptation :

[*Aside.*]

I never envy'd him the Toils of State ;
 Now e'en in Love I'm happier far than he.
 For tho' he riots 'midst a thousand Beauties,
 Hewants the Lover's greatest Happiness.
 He his fair Slaves commands, and to his Arms
 They straight resign their unresisting Charms ;
 But I my various Arts, and Plots prepare,
 And court at distance the refusing Fair ;
 While I from Hope a silent Joy conceive,
 And e'en my Fears a doubtful Pleasure give :
 'Till she submits to Love's resistless Laws,
 And cures the Sicknefs which her self did cause. [Exit.



A C T III. S C E N E I.

S C E N E *Abra's Apartment.**Enter Abra and Zaida.*

A B R A.

THE Loss of Liberty to all Mankind
 Is most afflictive ; but to my gay Sex,
 And sprightly Youth, 'tis insupportable,
 And yet this close Confinement pains me less
 Than Separation from my much-lov'd Lord :
 Were I with him in narrower Bounds imprison'd,
 Imprisonment it self would please : but since
 His charming Conversation is deny'd me ;
 I, like the melancholy Nightingale,
 Shut in a Cage, and widow'd from her Lover,
 Should languish, droop, and pine my self to Death ;
 If thou, my *Zaida*, faithful to my Sufferings,
 Wert not admitted to me, to partake

My

My Miseries, and mingle Sorrow with me.

Zaid. Believe me, Madam, 'tis with great Concern
I view your Tears ; I cannot see you thus :
Let me intreat you, dry your beauteous Eyes ;
Dispel those Clouds, and wear a chearful Air,
Or I must call *Marama* to divert you.

Abr. Why would'st thou vex me more with the remembrance

Of that eternal Talker ? She divert me !
No ; tho' I smooch'd my Looks, while she was by,
And smiling seem'd to listen to her Tattle,
So to prevent Suspicion of my Love ;
Yet know with Pain and Torture I endur'd
The Persecution of her merciless Tongue.
For nothing is more tedious to a Wretch
O'erwhelm'd with Misery, than to dissemble
His Grief, and be deny'd to give it vent ;
And none are more impatient of Impertinence
Than the Afflicted——How did she torment
My suffer'ing Ears with ill-tim'd, idle Mirth ?
With fulsome Praises of the Prince's Beauty,
And with more nauseous Flattery of my own !
Why what's the Prince to me ! Suppose his Shape
Be well-proportion'd, and his Air so charming ;
Yet why must I be teiz'd with such Descriptions ?

Zaid. Madam, I wish that Part of her Discourse
Were so impertinent as you imagine.

Abr. What means my *Zaida* by those doubtful Words ?

Zaid. With Reason I suspect 'twas not for nothing
That she appear'd so zealous in his Praise.
I fear she has some deep Design on foot,
Which may occasion more Uneasiness
To you — But see, she has explain'd her Meaning.

Enter Solymon and Marama.

Abr. Confusion, and Surprise ! Some Pow'r protect me.

[*Solyman comes forward and throws himself at her Feet.*

Mar. I see she's fir'd ; from her upbraiding Looks
She darts Reproof, and chides me with her Eyes.

Sol. See, Madam, at your Feet a prostrate Prince,
Who led by your fam'd Beauty hither comes
(Tho' with apparent Hazard of his Life)
To offer you his unpolluted Vows;
And melt you into Love, or die before you.

Zaid. Is this well done, *Marama*? — Treach'rous Woman!

Mar. Peace, Fool. — Thy Mistress knows not her own Int'rest,

If with affected Coyness she refuse him.

Sol. You seem disorder'd, Madam; and I fear
I am the unhappy Cause of your Disquiet.
I am presumptuous, and too rudely press
Upon your Privacy — But oh! your Charms
Have taken ample Vengeance on my Folly,
By causing more Confusion in my Soul,
Than my intruding Boldness can in yours.
What, not a Look? O turn your beauteous Eyes,
And with another Glance confirm me dead,
If yet I live; — for I have drank so deep
Of Love, that it already has o'erwhelm'd
My Reason, rais'd a Tempest in my Breast
Which racks my Soul: but oh the mighty Pleasure
Rises in just Proportion to the Torment,
And had you pain'd me less, you less had pleas'd me.

Zaid. I see Resentment kindling in her Looks;
As her Surprise abates, her Anger rises,
And Indignation sparkles in her Eyes.

Abr. Yes; you have seen me in Confusion, Sir;
And think perhaps that one whom her Misfortunes
Have made a Slave, will readily comply
With your first Offer, and is fit for nothing
But to be made the Object of Affronts.

But, Prince, I must inform you —

Sol. O forbear;

Forbear, fair Excellence, to stab me through
With such unkind Expressions — You a Slave?
'Tis my Ambition, Madam, to be yours,
But all in vain; for still you are displeas'd.
But even your Anger charms, and you appear
Awfully fair, and lovely in your Frowns.

Not

Not our great Prophet's self enjoys such Beauty
In the delicious Groves of Paradise,
When on sweet Beds of Flow'rs——

Abr. If any thing
Can possibly be more offensive to me
Than Flattery, 'tis Profaneness.——

Sol. Such sharp Reproof ! pronounc'd with such an
Accent,
And with a Look so charmingly severe !
Relentless Fates ! Ah ! why am I condemn'd
T' offend the only Person in the World
Whom I desire to please ? Is't possible
That any Wretch can be more curs'd than I ?
When ev'ry Word you speak inflames my Love,
Yet adds to my Despair.

Abr. Fly, Sir ; be gone,
While yet you're safe ; your Brother will be here,
And certain Death, you know 's the Consequence.

Sol. And certain Death is welcome ; let it come
In the most gaily Shape it can put on ;
Yet your Disdain will fill me with more Horror,
Than all its grisly Terrors. Since my Love,
My spotless Love offends you——Take my Head ;
Let me intreat you, Madam, sacrifice it
To my inexorable Brother's Rage :
Your Love's my first Desire, and Death my second.
This Favour sure you readily will grant ;
Such Pity the displeas'd, the cruel *Abr*
Will not deny ev'n to her greatest Foe,
The curs'd, the scorn'd, the hated *Solyman*.

Abr. I am not, Sir, desirous of Revenge ;
And therefore pardon you on these Conditions,
That you withdraw, suppress this hopeless Love,
And leave me to enjoy that Conversation
Which better suits my Sex and Circumstances.

Sol. Tho' dying Misers with far less Regret
Forfake their Lands, and Bags of hoarded Gold ;
Yet, Madam, e'en in this I will obey you :
And leave you now, that I may not be banish'd
For ever from your Presence——
But when I'm parted from you, Think, O Think

The

The Image of your Charms is still before me ;
 And when I sleep, (if any Sleep can close
 My weeping Eye-lids) then my busy Fancy
 Presents to me in Dream your lov'd Idea.
 And then reflect what Pangs I must endure,
 What melancholy Days, and restless Nights,
 When I consider your relentless Heart,
 And my own lost Condition——Think on this,
 And then let Pity plead in my Behalf.
 And you, kind Fair, (for in your Looks I trace
 [To Zaid.

Goodness, and soft Compassion) intercede
 With your inexorable Mistress for me.
 Be you my Advocate ; exert your Int'rest
 In a distress'd, a dying Lover's Cause.
 And once more, Madam, ere I go, I beg you [To Abr.
 Remember, in your Hands my Fate is lodg'd ;
 From you a Curse or Blessing I derive,
 Die when you frown, but with your Smiles revive.
 [Ex. with Mar.

Abr. My Smiles ! vain Man ! He seem'd to mock my
 Sufferings ;

For who e'er heard of smiling Misery ?
 Alas ! my *Zaida*, what a World of Woe
 Had Fate in Store, what mighty Funds of Sorrow
 'T' increase the pressing Weight of my Misfortunes !
 For oh ! I fear the dismal Consequence
 Of this fond Prince's Passion——Haste, my *Zaida*,
 Find out my Lord, and give him timely Notice
 Of what has happen'd—— [Exit Zaid.

How great is the Mistake of our vain Sex,
 Who think the Number of their fond Admirers
 Alone can make 'em happy !——She indeed
 Who unsubdu'd by Love his Pow'r defies,
 May with delight her numerous Conquests prize :
 And view with careless Air the Triumphs of her Eyes.
 But when those am'rous Pains our Breasts divide ;
 We find, in spite of our fantastick Pride,
 We should more true and lasting Pleasure prove,
 Were we belov'd by none, but those we love.

[Scene shuts.
 Enter

Enter Haly and Cuproli.

Hal. The Prince in Love, you say——Had you inform'd me

That he's grown fond of Empire, you had told
A Secret worth the hearing——But what Use
Do you intend to make of this Discovery?

Cupr. Be patient then, and in few Words I'll tell you.
Not half an Hour ago I met the Prince;
Who, tho' he seem'd impatient of Delay,
And eager to be gone, abruptly told me
He was engag'd in an Affair of Love;
And just then going with his Spy *Marama*
To the Apartment of a beauteous Virgin,
Who came this Day to the Seraglio.

But that which makes directly for my Purpose,
And which I ground my Project on, is this:
And yet the Sultan has not seen this Beauty:
Nor is the *Kisler* forward to present her,
Nor she to be presented. *Solyman*

On this builds all his Hopes.——If he succeed,
And without Difficulty gain his Mistress,
He never will be work'd into our Plot.
Wherefore our Care must be t' inform the Sultan
Of this new Beauty; *Mabomet* has a Heart
As soft to Love's Impressions as his Brother.
Then when the longing Prince perceives his Hopes
Defeated, and his Mistress ravish'd from him
By that all-pow'rful Rival, he will need
No more Persuasions to dethrone his Brother;
Since that's the only Method he can take
To make him happy, in the full Enjoyment
Of what he so impatiently desires.

Hal. Auspicious Plot! Sure Mischief never thrives
Without the Help of Woman.——But which way
Shall we discover this important Secret
To *Mabomet*?

Cupr. For that depend on me.
I have a Female Creature in the Court;
Her I'll instruct to hint it to his Ear,
And fire his Jealousy.——Ha! here again?

Enter

Enter Pyrrhus, the Kissler Aga, and Zaida.

New Interruption from that hateful Pair ?
Away, retire, we must not be observ'd.

[*Exit Hal. and Cupr.*

Pyr. Curs'd Accident !—Sure some malignant Planet,
Which long has spar'd me, now of late begins
To shed on me its baleful Influence.
A Rival !—This of all my mighty Woes
Comes least expected ; with vain flatt'ring Hopes
I comforted my self, that her Confinement,
However grievous to me, would at least
Secure me from the Danger of a Rival.
But now I am deny'd the wretched Privilege,
Which e'en from my Misfortunes I enjoy'd.
But tell me, *Zaida*, has my Love receiv'd
The Letter which I sent her ? 'Twill perhaps
Be some Refreshment to her troubled Soul
To read those Lines, and bathe them with her Tears.

Zaid. Before I left her, no such Letter came
To her Apartment.——

Kiss. I deliver'd it
To one of my attending trusty Slaves ;
With strict Command to give it none, but her.

Pyr. But see, th' injurious Robber of my Rest
Appears——

Enter Solyman musing.

Kiss. The Prince ! Pray good my Lord, retire ;
He must not see us too in Consultation. [*Exeunt.*

Sol. Do I yet live ? Or has Love's wond'rous force
Transform'd me to a Ghost ? My frighted Friends
Will fly me soon, and shun my lonely Walks.
O were that all, I might be happy still !——
But she whom most I labour to pursue,
She, she will fly me, hate me, scorn me, loath me :
She will. — She has, she does ; 'tis not likely
That she who now rejects me with Disdain,
Should fall in Love with my Deformity,
My meagre Looks, and more than dying Paleness.
Tho' 'tis but just she should with Pity view me,

Since

Since my Deformity will be reflected
From her all-conqu'ring Beauty ; 'tis but just
She should at last be kind, and with her Love
Repair the Ruins which her Scorn has made.

Enter Marama.

Mer. Alone, my Lord ? You Lovers are so thoughtful--

Sol. O my *Marama* ! do not mock my Miseries ;
I swear 'tis now no time for trifling with me ;
I have no middle Fate, but now must be
Most wretched, or most happy.

Mar. Happy, Sir ;
For if my Genius, which ne'er fail'd you yet,
Deceive me not at last, the scornful Fair
Shall yet be yours.

Sol. I doubt it, dear *Marama*—
Such keen Reflexions, such resentful Looks,
Such fix'd Resolves, shew more of Hate than Coynefs,
Canst thou not guess the Cause of her Severity ?

Mar. I can.

Sol. O speak !

Mar. This Paper will speak for me. [*Giving a Letter.*]

Sol. What's here ? Distraction !--- *To his Faithful Abra--*
Ha ! Absence—Vows—Fidelity—For Souls—
Know no Confinement—O the racking Torture !—
Wondrous familiar ! But no Name subscrib'd—
How came you by this Paper ?

Mar. I met a Slave posting tow'rd's her Apartment,
Whom I suspecting, stopp'd ; and telling him
I was her Friend and intimate Acquaintance,
And just then going to her, with smooth Words
Persuaded him t'intrust me with his Letter ;
With Promise to deliver it that Minute.
At first he scrupled ; — but at length remembering
'That he had seen me with her, slip'd the Paper
Into my Hand, and in a moment vanish'd.

Sol. Know you not whence it came ?

Mar. The Slave was gone
Ere I could ask the Question.

Sol. Curse on his Haste.
May all—

But

But I'll not waste my Curses on a Slave ;
 No——They shall all be carefully reserved
 For this detested Rival——Whoe'er he be,
 For ever blasted be the Hand that wrote,
 The Heart that dictated these fond Expressions,
 May Fortune seem to smile upon their Wishes ;
 But when they're just upon the Brink of Happiness,
 Secure of Disappointment, may she then
 Sever their Loves, and tear them from each other,
 As thus—— *[About to tear the Letter.]*

Mar. Hold, Sir——What would your Fury do ?
 This Paper must be carefully preserv'd ;
 Some of your Friends may by the Character
 Discover him who sent it.

Sol. I thank thy Caution : Rage and Jealousy
 Had almost turn'd my Brain——O to compleat
 The direful Curses which I would denounce
 Against that Foe who robs me of my Quiet ;
 May he be be satisfy'd he has a Rival,
 And never know the Person ; so that he
 May feel the Pangs and 'Throes which I endure ;
 And be as exquisite a Wretch, as he
 Who makes him so——

Enter Cuproli.

Cup. My Lord, I came to find you.

Sol. Why then thou cam'st to find as very a Madman
 As ever rav'd in Chains——Know you this Hand ?

Cupr. Perfectly as my own ; it is the Visier's.
 Too well I know that hated Character,
 Which sign'd me my Commission ; which, if Merit
 Had been respected, that aspiring Fav'rite
 Would have receiv'd from me, not I from him.

Sol. The Visier ? ha ! the Visier ! O my *Cuproli*,
 Thy Hate against him, if compar'd with mine,
 Is mild as Children's undefining Friendship.
 In Glory he's thy Rival, mine in Love ;
 Thence he debars from Greatness, me from Happiness ;
 Which nothing but his Blood can e'er atone for.

Cupr. Now you're indeed a Prince : 'Tis Royal Anger,
 But Threats do nothing——

Sol.

Sol. Nor shall my Vengeance terminate in Threats :
You know I am not us'd to menace thus,
And therefore may believe I am in earnest.

Mar. My Company at present may be spared ;
I will withdraw, and seek some other Place,
Where I may do more Service—— [Exit.

Cupr. I do believe you ; in your Looks appears
Noble Resentment, and you now resolve
(I read it in your Eyes) to fill the Throne,
And bless your longing People with your Reign.

Sol. O torture not my Brain with curs'd Ambition ;
To which I always was averse ; but now
Much more than ever, since my lab'ring Soul
Is wholly taken up with Thoughts of Love.

Cupr. Why 'tis your Love that I design to further ;
The Visier stands betwixt your Hopes and you :
Nor can you ever hurt a Hair of his,
While *Mahomet* is able to protect him.

Sol. So you have often said.

Cupr. And 'tis too true.
Wherefore you either must contentedly
Forego your Mistress, or dethrone your Brother.

Sol. Why should he suffer for the Visier's Fault ?
My Brother's not my Rival——

Cupr. Say you so ?
He is ere this, unless my Trusty Agent
Has plaid me false.—— [Aside.

Sol. Retire, my worthy Friend ;
Give me a Moment's Thought, and I will follow,
And then impart my final Resolution.

Cupr. Farewel, my Lord.——I see I have him
sure ;

For if my Arguments prove ineffectual,
My Project cannot fail ; it matters not
'Tho' I want Rhet'rick, since my Stratagem
Will amply make Amends for that Defect. [Exit.

Sol. Forego my Love ? No——sooner shall the Frame
Of Nature be unravel'd——yet my Soul
Shrinks at the Horror of my Brother's Fate ;
And 'tis my first Endeavour to complete
My Happiness without disturbing his :

But

But if it be decreed that either he
Must quit his Throne, or I that charming Maid,
My Choice is made ; it will be less unnat'ral
To break the Tie of Kindred than of Love.

Enter the Kissler Aga.

But see here comes the Messenger of Death.
I fear I am betray'd.

Kiss. My Lord, your Ear ;
Can you not guess my Bus'ness ?

Sol. Guessing, Sir,
Is not my Talent ; pray explain your self,
And I may apprehend.

Kiss. I hear of late
You are grown the Sultan's Rival in his Pleasures.

Sol. Spare your Preambles, and without more Preface
Speak your Thoughts boldly, say in short you came
To give me notice of approaching Death.

Kiss. Your Fears are groundless : True, I know your
Fault,

And must, my Lord, upbraid you for your Rashness ;
But not one Drop of your illustrious Blood
Shall through my Information e'er be spilt.

Sol. Ha !

Kiss. Nay more ; I came to proffer you my Service ;
And am so far from enterprising ought
Against your Life, that I will stake my own
To make you happy.

Sol. You have so o'erpower'd me
With unexpected Kindness, that my Tongue
Is mute, and Speech too scanty to express
My inward Gratitude—I cannot thank you.

Kiss. Nor ought you pay your Thanks 'till I deserve
em,

Which I ere long will do ; for if my Int'rest
In the Seraglio be worth desiring,
You may command it : She for whom you sigh,
She shall be yours ; and sure that lovely Maid
As much excels the Sultan's other Beauties,
As you the Sultan.

Sol. I can hold no longer ;

My

My struggling Gratitude must have some vent ;
And since in Words it cannot, thus it speaks,
And thus, and thus—— [*Hugs him.*

Kiss. Reserve your Raptures for your Mistress's Ear,
Whose Beauty for your sake I will conceal
From *Mahomet* ; mean-while we may have leisure
For Consultation, and contrive the Means
To bring her to your Arms——Your noble Carriage,
And more than Princely Qualities, command
The Service and Respect of all that know you.
Therefore if any Obstacle there be
Which may be prejudicial to your Love,
Tell it me, Sir, that I with timely care
May labour to remove it.

Sol. There is a dreadful one ;
The Visier is my Rival.

Kiss. This goes well. [*Aside.*
The Visier ? Sure you have been mis-inform'd.

Sol. This Letter will convince you, which just now
I intercepted——

Kiss. Give it me, my Lord ; [*Sol. gives the Letter.*
That I with this may prove his bold Presumption,
And to his Face confront him.——Doubt not, Sir,
But I with Threats shall force him to desist.

Enter Pyrrhus behind.

Sol. Now, *Mahomet*, thou art again secure ;
I shall not need thy Pow'r. [*Aside.*

Pyr. What do I see ?
My Friend in Consultation with my Rival ?

Sol. Words cannot utter
How much your Generosity affects me ;
You have this Minute liv'd an Age of Friendship ;
And I will study to deserve your Kindness.
Farewel——and be, if possible, as happy
As you would make the grateful *Solyman*. [*Exit.*

Kiss. That's very possible.——Ha ! here, my Lord ?
You come in time——

Pyr. To witness to your Falshood.
Could I have thought I ever should have cause
T' upbraid your Breach of Faith ?

Kiss.

Kiss. Nor have you now.

Pyr. Why do you shift the Accusation from you ?
Are you not false ?

Kiss. I am, but not to you.

No, Sir,——I could not give a better Proof
Of my unviolated Fidelity,
Than by this seeming Falshood——to you seeming,
But real to the Prince. For by the help
Of this pretended Kindness I've recover'd
Your Letter, and disarm'd him of the Pow'r
To do you Mischief—— [Gives him the Letter.

Pyr. I apprehend, and must with Shame applaud
Thy Wit, and bless thy unexampled Friendship.

Kiss. But what's yet more ; I have by this remov'd
All that could make your Rival formidable.
Now I have laid his Jealousy asleep,
Which otherwise might have prov'd fatal to us.
And now persuaded of my Zeal to serve him,
Whate'er I do for you, he will applaud
As done for him ; and I shall have his Thanks
For carrying on your Int'rest ; nay yet more,
He will be wholly guided by my Counsel,
And move as I direct him : Nay perhaps
His and *Marama's* Cunning may be useful
To further our Design, and you promote
Your Int'rest by th' Assistance of your Rival.

Pyr. That ever I should once suspect such Truth,
Such wond'rous Friendship ! but thy Plot was wrought
Too fine for my dull Sight :——Canst thou forgive me ?

Kiss. My Lord, I cannot blame you ;
If, when you heard and saw what pass'd between us,
Your good Opinion of my Truth was stagger'd,
Ere you knew all.——But come, no more of this,
Droop not, brave Sir ; Fortune is yet your own.
And all these Difficulties will ere long
Shed kinder Influence, inance your Joys,
And only serve t' improve your Happiness.

Pyr. O ! Blessings on thee, whose reviving Words
Have rais'd me from the Depth of black Despair ;
And once more giv'n me the delightful Prospect
Of my approaching Bliss.—— And now methinks

The

The Clouds of our Misfortunes break away ;
And, spite of all the Dangers which have threaten'd,
My Genius whispers I shall yet be happy.
And still the more I think, my Hopes rise higher ;
The lovely Creature's mine ; I have her here ;
For ever mine——O Blessing inexpressible !
The bare Reversion of which is better
Than the Possession of all other Pleasures——

Enter Mahomet attended.

Mab. Where is that saucy Slave, that dares controul
My Pleasures, and infringe my best Prerogative ?
Ha ! Villain, have I found thee ? Tell me quickly
How didst thou dare to keep the charming *Aora*,
That Miracle of Beauty, from my Sight ?

Kiss. Discover'd ! This unlook'd-for Accident
Has so amaz'd me, that I'm Thunder-struck,
And know not what to answer.—— [*Aside.*

Mab. What, speechless ?

Kiss. I must confess, your Majesty has much
Surpriz'd me by this unexpected Question.
She whom you speak of is this Day arriv'd :
And therefore not yet fit to appear before you,
And shew her Beauty at the best Advantage.
Nor did I ever yet receive Command
To bring your charming Slaves to your Embraces
Just at their first Arrival.

Mab. But I hear
This is a Beauty of such uncommon Excellence,
That none who ever shone within my Court
Could match her dazzling Brightness ; and if so,
Thou shouldst have brought me the transporting News
Of her Arrival, with as great Impatience
As if th' inferior Monarchs of the World
Were all unanimously come, to lay
Their Sceptres at my Footstool, and resign
The yet unconquer'd Globe.

Pyr. O give me Patience.

Kiss. Most mighty Emperor——

Mab. Peace, formal Slave ;
I have not time to hear thy dull Excuses ;

Be

Be dumb, and listen to my strict Command.
 I charge thee bring that lovely charming Maid
 Into the pleasant Grotto near the Palace ;
 Let her attend me there. — Look thou obey me,
 Or by my Hopes and boiling Expectation
 Thy Life shall answer it.

Pyr. Dread Sir, I hear
 The Fury of the murm'ring Populace
 Is ris'n so high, that they begin to threaten
 Your sacred Life, and the seditious Soldiers
 Talk of revolting.

Mab. Most audacious Traitors ! —
 Be it your Care to quell their Mutiny :
 They shall not rob me of a Moment's Pleasure.
 No — first I'll go where Love and Beauty call me ;
 Then put on Majesty, and be all Monarch ;
 Awe the presumptuous Rebels with my Frowns,
 And look them into Duty — As they say
 That celebrated King, the mighty *Jove*,
 Fatigu'd with Empire left his Throne Above ;
 And for a while enjoy'd the Sweets of Love.
 Then tow'ring high to his sublime Abode,
 Shook Earth and Seas with his Imperial Nod,
 Return'd to Thund'ring, and resum'd the God. [*Exit.*]

Pyr. Sure 'twas a Dream, and my deluding Fancy
 Has scar'd me with a Vision — Say, my Friend,
 Am I awake ? and was the Sultan here ?

Kiss. Alas ! he was —

Pyr. Then all, it seems, was real,
 And I'm the very Wretch that Fate design'd.
 No — 'Tis impossible — It cannot be —
 Why, but a Moment since I was most happy,
 Secure of future Ills. — O ! no — I was not —
 Then, then I dream'd ; and fed on Airy Hopes,
 Which my own flatt'ring Wishes form'd — but now
 Fortune has rous'd me from that pleasing Sleep,
 To make me feel, and thoroughly understand
 Substantial Mis'ry — But I'll not complain ;
 Children and Cowards rail at their Misfortunes —
 I will curb in my Grief, and in my Breast
 Confine the struggling Passion ; 'till my Veins

Are

Are burst, and from my Eyes the gushing Blood
Start out instead of Tears.

Kiss. Capricious Chance !

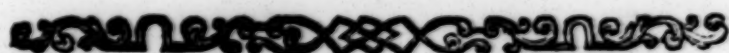
How swift a Turn was This——Just as your Hopes
Were elevated to the highest Pitch,
And bore you to the Clouds ; they straight retreated,
And left you to Despair.

Pyr. Ay, there's the Torment.

So I have heard with equal suddenness
Ebbing prodigiously the Sea withdrew,
And quite defenceless left the scaly Race.
The Dolphins which ere-while with wanton Pride
Spread their broad Fins, and lash'd the foaming Tide ;
Vainly essay to suck the faithless Flood
With heaving Gills, and tumbled in the Mud.
And Whales which with their Trunks the Stars could
reach,

Now flounc'd and panted on the slimy Beach.

So have my Hopes, whose Waves ere-while ran o'er,
And to the Skies my tow'ring Wishes bore ;
Retir'd, and left me gasping on the Shore. } *[Exit.]*



ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE A Pleasant Grotto.

Enter Solyman.

S O L Y M A N.

WHITHER will Love and furious Jealousy
Hurry my Resolution ? Certain Death
I know attends me, should the trembling
Leaves

Or the least Murmur of my Breath betray me ;
Yet here I'll hide my self, and here unseen
Observe, and listen to the Sultan's Courtship ;
And see how he can move that cruel Beauty.

Vain

Vain hopes!—His Pow'r will force what she denies.
 And yet, my Friend the *Kisler's* Project cheats me,
 Who promises to bring her to the Sultan
 With six more Virgins, who for Youth and Beauty
 May challenge all but her; them he adorns
 With all th' Embellishments that Art can give,
 That *Mahomet* by such Variety
 Of Objects may be puzzled in his Choice;
 And all to help my Love—Hark! They approach.

[Retires.

Enter the Kisler Aga with Abra.

Kisl. Compose yourself, dear Madam, dry your Eyes,
 And smoothe your Looks; your Grief must be conceal'd.
 Should you appear in Tears before the Sultan,
 You would inspire him with a jealous Rage,
 Which may perhaps prove fatal to us all.

Abr. I'll do my best Endeavour, tho' I fear
 My Sorrows are too great to be dissembled.

Enter Eunuchs with Six Women of the Seraglio: The Kisler places them with Abra. Then enter Mahomet, and seats himself.

A Symphony of soft Musick; after which this Song.

Happy Monarch, who with Beauty
 Tiresome Cares of State beguiles;
 Whose Fair Subjects pay their Duty
 In consenting Looks and Smiles:
 Who from the noisy Battle comes, [Drums;
 From the shrill Trumpets's Clangor, and the thund'ring
 With Love's soft Accents to compose
 His Passion, ruffled by his Foes.
 And happy She, whose Eyes can dart
 A killing Shaft to reach his Heart:
 For sure more Glory can no Female have,
 Than She whose Charms this Conqueror can enslave:
 Who the World's Lord her sighing Captive views,
 And in their mighty Monarch all Mankind subdues.

[After a Song, the Sultan rises, and singles out Abra:
 Eunuchs go off with the rest of the Women: The
 Kisler retires to a Corner of the Stage.

Mah.

Mab. How comes it, Fair One, that your down-cast
Looks

Speak you uneasy, and dissatisfy'd
With that high Honour, which your Beauty claims,
And which my Love confers? Believe me, Maid,
Not one of those, whom for your sake I slighted,
Would with Indiff'rence have receiv'd my Passion:
Excess of Joy would raise their florid Charms;
And Pride would redden in their flushing Faces,
Glow in their Cheeks, and sparkle in their Eyes.
But Discontent sits low'ring on your Brow,
And by the Coldness of your Air you seem
To disapprove my Choice.

Abr. Your Pardon, Sir,
If conscious of my own Unworthiness,
And dead to all Ambition, I appear
The less transported with your Royal Favours.
My want of Merit mortifies my Pride;
Nor can I with full Satisfaction wear
Those Honours, which I never can deserve.

Mab. Or rather conscious of your matchless Worth,
You rate your Beauty at so high a Value,
That nothing Human in your tow'ring Thoughts,
Is worthy to possess it.

Abr. Sacred Sir——

Mab. Or else in Pity to your Captive Monarch
You strive to cloud your Brightness, and restrain
The Lightning of your Eyes; lest on the Spot
Its Force should flash me dead——But 'tis in vain——
You cannot check the killing Darts of Love;
Spite of yourself you please, and in one Moment
The Glory of your Conquest is completed.

Abr. Confound me not with Shame, nor call up all
The Blood that warms my trembling Heart, to fill
My Cheeks with Blushes.

Mab. Why, it matters not,
Whether you Blush, or Weep, or Smile, or Frown,
You always charm; nor can you coin your Face
To an unpleasing Shape——Therefore no more
Of little Doubts and Fears; this very Hour
You shall be happy in your Sov'reign's Arms.

Abr. O never, Sir.

Mab. Ha! never? who am I?

Abr. What have I said? Forgive me, Royal Sir;
My Tongue bely'd my Thoughts——But I recal
Those Words; I am your Slave, and must obey.

Mab. My Slave? and must obey? No, think not,
Fair One,

That I resolve to ravish, like a Tyrant,
What your cold Virgin Modesty denies.
I will forget the Monarch, and lay by
My Royalty; then court you like a Slave;
Sigh at your Feet, and woo you to Compliance.

Abr. Forbid it, Fate, that Sov'reign Majesty
Should so far be degraded, as to stoop
Beneath the lowest and most abject Wretch
That ever bore Misfortune.

Mab. Hah! no more,
No more of that, my Love; why I am Fortune,
And whosoe'er I smile on must be happy.
Therefore enlarge thy Wishes, and demand
Whatever Happiness thy Thoughts can form:
And by our Prophet's Soul I swear to grant it.

Abr. Then thus, Sir, prostrate at your Royal Feet
I humbly crave no other Boon than this; [Kneels.
Restore me to myself, (and so may all
Your Joys be crown'd) dismiss me from your Court.

Mab. Not for the Empire of ten thousand Worlds. —
My Oath, however solemn, binds me not
To Impossibilities. —— What! Live without thee?
As well thou may'st desire me to forego
My Soul, myself, and live without my Life.
But tell me, stubborn Fair, what have you seen
For which you thus decline your Happiness,
And keep me at this Distance? speak, what is it
That makes you thus averse to Love and Glory?

Abr. O question me no more——I dare not speak.

Mab. What do you fear? My Presence cannot awe you:
To you I am no Monarch.

Abr. I'm a Virgin.

Mab. Well.

Abr. And prize my Honour dearer than my Life.

Mab.

Mab. Make you no Diff'rence then between the Actions.

Of Kings and common Men? By my Embraces
Your Virtue is not fully'd, but ennobled
Above its native Worth; as my Effigies
Stamp'd on my Coin adds Value to the Metal.

Abr. O do not, Sir, delude me with false arguing;
The greatest Monarch's Actions cannot make
Virtue of Vice; as by your Royal Image
Silver's not chang'd to Gold, nor Brass to Silver.
Therefore I beg you, Sir——

[*Kneels.*]

Mab. Rise, Empress, rise ——

For from this Moment be that Title thine;
Such Beauty join'd with such transcendent Virtue
Deserves no less.—Here, take her to thy Care. [*To the Kiss.*
Droop not, fair Excellence; your Chastity
Shall not be violated.——Holy Rites
Shall make us one, and justify our Pleasures.
Let some of the attending Eunuchs wait [*To the Kiss.*
On her to her Apartment; but return
Thy self, and instantly attend me here. [*Ex. Kiss. with Abr.*
Prodigious Change! That a licentious Monarch,
Who many Years with boundless Luxury
Has rioted on Beauty, should at last
Become as very a sighing, whining Lover,
As e'er Romance or Poetry could form!

Re-enter the Kissler Aga.

Prepare my Royal Presents, and attend
The beauteous *Abra* with Imperial Robes;
And let her have for her peculiar Residence
One of the Sultaness's rich Apartments.

Kiss. Your Majesty shall be obey'd.

Mab. To-morrow

I'll visit her, and reinforce my Suit.
'Till now I knew not what it was to love;
My loose Desires deserv'd a fouler Name,
But this fair Charmer has refin'd my Passions,
And with her Virtue taught me to admire
The Beauties of the Mind: Therefore for her
I will endure the tedious Toil of Courtship.

Let me be happy in this am'rous Siege;
 And I'll forgive the Fates the Loss of *Buda*.
 And sure I shall succeed: She's more than mortal,
 If she resist me; when the Charms of Empire
 Shall join their Forces, her great Soul to move,
 With all the soft Artillery of Love. [Exit.
Kiss. So! now 'tis finish'd—Cruel Destiny,
 Thou hast done thy worst, and I defy thee now.

Enter Pyrrhus.

Pyr. O Friend ———

Kiss. My Lord?

Pyr. Why dost thou speak so coldly?
 Canst thou not call me Friend?

Kiss. I cannot.

Pyr. Why?

Kiss. Because it is not just you should be mine,
 Unless I could be yours.

Pyr. Why, art thou not?

Kiss. I would be.

Pyr. Then thou art.

Kiss. But cruel Fortune ———

Pyr. Why Friendship is above the reach of Fortune;
 Not to be rated from the blind Events
 Of giddy Chance——But thou hast spoken this
 Only to wave the Horror of my Fate,
 And mollify my Sentence — But no more;
 Pronounce my Doom, for I can bear it now,——
 And yet thou need'st not; thy despairing Looks
 Have told me all the Tragick Tale already.

Kiss. My Lord, I would advise you to be calm,
 Summon the Force of Reason to your Aid;
 And think no more of this unhappy Beauty.

Pyr. Alas! Thou know'st not what thou wouldst advise;
 My Love is grown immortal, as my Soul,
 And can no more be shaken off than That.
 'Tis no wild, sudden Start of youthful Blood;
 But utterly disclaims the name of *Passion*:
 And is the great and regular Desire
 Of Happiness, implanted in us all;
 That Spring which turns the universal Wheel

Of Human Actions——Therefore talk no more
Of that——But, as thou say'st, I will be calm;
And not disparage with indecent Sorrow
My great Misfortunes——But proceed, my Friend,
And tell the Circumstances of my Fate.

Kisf. I have not leisure now; I must be gone
With speed to execute the Sultan's Orders;
But as we go I will inform you all.

Pyr. Yet ere thou stir, I will prevail with thee
To grant me one Request.

Kisf. What's that, my Lord?

Pyr. To let me see her, ere I leave the World.

Kisf. Ah! Sir, why would you urge your Fate and
mine?

Pyr. Not for the World, no not for the Enjoyment
Of her I love, would I the least endanger
The Safety of my Friend.
Of thee I only beg to be directed
To her Apartment; I alone will dare
The Anger of the Sultan.

Kisf. I have thought on't,
And you shall go.

Pyr. Now Blessings on thy Head.

Kisf. But you must condescend to be disguis'd,
Put on a Negro's gloomy Face, and take
An Eunuch's Dress.

Pyr. O any thing, my Friend——
I've heard the Pow'rs themselves of old, for Love
Far less than mine, have left their Starry Thrones,
And hid their dazzling Forms in Brutal Shapes;
Let's charming were the Beauties which they fought,
And more their Condescension.

Kisf. Mahomet
Will not renew his Visit 'till to-morrow;
Wherefore to day you may with little Hazard
In that Disguise be brought to her Apartment.

Pyr. For me there is no Danger of Discovery;
Since nought remains but Death, and sure Despair.

Kisf. No, I have yet some faint Remains of Hope;
Perhaps I may inflame with Jealousy
The Sultaness's proud imperious Spirit

To such a Height, that her unbounded Rage
 E'en now may furnish her with means to part them.
 [Exit.

Solyman from his Covert.

'Tis well——My Love is in a hopeful way——
 The Sultan burns and languishes like me;
 And tho' he wants her Love, he has her Person,
 And may complete his Wishes when he pleases.
 The Visier, tho' he wants her Person, yet
 Enjoys her Love; only th' abandon'd *Solyman*,
 Curst with ill Stars, born in a luckless Minute,
 Has nothing of the Lover, but the Torment.
 And yet to make me more contemptible,
 I am become the Sport of a curst Slave;
 Abus'd and cheated by that hellish Eunuch.
 Confusion! I want Patience to endure
 A Thought of this——Must I be made their Engine?
 Their Under-Tool, to truckle to my Rival?
 O! I shall burst with Fury, if my Friends,
 Whom I appointed to attend me here,
 Come not to my Relief——I must go seek them,
 To vent my Rage, and ease my burden'd Soul.

Enter Haly and Cuproli.

O you are come in time to my Assistance,
 To help me——

Cupr. What?

Sol. Curse.

Hal. Curse whom?

Sol. The Sultan, Visier, Kisser, all the World.

Cupr. The Provocation?

Sol. I want Breath to tell you;

Unless you'll help me to discharge my Fury,
 By thundering Death and Vengeance on their Heads:

Hal. Then you have lost your Mistress?

Sol. Past Recov'ry.

Cupr. What, is she dead?

Sol. She is to me.

Cupr. The Sultan has possess'd her?

Sol. No; but he is resolv'd.

Cupr.

Cupr. And you stand here,
And bravely bid us curse him——Is't not so?

Sol. Ha!

Cupr. My Lord, I wear a Sword to do you Service;
But for that Female Valour, Noise and Railing——
Your Pardon, Sir,——'Tis not a Soldier's Talent.

Hal. Is it a Time to curse, in this nice Juncture,
When niggard Fate allows you not a Day
To manage an Affair of such Importance?
You must, before to-morrow's Dawn, depose
Your Brother, or for ever lose your Mistress.

Sol. What I have heard and seen has wrought more
with me

Than all you urge——Yes, I am now resolv'd
T' ascend the Throne; and you can witness for me,
That I was tender of my Brother's Fate;
And drove it to the last Extremity,
Before I would consent to act this Violence.
But now his Doom is fix'd; propose the Means.

Cupr. The Visier's Ruin smoothes the way to his,
You must begin with him.

Hal. At your Desire
The threat'ning Army will surround the Palace,
And with one gen'ral Voice demand his Head.

Sol. No——I've more artfully contriv'd his Death——
He is the Army's Idol, and besides
Such violent Proceedings may be dang'rous;
But I will order Matters with such Conduct,
That *Mahomet* shall of his own accord
Pronounce his Fav'rite's Doom, and by his Ruin
Be instrumental to his own Destruction.

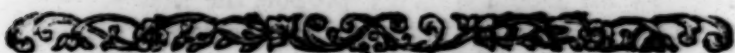
Cupr. That were indeed a Masterly Contrivance.

Sol. The Visier, aided by that other Fiend,
The *Kiisler Aga*, has with him agreed
To visit his lov'd *Abra* in Disguise:
And apprehends no Danger of Discovery,
Because the Sultan, 'till to-morrow Morning,
Resolves t' absent himself from her Apartment.
Now I will plant my Spies t' observe their Motions,
And give me notice when they are secure:
And then you know there are a thousand ways

To give the Sultan secret Intimation
Of this Design : He, fir'd with jealous Rage,
Will fly to her Apartment, and surprize them
Perhaps in their Embraces—Then what follows
Your selves may guess

Capr. This cannot fail ; let's instantly about it.

Sol. Yes, I'll dispatch—And ere the Sun has finish'd
One Revolution more, he shall behold
A greater in this Empire——Beauteous *Abra* !
Sure never were there Charms like thine, on which
The Fate of this great Monarchy depends.
Let dull Astrologers foretel the Doom
Of Kingdoms from the Stars, and with their Schemes
And Calculations cheat the giddy Crowd :
More ruling is the Aspect of thy Beauty,
Than That of those bright Orbs—To States and Empires
More fatal Influence flathes from thy Eyes,
Than all those glitt'ring Balls that light the Skies. [*Exeunt.*]



SCENE changes to a magnificent Apartment.

Abra and Zaida. Imperial Robes lying on the Table.

SURE, my dear *Zaida*, such ill Planets rul'd
My Birth, that 'tis above the Pow'r of Fortune
To make me happy.—

Why was I singled out from all my Sex
To be this gawdy Wretch ? to be advanc'd
To this great Empire ? when so many Millions
Would be transported with those envy'd Honours
Which she has heedlessly mis-plac'd on me.
For all this Grandeur serves but to refine
My Woes, and dignify my great Misfortunes :
These sparkling Gems, and Chains of Orient Pearl,
This glitt'ring Gold, and these gay costly Robes
Serve only to enrich and gild my Mis'ries,
And make me wretched with more Pomp and Splendor.

Zaid. Be comforted, dear Madam : Time perhaps
Will reconcile you to Imperial Greatness,
And make these heavy Robes of State sit easy.

Enter

Enter the Killer Aga, and Pyrrhus in Disguise.

But see the *Killer* comes, your kind Assister ;
Perhaps he brings you Comfort from your Lord——
Ah ! no——He comes attended with a Slave ;
I fear some fatal Message from the Sultan.

[The Killer comes forward.]

Abr. Ah ! Sir, what Tidings now ? Tell me what Hope ?
How is my Lord ?

Pyr. *[Embracing her]* Beyond Expression blest'd,
While thus he clasps the most elab'rate Pattern
Of Human Excellence——Thou all Perfection——
My Life——My Soul——

Abr. O !——

[Swoons.]

Zaid. She faints——

Pyr. Stand off, my Love will prove the best Physician ;
The Warmth of glowing Kisses shall infuse
Fresh Spirits, and renew the sprightly Motion
Of her unactive Pulses——Speak, my Love.
'Tis I, thy *Pyrrhus*——Sure my Voice will raise thee :
Wake from thy Trance, lift up thy heavy Lids,
And bless me with the Lustre of thy Eyes.

Abr. 'Tis he himself, my Dear, my only Lord——
And now the Conflict of tumultuous Passions,
Which quite o'erpower'd my Soul, and bore me from my
self,

Is sunk into a Calm——Doubt, Hope, and Fear
Are vanish'd, and have wholly left my Breast
To fierce transporting Joy——Too well I know
The Lines of that ador'd Majestick Face,
To be deceiv'd ; nor can the Power of Art
Disguise thee from my Love——

Pyr. Thou kindest, faithfulest of all thy Sex ;
I almost fear'd that this vile servile Dress,
And th' artificial *Negro* in my Face
Would hide mee'en from Thee : and make thee loath me,
Fly my Embraces, and disown my Arms.
And 'tis indeed prepost'rous, while I join
This grim Complexion with that charming Face ;
Throw my black Arms about thy snowy Neck,
And sully thus its Whiteness——O my Love,

Suits this base Habit with those Royal Robes ;
Or a great Empress with an abject Slave ?

Abr. Yet are our Souls well pair'd, and fit each other ;
No matter for the Outside ; and believe me
Thou charm'st me more, my Love, in this Disguise,
Than once thou didst when deck'd in shining Armour,
And all the Dreadful Gaiety of War,
Thou cam'st to pour thy Thunder on my Foes,
And rescue me from those curs'd Ravishers.
Tho' then, when I beheld thy wond'rous Port,
Gen'rous Compassion mix'd with awful Majesty ;
I in a Moment gaz'd my Soul away,
And languish'd, sigh'd, and dy'd upon the Object.

Pyr. What was my Transport then ? when first I saw thee
Trembling, and in Confusion ; pale and red'ning
By turns ; when all thy Charms were in a hurry ;
And the retreating, and returning Blood
Surpriz'd me with Vicissitude of Beauty.
How did my Heart——But 'tis unutterable ;
No Words of Rapture can express my Passion,
Nor how I since have lov'd. And yet 'tis pleasant
'To think and recollect our past Delights.
I may look backward then, forward I dare not ;——
For 'tis a gloomy Prospect ; and my Soul
Starts at the Horror ——

Abr. O——h.

Pyr. Why do you sigh ?

Abr. Can you ask ?

Pyr. 'Tis true indeed our Woes have made that Question
Impertinent——well——you may weep your fill——
I'll not deny you your sad Share of Grief ;
It is your due, and 'twould be great Injustice
To bar you of your Right.——But speak, my Love,
Didst thou not say I rescu'd thee ?

Abr. You did.

Pyr. I rescu'd thee indeed——But oh !——for whom ?
I have but won thee from less pow'rful Foes,
To yield thee to a greater ; and from him
How shall I rescue thee ? ——

Abr. Some kind Pow'r instruct you.

Pyr. No ; they have still been deaf to all my Pray'rs :
Croak'd

Cross'd my Designs, and frown'd upon my Love,
I am as weak, and helpless as thy self;
And all that I can do is now to mingle
My Tears with thine, to sob upon thy Breast;
And vent my Sorrows in unmanly Wailing.

Abr. Since then 'tis doom'd that we must part for ever—

Pyr. Ha! Part for ever! Let me think on that!—
Eternal Separation!—Racking Thought!
'Tis not to be endur'd— Can I bear this?
To lose thee now, when I so long pursu'd thee
Through the wild Mazes of uncertain Chance?
When by long Custom, and an Age of Love
Thou'rt rooted and ingrafted in my Heart?
Or can I think with Patience that another
Rifles thy Charms, and— No, I will not bear it;
But fly this very Moment to thy Rescue;
Tear off this slavish, this disgraceful Flabit,
And put on Armour; lead my conqu'ring Troops
Against my Master; and by force of Arms
Compel the lawless Tyrant to resign thee.

Kiss. My Lord, you rave; your fierce, unbridled Passion
Transports you into Frenzy; else you would not
Talk with such Heat of Things impossible.

Pyr. Ah! cruel Friend, why wouldst thou stop my
Madness

With ill-tim'd Reason? While my Rage was hot,
I was insensible of my Misfortunes;
But now I'm cool, my fest'ring Sorrows smart,
And I'm relaps'd into a Coward— Oh
Bear me, my Love, support me on thy Bosom;
Or I shall sink beneath my pond'rous Woes,
And at thy Feet expire. ———

Abr. Alas! my Lord, if your great Martial Spirit
Be quite unmann'd, and melted into Softness;
How shall a poor weak Woman's tender Soul
Bear up beneath the pressing Weight of Sorrow?
Your Torments all are trebled in my Breast;
And I have far more need of you to prop
My sinking Body— Oh!— My boding Heart
Tells me, my Lord, these are our last Embraces,
And we shall never, never meet again.

Pyr.

Pyr. Then— to prevent it— We will never part—
This is my fix'd and final Resolution.

Abr. What means my Love?

Pyr. Mean? — Canst thou ask the Question? —
Thou wouldst not have me leave thee. —

Abr. Not leave me?

Pyr. No.

Abr. You shall, you must.

Pyr. Is't possible?

Do I hear this from thee?

Abr. Alas! — He raves —

Recal your Thoughts, my Lord; think where you are:
You die, if you're discover'd,

Pyr. Death is certain,

Whether I stay, or no — For canst thou think
I will survive that Hour (Oh! hold my Brain! —)

Which yields thy Beauties to the Sultan's Bed?

Oh! never — Death then either way is certain!

But by the desperate Choice which now I make,

The few remaining Minutes of my Life

Shall all be spent in gazing on thy Charms,

In Kisses and Embraces, — Till to Morrow

The Sultan will be absent; This (tho' short)

Is better than an Age of vulgar Life.

Thus shall I manage to the best Advantage

Each precious Moment — E'en in Death's last Pangs

My closing Eyes shall view thee; and my Ears

Drink in the Musick of thy charming Accents:

Thy dear, lov'd Name shall cool upon my Lips

The last, or die unfinish'd on my Tongue.

Abr. Nay, then indeed I am completely wretched;

Since I am forc'd to beg in vain for that,

Which, if obtain'd, is worse than Death — O fly,

Fly, my dear Lord — Since your own Life is valu'd

At nothing by you, let my Danger wake you;

Think how you can endure to see me die.

Pyr. I know the Sultan's Love will save thy Life;

He'd sooner stab himself than thee — Too well

I know thy Pow'r, to apprehend that Danger.

Abr. What shall I do to save him? — Yet in pity

To me, consider what I must endure,

To see thee in thy last convulsive Agonies ;
Strangled by impious Hands before my Face,
Gasping for Life, and sobbing out thy Soul —
Oh ! Horror ! — Dismal Image ! — Speak you, Sir —
[To the Killer.

Persuade him from this Frenzy — Sure you will,
Unless, like him, you too have lost your Senses :
Quite doz'd and stupify'd with our Misfortunes.

Kisf. My Lord, you must comply ; and let our Pray'rs
Divert you from this desp'rate Resolution :
For tho' that Fair One may be safe, your self
And Friend must both inevitably perish.

Pyr. My Friend ? — Oh ! whither have my Thoughts
been wand'ring,
That I should be regardless of thy Safety ?
That Thought indeed has broke my firm Resolves —
And now I go — It cannot, will not be —
My Soul is quite unable to command
My Body, or my Body to obey —
Go ? Leave such Excellence ? — No ; rather banish
All Reason, common Sense, and be a Villain :
Be any thing, do, suffer any thing,
Rather than part — Again at this Distraction ? —
What ? Be a Villain ? — Insupportable —
O pardon me, my Friend — And lest I should
Relapse again, sound Villain in my Ears —
Yes — I am conquer'd now — I'd sooner suffer
Death, Fire, Racks, Wheels, Impalements, e'en the
Pangs
Of losing her ; nay, after that, of Life,
Than wrong my Friend — And lest impetuous Passion
Again should blind my Reason, I will go
This Minute — Yet — once more — one last Embrace —
And then — farewell — for ever —

[Just as he is going off,

Enter Mahomet attended.

Mab. Ha ! so familiar ! clasp'd in their Embraces !
Just as I was inform'd — But is it possible ?
Is this my choicest Fav'rite ? — Art thou *Pyrrhus* ?

Pyr. Sultan, I am.

Mab.

Mab. Prodigious Insolence !——
 Presum'st thou then to brave me to my Face,
 And thus avow thy black Ingratitude ?
 Dost thou not blush ?——But thou dost well to skreen
 Thy Impudence with *Ethiopian* Night ;
 That black Complexion suits thy guilty Mind,
 And th' ignominious Habit of a Slave
 Becomes thee well——A Gen'ral's warlike Drefs
 Disguis'd thee most——This is thy proper Garb,
 And well befits thy base, degen'rate Soul.

Pyr. I tell thee, Sultan, this unkingly Railing
 Reflects more Scandal on thy self, than me.
 How canst thou brand me with that hateful Vice
 Which I disdain to name ? Me, who have prop'd
 Thy sinking Throne, and crown'd thy Arms with Con-
 quest.

E'en by this Act, for which thou now upbraid'st me,
 I wrong thee not : for know, the beauteous *Abra*
 Has long been mine, before she saw thy Court :
 And if thou force her from me, I retort
 That nauseous Word, and tell thee, Thour't ungrateful.

Mab. Thine, Villain, thine ? That lovely Creature
 thine ?

By what——But I'll not parly with my Slave ;
 Away to Death with that audacious Traitor,
 Whose unexampled Boldness so amaz'd me,
 That I'd almost forgot I was a Monarch.
 Quick, instantly, dispatch——I will not hear him.

Abr. O spare him, save him, spare your Hero's Life ;
 His Love——

Mab. Dar'st thou, Ungrateful, intercede ?
 Did not thy Charms protect thee, thou should'st bleed.
 But tho' thy Beauty fires me, yet I hate thee :
 And know, 'tis more Love of my self than thee,
 That saves thee from my Fury.

Abr. Barb'rous Tyrant——
 O pardon, Sir, that heedless rash Expression——
 You are all that's Good, Majestick, Great and Noble ;
 I will embrace and kiss your Royal Feet,
 Do any thing to save his precious Life.

Mab. Fool that thou art, by this fond Intercession

To wing his Fate—Why, for thy Sake he dies :
Nor canst thou study more effectually
To plead against him, than by pleading for him.

Abr. Will nothing mollify that stinty Heart ?
Unless you instantly reverse his Sentence ;
No Promises nor Threats, no Racks nor Crowns
Shall urge me to comply with your Desires.
But if ———

Mab. Speak on, for I can listen now.

Pyr. I charge thee hold ; I bar that fatal Compact—
Think'st thou to save my Life by this Compliance ?
No, no, my Love—The Thought of that will end me
Sooner than his Commands ; then thou wilt be
My Murd'refs, and my dying Breath shall curse thee.

Mab. Confusion!—How he trifles with my Fury !
Away, ye Villains, bear him to his Death ;
And let that hellish Slave, his base Accomplice,
[Points to the Kissler.

The Abetter of his Treasons, share his Fate.
Off, Traitors! ———

Abr. Yes, I'll leave thee, Tyrant, Monster ;

[Rising, drops a Letter.

Shun thy loath'd Sight, and fly from the most hated
To the most lov'd of Men—O my dear Lord !
Thus will I grow for ever to thy Breast,
And die with thee ; his Rage shall never part us.

Mab. Give me a Dagger— I'll defer no longer
My just Revenge—No, Serpents, I'll not part you ;
But join you closer, nail you to each other——

[Just going to stab 'em, spies the Letter.

Ha ! stay a Moment—— This may discover more.

'Tis that detested Villain's Character——

Curse on your Kindness—— Ha ! Another Rival

Another Rival mention'd in this Letter——

Where will my Tortures end ? But yet 'twas lucky

I stabb'd 'em not, before I spy'd this Paper ;

Then had this unknown Traitor 'scap'd my Vengeance.

Abr. So he shall still for me ; I'll ne'er discover him.

Mab. Why, dost thou love him too ?

Abr. No—— He's of all Mankind, except thy self,
The utmost Object of my Scorn and Hate ;

But

But I will shelter him from thy Revenge,
To make him instrumental to my own.

Mab. I understand thee not, thou talk'st in Riddles—
Whate'er thou mean'st, I scorn thy foolish Threats.
But I shall yet unfold this Mystery ;
Since she persists so obstinate, speak Thou ; [To Pyr.
Thou wilt not sure protect thy hated Rival.

Pyr. Yes ; since I can no more be injur'd by him,
I'll shield him from thy Fury——My great Soul
Disdains to stoop to such a mean Revenge.
Nor will I stain my Honour at my Death,
By such a base and cowardly Impeachment.

Mab. So resolute ? Yet we shall find a way——
Let him be rack'd, 'till he reveal this Secret.

Pyr. The Rack ? How I despise thy feeble Menaces !
I thought thou hadst known me better, than to think
That Torments can unhinge my Resolution.

Abr. O Cruelty ! — I cannot bear that Thought —
Your other Rival is——

Pyr. O hold——
Thou may'st too late perhaps repent this Rashness——
Besides, I know and see it in his Eyes,
His Rage is now so high, that this Discov'ry
From thee, or any other but my self,
Will not prevent the Torments he has threaten'd.

Mab. Thou counsell'st well ; I take thee at thy Word ;
Nothing shall do it, but thy own Confession,
Which spite of thee, Racks shall at last extort.

Abr. He has no Sense of manly Bravery,
But thinks all Souls as little as his own.

Mab. I thank thee——Thou dost well to rail away
My foolish Fit of Love which curb'd my Vengeance ;
And let my Fury loose to blast you both.
Again at their Embraces ? — O Distraction !
Guards, seize 'em both, and drag 'em both to Death——
Come back, ye Slaves ; he dies that touches her ;
Where is thy Fury now ?

Abr. Why think'st thou, Tyrant,
To gain my Favour by thy foolish Mercy ?
My Death had pleas'd me more.

Mab. I know it, Sorc'ers ;

Therefore

Therefore thou shalt not die ——— No, I've resolv'd
At once to satiate my Revenge, and Love.
Tear 'em asunder, and then bear her hence.

Abr. Farewel, my Love; when thy great Soul has
Thy tortur'd Body, stay a Moment for me;
Hover a while in this inferiour Region;
I shall o'ertake thee soon — Then we'll defy
This Haughty Tyrant's Rage, and mount together. [*Exit.*

Mab. Guards, execute your Orders on those Slaves —

Pyr. Without Reluctance I embrace my Doom;
But should indeed deserve the odious Brand
Of foul Ingratitude, should I conceal
Your Danger; for you're still my Royal Master,
Tho' Love has made this fatal Breach between us;
And thus submissive I implore your Pardon [*Kneels.*
For all the indecent Words my Rage has utter'd.
Be careful of your Safety ——— I suspect
Some form'd Design against your Government;
And still (e'en since I've known you for my Rival)
Have labour'd to prevent it. Think not this
A base Submission, to prolong my Life;
I would not now accept of such a Favour.

Mab. 'Tis false — But think not thou shalt thus disarm
My Vengeance — Guards, do as you first were order'd;
Let him as I commanded, bear the Rack;
He well deserves it, if for nothing else,
Yet for his saucy Love ——— His Crime's the same
With his who rivall'd the great Thunderer:
Therefore it is but just his Punishment
Should be the same which that rash Fool endur'd.
O were it in my Pow'r to make his Pains
As lasting too; like that, this bold *Ixion*
Should suffer in a Circle of fresh Woe;
A Round of still returning Torment feel,
And groan out Ages on the racking Wheel. [*Exit.*

Pyr. See her no more! O harsh Decree of Fate!
And then to think what will become of her,
Left to a Tyrant's Rage — That's double Torture. —

Offic. My Lord, we must obey the Sultan's Order,
By leading you to Death.

Pyr. Ha! well remember'd!

My

My Soul was so entirely taken up
 With Thought of her, that lost in Contemplation,
 I swear I had forgot I was to die——
 Nor is it strange——I've more than dy'd already,
 Have born a far more cruel Separation
 Than that of Soul and Body——O my Torment!——
 O haste, and bear me to the Rack for ease.

Offic. Your Mightiness must share a milder Fate.

[To the Kisser.

Pyr. My Friend to die?——Then once more I'm a
 Coward——

This Weight of Woe falls heavier on my Soul,
 Than all I yet have suffer'd——O my Friend,
 Am I the curst Occasion of thy Death?
 Have I betray'd thy Innocence to Ruin?
 The Tortures of a thousand Wheels and Engines
 Are downy Beds of Ease, and soft Repose,
 To that Soul-racking Thought.

Kiss. My Lord, you wrong me,
 While you with such Concern resent my Death.
 Your Sorrow calls me Coward——but unjustly——
 I have a Soul that scorns the fear of dying.

Pyr. O wond'rous Courage!
 But still I'm curst the more, by being the Ruin
 Of so much Worth——I could, without Regret,
 In my own Person die a thousand Deaths;
 But thus to die in thee is insupportable.

Offic. My Lords, we must dispatch; for all those *Bassus*,
 Whose Heads the raging Multitude demanded,
 Must suffer with you.

Pyr. Ha! not bear the Rack?

Offic. No, my Lord.

Pyr. No, 'tis not just they should——I am their Gen'ral,
 And by superior Eminence demand
 A larger share of Fate——Nor is it fit
 They should aspire to rival me in Death.
 Come on——I'll strip off this vile, less'ning Habit,
 And deck my self with all the Pomp of War:
 Then, as it is my Duty, head my Soldiers
 To this our last, but far more glorious Conflict.
 Methinks I'm more at ease, now Death approaches;

Secure

Secure of any future Separation
From her I love——
We soon shall meet, never to part again——
In that my Hopes are center'd ; and by that
Imagination wound so high, that now
My Soul, intent on Paradise and Her,
E'en on the Rack its Firmness shall maintain ;
And wrapt in Thought, and negligent of Pain. [*Exeunt.*]



ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Solyman and Haly.

SOLYMAN.

CHOSE to be tortur'd, rather than discover
His mortal Foe ? What Frenzy has possess'd
thee ?

Hal. My Lord, I cannot wonder
That such amazing Generosity
Exceeds Belief ; but that you are conceal'd
From *Mabomet* by the Visier, is as true
As that I have your Promise to succeed him.

Sol. O matchless Instance of Heroick Virtue !
But if the Greatness of his Soul be tinctur'd
With the least Mixture of Humanity,
I shall be yet accus'd——He's more than Hero.
If having felt the Torments of the Rack,
He still persist t' endure those ling'ring Pains
To Death it self ; and all to save the Life
Of his most cruel and inveterate Foe ;
'Tis not to be conceiv'd : he must betray me,
And Ruin yet attends me.

Hal. To prevent it,
You must with all imaginable Speed
Disarm your Brother of the Pow'r to hurt you ;
And with your best Address and Resolution

Push

Push on your great Design, and ripen Fate.
 This very Moment the *Diwan* is sitting
 In secret Consultation, to dethrone
 The Sultan ; and in less than half an Hour
 The black deposing *Fetfa* will be fig'd.

Enter Cuproli.

But *Cuproli* appears ; his Haste and Looks
 Speak it already done.

Cupr. Hail, mighty *Solyman* !
 Great Monarch, hail,—I come with full Commission
 To greet thee by that Title——Kneel, my Friend.

[*Both kneel.*]

Thus we salute you Emperor, and thus
 Present the Homage of the whole *Diwan*.

Sol. Rise, worthy Friends ; and, with my Charming
 Empress,

Still share my Heart.—But say, how fares the Visier ?
 Ere this he has accus'd me——Is't not so ?

Cupr. O fear not him—No Human Force can shake him.
 When he has once resolv'd.——

Sol. Not all the lying Legends of Antiquity
 Can shew a Hero that e'er suffer'd more
 For his dear Country, or his dearer Friend,
 Than he has for his greatest Enemy.
 To him I owe my Life, my Love, and Empire ;
 To him, whose Life and Honour I betray'd.
 This unexampled Brav'ry so affects me,
 That I could weep for his untimely Fall ;
 And curse my self, the Author of his Ruin.
 But is he dead ?

Cupr. 'Tis sure he cannot live ;
 But whether he has yet expir'd, I know not.

Sol. If there remain a Possibility
 Of saving him, I'll instantly give Orders
 To have his Life preserv'd, and all Means us'd
 To heal his Wounds ; and with 'twere in my Power
 To make such Worth Immortal—— [Exit *Solyman*.]

Cupr. Your Commands
 Will come too late ; spite of your Care he dies :
 And by his Fall I rise to all those Honours

To

To which my restless Soul has long aspir'd.
At length, my Friend, I've reach'd the glorious Goal ;
And now methinks the Charms of Greatness seem
More beautiful than ever : The bright Object,
Drawn nearer to me, ravishes my Sight,
And I'm transported with Excess of Pleasure.

Hal. Suspend your Raptures 'till you've gain'd the Prize.

Cupr. O! I'm secure ; as fully satisfied
As if I had receiv'd the great Commission.

Hal. Then you are sure t' obtain the Grant of it
From *Solyman* ?

Cupr. Most certain.

Hal. Has he promis'd ?

Cupr. No, but you know we two divide his Heart,
He can deny us nothing.

Hal. Perhaps he can.

Cupr. Why ?

Hal. Because it is not in his Pow'r to give
The same Degree of Honour to us both.

Cupr. But he has store of Honours to dispose of.

Hal. But none of equal Value.

Cupr. Ha ! What mean'st thou ?

Hal. Only to let you see that 'tis yet possible
You may be disappointed.

Cupr. Why ? Your Reason ?

Hal. Because the new-made Sultan, to my Knowledge,
Has giv'n his Royal Promise to another.

Cupr. Thou hast not plaid me false ?

Hal. No, I'm not false to you ; I've only been
True to my self——that's all.

Cupr. Thou hast not gain'd
The Visier's Office, sure ?

Hal. I have.

Cupr. Amazement !
Art thou a Friend ?

Hal. A true one to my self.

Cupr. Infamous Villain !——But thou triflest with me.
No Man, I'm certain, has a greater Share
Of *Solyman's* Affections than my self.

Hal. I grant it——Not a greater, but as great :
We too are equal Sharers of his Heart ;

And

And I, by speaking first, have gain'd my Point.
Tho' that be but a small Advantage o'er thee,
Yet when both Sides are at an even Poise
A Grain will turn the Balance.

Cupr. Treach'rous Miscreant !
False undermining Traitor !——Hast thou then
Deceiv'd my honest, unsuspecting Heart ?
Why didst thou not discover thy Pretensions
Before ?

Hal. Because I then had lost my Aim.
Such a Discov'ry had dissolv'd the Tie
Of our Cabal, and made a Breach between us.
But now by soothing thee with flatt'ring Hopes,
And seeming well-contented with that Honour
Which you allotted for me, I improv'd
All your Endeavours to my own Advantage ;
And gain'd that Dignity by your Assistance,
Which you expected to have gain'd by mine.

Cupr. Hast thou the Front to glory in thy Falshood ?
The worst of Falshood, to supplant thy Friend.

Hal. My Friend ?——Why, Fool, should such notorious
Villains

As thou and I usurp that sacred Title ?
Friendship is still accompany'd with Virtue,
And always lodg'd in great and gen'rous Minds :
But 'tis a Stranger to such Breasts as ours.
'True, we can join in Factions and Cabals,
And form Conspiracies ; but still the Bond,
Which holds our mercenary Souls together,
Is our own Int'rest——How couldst thou expect
Friendship in me ? when thou long since hast known
That I'm as very a Villain as thy self.

Cupr. Thou need'st not by provoking Words inflame
My Fury higher ; that's superfluous Folly :
Th' unsufferable Injury thou hast done me
Calls loudly for Revenge—I'll pay it home ; [*Draws.*
Once more I'll make the Visier's Office vacant,
And through thy Heart——

Hal. Be not too confident ;
You'll find that *Sahman* has not confer'd
That Office on a Person who wants Power

Or Courage to defend it.

Cupr. Thou hast conquer'd —
I have my Death.

Hal. Both conquer'd, and both Conquerors.
Thou hast return'd the fatal Wound I gave thee ;
And loaded with the Weight of all my Crimes,
I sink with thee, never to rise again.

Cupr. How dismal does approaching Death appear
To Souls oppress'd with Guilt ? Ere this I fear
The Visier's dead —

And no Forgiveness can be hop'd from him.
Yet 't would abate the Hell within my Breast,
To have my Pardon seal'd by that brave Man,
And that fair Innocence, whom we have wrong'd.
But see — She comes — Let us, with our last Breath,
Confess our Villanies, and die before her,
Mourning our Crimes, and gasping for her Pardon.

Enter Abra with Guards, and Zaida.

Abr. Death's busy ev'ry where — Thro' all the Court
I meet with nought but Hurry and Confusion —
This way I heard the Noise of clashing Swords ;
And now my Fancy is so full of Death,
That all its Horrors are familiar to me.
Perhaps my Lord has taken his Advantage
Of this Disorder ; and some lucky Accident
Giv'n him an Opportunity t' escape
By Force of Arms — Ha ! What dire Object's this —
What are you ? — Speak — If you have Breath to tell me.

Cupr. O Empress ! — O thou injur'd Innocence,
In us behold the Authors of your Woes
Dying, and with their latest Breath confessing
Their unexampled Villanies. —

Abr. What mean you ?

Hal. By our Contrivance you were first discover'd
To *Mahomet* ; and from that fatal Source
Flow'd all your Mis'ries.

Cupr. By our Instigation —
The am'rous *Solyman* depos'd his Brother,
And brought the gallant Visier to his End.

Abr. Then he is dead — O execrable Villains ! —

Cupr.

Cupr. All that we now petition is your Pardon —
Slight not our Groans, and penitential Tears.

Abr. If my Forgiveness will allay your Pains,
You have it — For my Vengeance reaches not
Beyond the Grave. —

Hal. The joys above —

[Dies.

Cupr. For ever crown you.

[Dies.

Abr. Remove 'em from my Sight * — These faithful
Soldiers, [* *The Guards carry the Bodies off.*
Whom Love and Rev'rence for their murder'd Gen'ral
Have thus inspir'd to serve me for his Sake,
And free me from Confinement, contrary
To *Mahomet's* Command, who strictly charg'd them
To guard me safe on Forfeit of their Lives ;
These very faithful Soldiers may perhaps
Be further instrumental to the Justice
Which I have vow'd — For can I think with Patience,
Can I reflect upon the barb'rous Usage,
The cruel Torments which have been inflicted
Upon the best of Men ? Can I reflect
Upon his cracking Joints, and broken Limbs ;
And all that sad Variety of Pains,
Which he distended on the cursed Engine,
O'er all his mangled Body groaning felt ? —
O ! can I think on this, and be content
With Tears and vain Complaining ? — Those indeed
Serve to relax less Miseries — But now
Nothing but just Revenge can ease my Soul.

Enter Solyman with Janinaries.

Sol. Forgive me, Madam, that I again presume,
Unsent for, to intrude into your Presence —
Trembling and doubtful I with Dread approach you ;
Fearing your Frowns, yet hoping that the Zeal
Which I have shewn to serve you, will at least
Procure my Pardon — Furious *Mahomet*,
Who threaten'd you with Rape, and horrid Torture,
Is for your Sake thrown from the Regal Seat ;
I've rescu'd you from his Tyrannick Cruelty,
And now am come with humblest Adoration,
To lay a kinder Monarch at your Feet.

Abr.

Abr. Fate has in part prevented my Revenge;
 But I must further it ——— [Aside]
 My Lord, I freely own your gen'rous Love
 Merits the best Return that I can make;
 Nor would I prove ungrateful — True, I own
 I lov'd the Visier with Excess of Passion:
 But since a cruel Tyrant's lawless Doom
 Has snatch'd him from my Arms; why should I waste
 My youthful Bloom, and pine myself away
 In fruitless Grief? Why rather should I not
 Receive a gen'rous Prince to my Embraces,
 Whose Kingly Qualities so well deserve
 More Charms than I can give!

Sol. O Ecstasy of Joy! — Transporting Sounds!

Abr. But yet, my Lord, I cannot disengage
 Myself from that dear Man; 'till I have seen
 His Death reveng'd, and ample Justice done
 On all his Foes; that Debt I must discharge,
 Before I can transfer my Love to you.

Sol. Why I've already taken ample Vengeance
 On *Mahomet* — Is not the Loss of Empire
 Sufficient Punishment?

Enter Marama.

Mar. O fly, my Lord,
 Or stand upon your Guard — Fierce *Mahomet*,
 Inform'd of what has pass'd in the *Divan*,
 By the loud Triumphs of the shouting Soldiers;
 Who ev'ry where resound your Name to Heav'n;
 With Fury in his Eyes is posting hither
 With a strong Guard to seize the beauteous Empress.
 But when he finds you here, you must expect
 A sharp Encounter — His Despair and Rage
 Will prompt him to prodigious Acts of Valour.

Sol. I dread him not; the Courage of my Soldiers
 Forbids my Fear.

Omnes. We'll die for *Solyman*.

Enter Mahomet with Janizaries.

Mab. Astonishment! Am I again prevented?
 Can I not from the universal Wreck

Of all my Fortunes save one single Gem?
 Was't not enough—Ha! Villain, is it thou?
 Th' unnatural Usurper of my Throne?
 Art thou that hated Rival, whom 'till now
 The partial Fates have shelter'd from my Vengeance?
 But think not yet t' escape—Thou hast not here
 The Rebel Multitude to aid thy Treason;
 But with these few of my yet Loyal Subjects,
 I'll on this Spot chastise thy Insolence.
 Behold me, Traitor, see this injur'd Face,
 And tremble at my Justice.

Sol. Sure thou think'st.

Vain, desperate Prince, t' unking me with thy Threats,
 And puff me from my Throne with blust'ring Words:
 But thou wilt find I am too firmly seated——
 And you, who dare oppose your lawful Sov'reign,
 By publick Voice elected, and acknowledg'd
 By all the Army and the whole *Diwan*;
 Urge not your Fates, by clinging round the Ruins
 Of that abandon'd Monarch; but in time
 Forsake him, and implore the Royal Mercy,
 Or I will use you as the worst of Traitors.

Mab. Refign that single Beauty to my Arms,
 And thou shalt undisturb'd enjoy the Empire.

Sol. Refign her?—No—I sooner would forego
 My Crown—For know, 'twas Love, and not Ambition,
 That rais'd me to Imperial Dignity;
 And had I never rival'd thee in Love,
 I never had in Empire.

Mab. Then no more
 Of Parly——Come, fall on, my Loyal Soldiers,
 And if we conquer, you shall share the World.

[*Prepare to fight; Mahomet's Janizaries revolt.*
 Deserted? left by all?——No——'Tis mine,
 My faithful Subject still——My Sword is yet
 No Traitor, but proves Loyal to the last.

[*Kills two of the Janizaries, and continues fighting.*

Sol. I charge you hurt him not—On your Allegiance
 Take him alive——So—Guard him safe to Prison——
 Away with him——[*Mah. is disarm'd and taken.*

Mab. Ay, lead me to my Prison:
 Kind Fate ere-long will give me my Release.

For thee, thou Traitor, did not Rage and Hate
 Inspire me more to curse, than pity thee ;
 I could bewail thee, rather than my self,
 For Oh ! thou art enter'd on a World of Mis'ry ;
 And soon with me wilt find, by dire Experience,
 No Government can e'er be safe, that's founded
 On Lust, on Murder, and Despotick Pow'r.
 'Tis not in lawless Strength to turn and manage
 This cumb'rous and unwieldy Bulk of Empire :
 Which, like the restless Sea, still works and tosss,
 Vex'd with continual Change and Revolution.
 How few of my unhappy Successors
 Will 'scape my Fate— E'en while we keep the Throne,
 We fear those Subjects Threats, on whom we frown ;
 Infringe their Liberty, and lose our own :
 And hourly prove, by arbitrary Sway,
 That he's the greatest Slave whom none but Slaves obey.

[Exit guarded.]

Sol. How am I hurry'd on, and plung'd in Guilt ! —
 Distracting Horror ! — But I'll think no more on't —
 Away, ye gloomy Thoughts, and leave my Soul
 To Bliss and Raptures inconceivable.
 O come, my Love ; delay my Joys no longer,
 Or I shall die with ardent Expectation.

Abr. No—my vow'd Vengeance is not yet compleated .
 One of the Visier's Foes remains unpunish'd.
 For well I know that thou, injurious Prince,
 Hast been the curst Contriver of his Death.
 And think not that thy boundless Power and Greatness
 Shall disappoint my Justice— By one Stroke
 From all thy Wrongs my Virtue thus I free,
 And kill my self, to be reveng'd on thee.

[Stabs her self ; *Sol.* wrenches the Dagger from her.]

Sol. Death and Despair ! is this the Consummation
 Of all my Hopes ? These my expected Raptures—
 O 'twas too truly aim'd—The cursed Steel
 Has made its way through the soft snowy Breast,
 And the warm Life-blood bubbles from the Wound.

Abr. No—You've prevented me—I've only raz'd
 The Surface of the Skin—But 'tis in vain !

Still Death is in my Pow'r, and shall yet free me
From Violence and Oppression.

Sol. Now by Honour,
By all that's just and good, you wrong my Virtue ;
I am no Ravisher, no *Mahomet* ;
Not your chaste Soul can start with more Abhorrence
At such inhuman Crimes——Some dreadful Curse,
If possible, more dreadful than your Hate,
Light on me, if I ever use my Pow'r
To seize by Force what you deny to Love.

Abr. And may that Curse be trebled on this Head,
If ever I comply with the Desires
Of any second Lord. And think not, Sir,
That I with base Ingratitude requite
The noble, gen'rous Promise you have made me ;
This Vow, which I repeat, has long been on me,
And, if I would, I cannot now be yours.

Enter Pyrrhus with an Officer.

Offic. Your Orders, Royal Sir, came not too late ;
The Visier lives ;——
And see he comes to thank you.

Pyr. Gratitude
Must yield to Love——My Soul !—— [Embracing.

Abr. My dearest Lord,
Is't possible, and can I think it true,
That you're again restor'd to my Embraces ?
'Tis so——he lives——

Pyr. O unexpected Blessing !

Sol. Villains, Traitors !
How gain'd he Entrance ?

Offic. By your own Command——

Sol. 'Tis false——Thou ly'st——True, I dispatch'd my
Orders

To save his Life, but not to bring him hither.

Offic. Forgive the Error of your Slave ; I knew not
His Presence would offend you.——

Sol. Offend me ? Can there be a greater Plague
Than Rival Love——*——Away, ye impious Ruffians,

[* Guards offer to part 'em.
Touch

Touch 'em not for your Lives ; you now obey
A virtuous Lover, not a lustful Tyrant.
Yet hear, ye fond ones ;——'Tis not, 'tis not prudent
To tempt me——These Embraces may be fatal——

[They separate.]

Pyr. My Lord, my Emperor——

Sol. Ere thou proceed,

Say by what Miracle thou hast recover'd
The Torments of the Rack : For thou appear'st
Unhurt, as if no Violence had been offer'd.

Offc. My Lord, none has been offer'd ; this great
Man

Has ever had the Soldiers Hearts, and that
Has now preserv'd him : For those Officers
Whom *Mabomet* intrusted with his Fate,
Hearing the joyful Multitude with Shouts
Resound your Name, and seeing all Things tend
To this great Revolution, gladly took
The Opportunity ; and for his sake
Deferr'd the Execution of their Orders :
Hoping this sudden Change of Government
Would prove a Means to save him. The Success
Has crown'd their Hopes. Just at that Happy Juncture
Your welcome Orders came to have him sav'd.

Abr. Is then his Safety owing to your Goodness ?

[To Solymán.]

And did you hold me in suspense so long,
Only to make your Bounty more surprizing ?
I understand it now——O, sacred Sir,
May Blessings ever crown your Princely Head.
I know you still design'd we should be happy
In mutual Love——Alas ! your Looks are chang'd
To Terror, and you sternly menace Death——
Ah ! do not, do not fright me, Sir, again :
I tremble at your Frowns——Still you are angry,
And some deep Thought is rolling in your Breast,
Fatal, I fear, to us.——Yet, O my Lord,
If we must die——

Sol. No ; you shall live and share
My Favours ; he my Friend, and you my Empress.

Pyr. To those who love like us, 'tis certain Death
To part ; and if you separate, you kill.
O do not, by this after-A&t of Cruelty,
Resume your gen'rous Grant ; but as you're virtuous
Complete the Justice which you have begun,
And yield her to my Arms.

Sol. Yet, yet beware, and urge me not too far——
'Tis dang'rous dallying with a Prince's Fury——
Forego her ? Quit her ? Yield her to my Rival ?
What ? have I suffer'd so much racking Pain,
Involv'd my self in so much Guilt and Horror,
And made my self so curst——to make Thee happy ?
Must I have no Reward for all my Toil ?
And thou enjoy——
Unheard of Insolence !

Abr. Then we are lost again, and must endure
The Torments of a second Separation.

Pyr. Why, 'tis the cruel Artifice of Fate
Thus to refine, and vary on our Woes ;
To raise us from Despair and give us Hopes,
Only to plunge us in the Gulf again,
And make us doubly wretched——Yet while Life
Remains, I cannot totally despair.
O Sir, if Passion has not quite unman'd you,
With Patience hear a Suit which all just Kings
Will grant, and none but Tyrants can deny.
And you, my Friends, if I have any here,
Kneel with me all ; that with united Pray'rs
We may o'erpow'r him, and his Resolution,
Oppress'd with Multitudes, be forc'd to yield. [*All kneel.*]

Sol. Treason, Conspiracy——Rise, Traitors, rise ;
He dies that kneels——'Tis Treason to Petition.
[*All rise.*]

What ? My *Marama* too ?——Art thou confed'rate
Against thy Sov'reign ! Am I thus abandon'd ?
Not one to own my Cause ?——Go, call my Friends
Hali and *Cuproli*, to my Assistance——
They will not sure desert me.——

Offc. Royal Sir,
'Till now we fear'd to tell you that your Friends

Are

Are by each other slain in single Combat
Contending for the Visier's Office.

Sol. Ha!

Say'st thou? What, slain? And by each others Hands?
More Horror still!——But let me pause a little——
My Friends were Villains——and this dreadful Instance
Of Justice strikes into my lab'ring Soul
Stinging Remorse; and, spite of all Endeavours
To drown its Cries, Reason will now be heard.

Pyr. See, he relents, his Resolution staggers——
Now, now my Love——

Abr. What is it, Sir, that troubles
Your Royal Breast?——
May nothing discompose it; and however
You shall dispose of my poor Lord, and me,
Let all be easy there.——

Sol. For this last Goodness,
If possible, I love thee more than ever;
How then can I resign thee?

Abr. If your Love
Be virtuous and sincere, you will resign me.

Sol. Impossible! Thou talk'st of Contradictions——
Or thus, if to forego thee be a Proof
Of true Affection——let my Rival shew it.

Pyr. I would, by all my Hopes, if you were *Pyrrhus*,
And I were *Solyman*.

Sol. Why, what's the Diff'rence?

Abr. Did I not swear? Did not I tell you, Sir,
That if I would, I cannot now be yours?

Sol. Thou didst——Oh! Curst Remembrance!——

Abr. And have I not your Royal Oath and Promise,
That you will never force me to your Bed?

Sol. O name it not—My honest Soul abhors
The very Mention of so damn'd a Villany.

Pyr. And will you then defraud us of each other,
Without the least Advantage to your Self,
Only to make us wretched?——

Sol. No—Since she never can be mine, 'twill prove
Some Satisfaction to my tortur'd Soul
To think she's not another's.

Pyr.

Pyr. Those Expressions

Perhaps might well besit a Tyrant's Mouth;
But sure a just and virtuous Prince can take
No Pleasure in th' unmerited Afflictions
Of those who never wrong'd him——

Sol. 'Tis not to be withstood — The Strength of Reason
Presses upon me with resistless Force——

I never can possess her — but by Violence;
And that my Nature shrinks at——Shall I then
Barb'rously ruin the most perfect Pair
That ever Nature fram'd; to whom I owe
My Life, and one of whom far more than Life I love?
Shall I with brutal Rage destroy such Excellence,
Without the least faint Prospect of Advantage,
Unless it be to brand my Name with Infamy,
And write myself upon immortal Record
A Villain, and a Tyrant?——No; I'll perish first.

Abr. How Indignation flashes from his Eyes!
Unless he speedily pronounce our Doom,
Fear will dispatch me, and prevent his Sentence.

Sol. But how to part with her?——There, there's the
Difficulty——

It cannot be——Cannot?——O vain Delusion——
O Fallacy of Thought——True, it exceeds
My Pow'r, to cease to Love——But tho' a Wretch
Scorch'd in a Fever, cannot cease to thirst,
Yet may he throw the baneful Draught away;
Or beg some Friend to bind his desp'rate Arms:
May choose the present Mis'ry, to avoid
A greater in Reversion; and endure
The Cravings of unsatisfy'd Desire.

I can resign her then——Tho' with strong Tortures,
Reluctant Strugglings and Convulsive Pangs——
Take, take her——hold——if you regard your Lives,
[*They offer to embrace.*

Or dread my just Revenge; forbear your Fondness——
Nor plague me with your Thanks——For if she speaks
[*They offer to kneel.*

I may relapse again——And Oh! be cautious,
Rash, inconfid'rate Pair, be sure t'avoid

My

My Presence; never let me see you more——
For if you do——You may bewail your Folly;
Be yet divided from each other's Arms,
Be curst, and rage, and burn in vain, as I do. [*Exit.*

Pyr. He's gone—The great Debate at last is ended—
And now we safely may indulge our Love:
O my Heart's Joy! who can express my Happiness,
Or stretch Imagination to conceive
The Raptures of my Soul?

Abr. None, none but I,
Who share the mighty Transport, can conceive it;
Nor can e'en I express it.

Pyr. Speak thou, *Zaida*,
Allay this vast Excess of boundless Pleasure,
And bring us back to common Sense again.

Zaid. I fear indeed I shall allay your Pleasure——
Your Friend, my Lord——

Pyr. O, were my Friend in Danger,
E'en now I could not be entirely happy:
But he is safe——My Int'rest in the Soldiers,
Which sav'd me from the Rack, preserv'd his Life.

Zaid. Then you are bless'd indeed, and I with Joy
Equal to yours congratulate your Happiness.

Enter the Kifler Aga.

Kifl. Hearing the welcome News of your Success,
I come, my Lord, to share your Satisfaction.

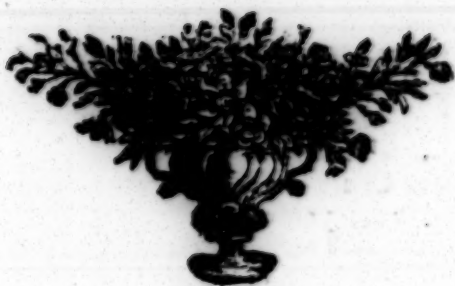
Pyr. The Bus'ness of my Life shall be to thank thee.
'Tis fit at present we consult our Safety,
Dispatch with all imaginable Speed,
And leave the Court this Night.

Kifl. 'Tis true, you cannot
Be too secure——Tho' now there is no Danger——
For *Solyman* already is involv'd
In State Affairs, on every side surrounded
With thronging Counsellors and busy Crowds:
And now the Care of a distracted Empire,
Just at his first Accession to the Throne,
Will take up all his Soul, and cure perhaps
The Torments of his Love.——

Pyr.

Pyr. Grant, Heav'n, it may :
 I would not have him wretched ——— O my Friend,
 Behold th' Impartial Hand of Justice ! ——— *Mahomet*
 (Tho' I were most ungrateful not to mourn
 His Fall!) has suffered, by the Loss of Empire,
 The Punishment due to injurious Tyrants.
Hali and *Cuproli* by Death have met
 The Villain's just Reward ——— E'en *Solyman*,
 Tho' good and gen'rous in his Temper, feels
 The dire Effects of deviating from Virtue.
 We only, with Innocence unshaken
 Have stood th' Assaults of Fortune, now are happy.
 For tho' the worst of Men by high Permission
 A while may flourish, and the Best endure
 The sharpest Trials of exploding Mis'ry ;
 Yet let Mankind from these Examples learn,
 That pow'rful Villany at last shall mourn ;
 And injur'd Virtue Triumph in its Turn.

{
 [Exeunt Omnes.]





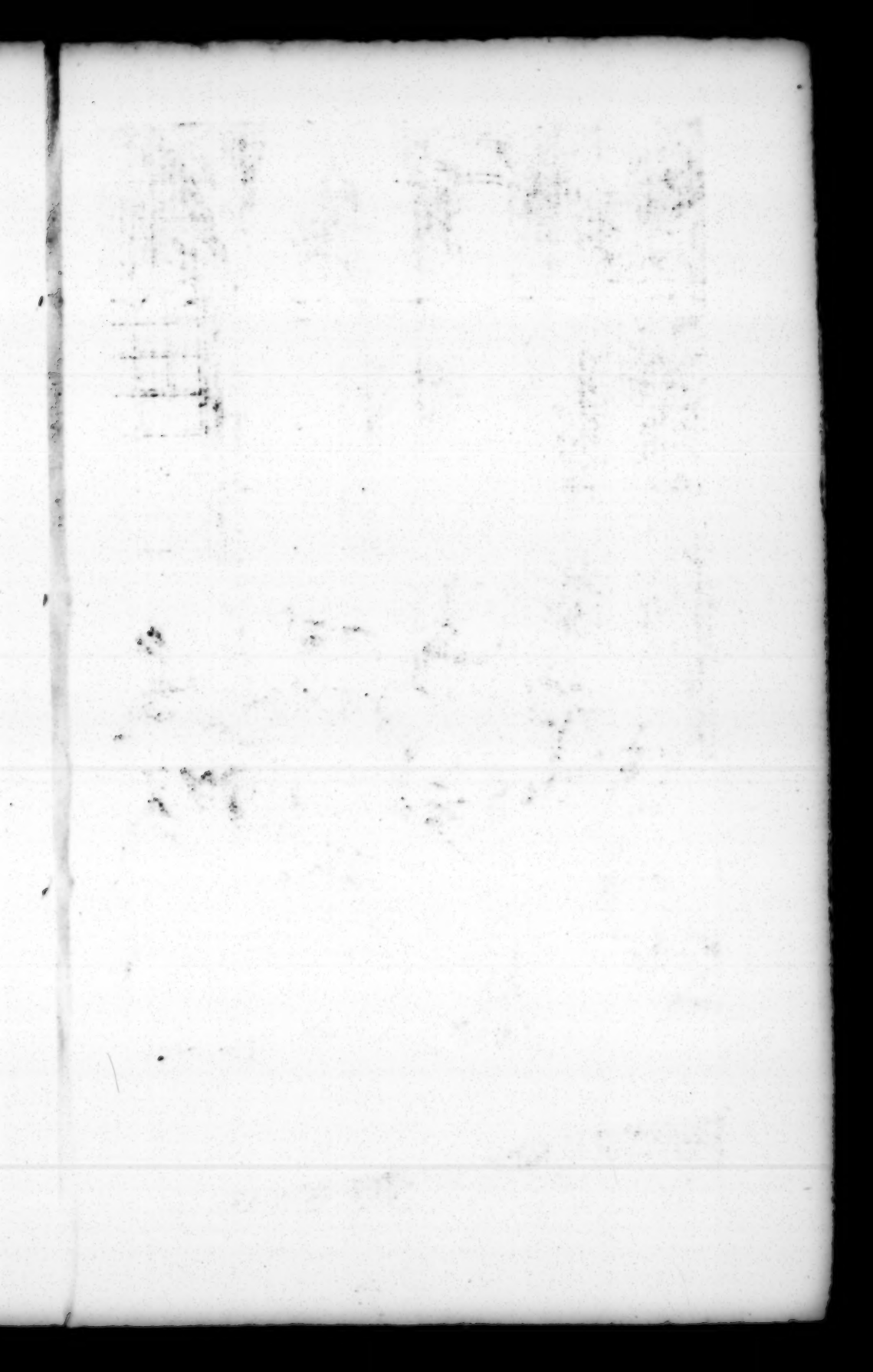
EPILOGUE,

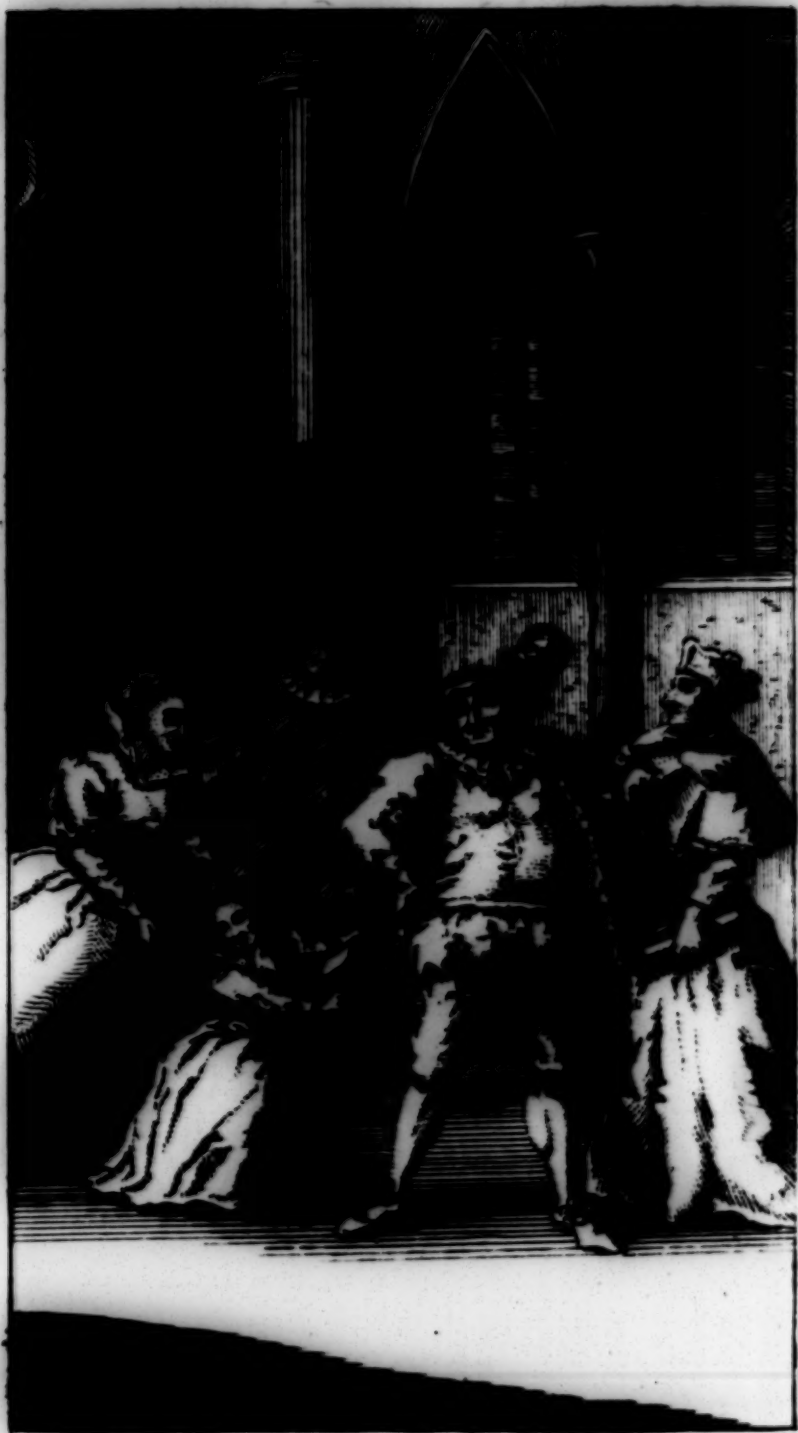
Spoken by Mrs. Bracegirdle.

OUR Prologue to the Criticks was directed;
But You, ye Fair, must never be neglected.
To you our Poet now his Homage pays;
Your bare Forgiveness will his Genius raise:
In Tastes like Yours to pardon is to praise.
'Tis true, we're pleading a young Author's cause;
But Youth and Beauty never yet were Foes.
Do You but shew your Goodness and Compassion,
The Men, of Course, will give their Approbation.
For if they grant none as the Poet's Due,
They'll sure be kind in Complaisance to You:
If not with us, with you they will comply,
Exert the Lower all, and lay the Critick by.

Pleas'd and serene you saw the Princely Guest,
When Windsor was with his bright Presence blest.
Still may the kind Impression here survive,
And we enjoy those Smiles by which we live.
How did the Royal Youth, with wand'ring Eyes,
Behold! and gladly own the sweet Surprise!
Amaz'd at such Variety of Charms,
Careless of Fame, and less in love with Arms!
Almost unwilling to pursue the War,
And e'en for Empire to forsake the Fair;
But, as by English Beauties forc'd to yield,
May be by English Heroes win the Field:
Procure the Revolution he desires,
And safe possess the Beauty he admires.
Thus may th' auspicious Prince securely move,
And far more Joys than our new Sultan prove,
Completely blest in Empire, and in Love.

F I N I S.





3

Virtue Betray'd ;
OR,
ANNA BULLEN.

A M
TRAGEDY,

ACTED AT
His ROYAL HIGHNESS the DUKE's
THEATRE.

The SIXTH EDITION, Corrected.

By Mr. JOHN BANKS,
Author of The Earl of Essex, or, The Unhappy Favourite.

L O N D O N,
Printed for HAWES, CLARKE, and COLLINS ; S. CROWDER ;
T. LONGMAN ; T. LOWNDS ; and C. CORBETT.

M DCC LXIII.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

King HARRY,
Cardinal,
NORTHUMBERLAND,
PIERCY,
ROCHFORD,

Mr. *Smith.*
Mr. *Gillow.*
Mr. *Wiltshire.*
Mr. *Betterton.*
Mr. *Jos. Williams.*

W O M E N.

ANNA BULLEN,
Lady DIANA TALBOT,
Lady ELIZABETH BLUNT.
Young Princess ELIZABETH.

Mrs. *Barry.*
Mrs. *Petty.*

Ladies, Gentlemen, Attendants, and Guards.

SCENE, L O N D O N.

PROLOGUE,

Spoken to *Anna Bullen*. Written by a Person
of Quality.

TO all impartial Judges in the Pit,
And ev'ry beauteous Patroness of Wit,
I'm sent to plead the Poet's Cause, and say,
There's not one Slander in his modest Play:
He brings before your Eyes a modern Story,
Yet meddles not with either Wig or Tory.
Was't not enough, vain Men of either Side,
Two Roses once the Nation did divide?
But must it be in Danger now agen,
Betwixt our Scarlet and Green-Ribbon Men?
Who made this Difference were not England's Friends:
Be not their Tools to serve their plotting Ends.
Damn the State-Fop, who here his Zeal discovers,
And o'er the Stage, like our ill Genius, hovers:
Give us a Pit of Drunkards, and of Lovers;
Good sanguine Men, who mind no State-Affair,
But bid a base World of itself take care.
We hope there lives not so abhorr'd a Thing,
But loves his Country, and would serve his King.
But in your Parties why should we engage,
Or meddle with the Plots of a mad Age?
We lose enough by those upon the Stage.
Welcome Mask-Teazer, peevish Gamester, Huffer;
All Fools but Politicians we can suffer:
A God's Name, let each keep to his Vocation;
Our Trade is to mend you, and not the Nation.
Besides, our Author hath this further End,
'Tis not enough if but one Side's his Friend,
He needs you all his Weakness to defend;
And, to oblige you to't, hopes he has shewn
No Country has Men braver than your own.
His Horses all to England are confin'd;
To your own Fathers (sure) you will be kind.
He brings no Foreigners to move your Pity,
But sends them to a Jury of the City.

EPILOGUE.

WELL, Sirs, your kind Opinion now, I pray,
Of this our neither Wig nor Tory Play :
To blow such Coals our conscious Muse denies ;
Wit, sacred Wit, such Subjects should despise.
The Author says, his Heliconian Stream
Is not yet drain'd to such a low Extreme,
T'abuse one Party with a cursed Play,
And bribe the other for a large Third Day.
Like Gladiators then you straight resort,
And crowd to make your Nero-Faction Sport.
But what's more strange, that Men of Sense should do it !
For worrying one another, pay the Poet :
So Butchers at a Baiting take Delight,
For him that keeps the Bears, to roar and fight ;
Both Friends and Foes such Authors make their Game,
Who have your Money, that was all their Aim :
No matter for the Play, nor for their Wit,
The better Farce is acted in the Pit.
Both Parties to be cheated will agree,
And swallow any Nonsense, so it be
With Faction fac'd, and gilt with Loyalty.
Here's such a Rout with Whigging and with Torying,
That you neglect your dear-lov'd Sin of Whoring :
The Visor-Mask that ventur'd her Half-Crown,
Finding no Hopes but here to be undone,
Like a cast Mistress past her dear Delight,
Turns godly straight, and goes to Church in spite ;
And does not doubt, since you are grown so fickle,
To find more Cullies in a Conventicle :
We on the Stage stand still, and are content
To see you act what we should represent.
You use us like the Women that ye woo ;
You make us Sport, and pay us for it too.
Well, we're resolv'd that in our next Play-Bill,
To print at large a Trial of your Skill,
And that five hundred Monsters are to fight ;
Then more will run to see so strange a Sight,
Than the Morocco, or the Moscovite.

V I R T U E Betray'd ;
O R,
A N N A B U L L E N.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

Enter Northumberland and Rochford.

N O R T H U M B E R L A N D.

THIS is the day shall crown your parents wishes,
And long-expected hopes : the King intends
To publish straight his marriage with your sister,
And make her known by th' title of a Queen.
The reason why it was so long kept secret,
Was our great Cardinal's delays, and tricks
Of Rome, which Harry has with frowns discover'd :
But since, in spite of Wolsey and the conclave,
By rev'rend Cranmer has the cause been try'd ;
And Kath'rine is this day proclaim'd divorc'd.

Roch. Heav'n be my witness, brave Northumberland !
It joys not me, but that it is his pleasure,
Whose happiness we all are bound to pray for :
And may my sister's crown fit lighter on
Her brow, than does the honour upon mine :
Something of boding whispers to my soul,
And tells me, Oh ! this marriage will be fatal—
Methinks I see a sword ty'd to a thread,

Small as a hair, hang o'er our pageant greatness.
Believe me, friend, thrones are severest touch-stones;
And, like the emblem of their guard, the lion,
All but of royal blood they will destroy.

North. My Lord, this is severe to all that love you,
And you reflect unkindly on your fortune.

Roch. Fortune! why did she lay her load on her?
A load, I say, to quiet minds—she should
Have cast it upon one that was ambitious:
My Lord, it had been kindly done of Fortune,
T' have seen my sister wedded to her vows,
Your Piercy's wife; and not at one time made her
Both cruel to the Queen, and false to him.

North. You know, my Lord, we all are witnesses
With what remorse she took the regal burden,
That sat upon her like a heavy armour
On a child's back; she stagger'd with the weight.

Roch. Oh! may it not be fatal to us, heav'n!
For at the very time she gave her hand
To th' eager King, to fasten't with a pledge,
The ring fell off, and could no more be found.

North. Meer chance, my Lord.

Roch. And then immediately,
When the glad ceremonies were perform'd,
The am'rous King bending to kiss her hand,
A show'r of pearls broke passage from her eyes,
And all bedew'd his head with ominous tears.

North. The common use of ev'ry bashful bride.

Roch. What will she do when she shall understand
Our foul designs, and Piercy's innocence?
His letters to her that you intercepted,
And counterfeited others to deceive her,
To make her once believe that he was marry'd?
But what a mortal grief will seize your son,
When he shall find his mistress was betray'd,
And forc'd to marry one she cannot love!

North. To prevent that, soon as he's come to court,
Just but to see she's marry'd, and no more,
(Not giving him the time for second thoughts)
I'll make a match between him and the heiress
Of *Shrewsbury*.

Roch.

Roch. A very gallant lady ;
As virtuous, beautiful, and richer far
Than all her generation of that sex.

North. You wrong yourself to flatter me. Her father
Brings her this day on purpose from the country :
But the Queen thinks already they are marry'd.

Roch. And are you sure to gain your son's consent
To what he has been still so obstinate ?

North. Rage and despair, when he shall find her false,
Will make him rashly change to any state ;
And, thinking to be mis'erable, will plunge
Into the dreadful sea of matrimony,
And make himself, tho' much against his will,
The happiest man that ever was on earth.

Enter Cardinal Wolsey musing.

Behold the proud imperious Cardinal,
With such a furious tempest on his brow,
As if the world's four winds were pent within
His blust'ring carcase. He has heard the news,
And comes to argue with his friend, the dev'l,
The reason of his no-intelligence.

Roch. The popedom now, and all the wealth in Rome,
Can scarcely recompense him for the fright
This news has put him in—See how he staggers,
Giddy with th' height his pride has rais'd him to.
'Tis then most fatal to unhappy England,
When such church blazing-stars appear in it.

[Ex. North. and Roch.]

Card. Marry'd in private, and declar'd his Queen !
Kath'rine divorc'd, and Anna Bullen marry'd !
Now, by our Holy Father's triple crown,
It must not, cannot, nay, it shall not be.
Where was your aid that time, ye slothful saints,
Ye whom false zeal created in more numbers
Then e'er the heathen made and worshipp'd gods ?
A Luth'ran Queen upon the throne of England !
She to lie in the bosom of our Prince !
A buxom King, that for a wanton smile
Will pawn his faith, and turn an heretick !

Enter

Enter the Lady Elizabeth Blunt.

Blunt. Awake, thou wretched dreaming priest, look up;
Can you behold your proud St. Peter shake?
The mighty pillar of that spreading church,
That holds the great religion of the world,
To stagger, and bestow no help, no aid
From mighty Wolsey's shoulders to support it?
Is this the great King-Cardinal, who late,
From smallest root, began to shade the land,
And stood the tallest cedar of the church?
Shame to thy priesthood, and thy scarlet robe,
Ev'n thou, to whom the lib'ral see of Rome
Has given all, next giving of herself:
Unworthy servant of so kind a mistress.

Card. What does the fairest mean?

Blunt. Ha! must I teach thee?

Art thou the thing that from the chaff of mankind,
From the base scurrilous rubbish of the world,
First found thyself a way to thrive by wit?
Then edging it with sharpest villainies,
Mow'd thee a passage to thy Prince's breast,
And cut down all the virtuous from his sight;
Who chose thee for the champion of his vices,
Whilst thou with labour let loose all their sluices,
And pour'd them like a torrent in his bosom:
This you did once confess to me, and more,
When you declar'd how hot you were in love—
Bullen is Queen; the crown you promis'd me
Now wreaths her head—Are these the hopes you gave me,
When once you said my son should be a King?
The news not stirs your wonder! Hell and Furies!

Card. What would you I should do to serve you?

Blunt. Forgive me, tender Wolsey, pious Cardinal!
Shall I then teach your scarlet priesthood blood?

I would have done as Alexander did,

The Sixth, and most merciful, so nam'd:

Are there no consecrated weapons left?

Or have you lost the pow'r to make 'em so?

Give me Saint Dagger, or Saint Poison, straight,

And I will do that meritorious act;

Dispatch her straight to hell, from whence she fetch'd

Those looks that robb'd me of the King and crown.

Card.

Card. Have patience, Madam.

Blunt. Preach it to the damn'd,
To those that feel the rack of inquisition—
Curse on your gown-apologies ; but more
Be curst the time of Bullen's fatal birth ;
Wrinkles like age anticipate her youth ;
Mildews and blasts devour her wanton beauties ;
Small-pox and leprosy rough-cast her o'er ;
Dig up her charms and features by the roots,
And bury 'em in pits as deep as graves.

Card. Study some act that may revenge this fury.
This hurts no more than barks of coward curs ;
She lives, and is as beautiful as ever.
Be rul'd by me ; who, like a dreadful piece,
Am sure to kill, where-e'er I take my aim,
Before they hear the noise, or see the flame.

Blunt. Oh, tell me how to quench this fire within !
That burns me up with thoughtful injury.

Card. An easy way I'll chalk to your revenge ;
A road not steep, nor dangerous, but smooth ;
So unexpected, and so fatal too,
That the Queen's fancy and deluded genius
Shall tempt her in the same dissembled path,
Taking her by the other hand with us,
And lead her in the pit prepared for her.

Blunt. Go on, my Wolsey, charming as the young,
And more melodious than a quire of angels.

Card. This then it is : the King you know's inconstant,
And jealous, and as testy as old age ;
So cov'tous of the pleasure he possesses,
That he who does but look upon't, must die,
With her, whose innocent charms did force him to't.

Blunt. But how shall we be back'd with a pretence ?

Card. 'Tis easy to give fire to that fond breast
That is already charg'd with jealous sulphur :
The Queen loves Piercy, that may be a means ;
And spies may be laid ev'ry where to watch
Their private meetings, and their very looks,
And then acquaint the hot-brain'd King with it :
So straight their joyful destinies are seal'd.

Blunt. Most admirable !

Card.

Card. If we fail in this,
Some cry'd-up beauty, ne'er yet seen at court,
Must be found out, to put her in his way,
And take the am'rous King : 'twill certain do ;
For then no greedy falcon, when he sees the lure,
Will fly down swifter to be catch'd and hooded,
Than he into the fetters of her charms.

Blunt. O come to my embrace, thou godlike priest !
Balm to my wounded and my tortur'd bosom.

Card. Go straight, and haste about th' intelligence.

Blunt. I will. Good fortune has been so propitious,
To make young Rochford, Anna Bullen's brother,
Enamour'd of my beauty ; him I'll mould,
Sound ev'ry thought of his unguarded soul,
Linking him close in amorous intrigues,
Till I've discover'd from him our design
Of Piercy's love, and of his sister's conduct.

Card. An accident, the luckiest that could happen !
Behold the Queen in her first state and greatness—
But yet she bears it with no welcome mien :
Piercy hangs heavy on her heart, and in her eyes ;
It works, it manages, as we would have it :
And in her heedless innocence she fails,
Shunning no rocks, no quicksands, nor no danger,
But runs into her ruin faster than
We wish.

Blunt. Her crown is hideous to my sight ;
Its jewels fatal as the eyes of basilisks :
O Cardinal ! this rival Queen and I
Should never meet but in the scales of death,
That weigh all mortals even and alike.

Queen Anne appears seated upon a Throne. Northumberland, Rochford, Lords, Ladies, Attendants, and Guards about her.

Omnes. Long live King Henry, and Queen Anne of
England.

North. Immortal live great Queen of England, France,
And Ireland, and for ever rule the heart
Of conqu'ring Henry, as he reigns o'er us
And all his faithful subjects—
I speak it as the wishes and the voice

Of your most loyal kingdoms ; to confirm it,
Sound straight your loudest instruments of joy,
And shout as I do, all that love their Queen.

Queen rises from her Throne. [Shouts and Trumpets within.

Queen. These sounds might lift another to the heav'ns !
But what is musick to the ear that's deaf ;
Or crowns and scepters to a dying wretch ?
Despair turns all alike that comes to me,
Blind to the pomp that glads all eyes but mine,
Deaf to its charms, and dead to all its glories.

[Trumpets and Shouts again.

Cease, ye more empty flatterers than winds !
Be silent as the sorrows in my breast :
If ye will give me ease, forbear such flatt'ries ;
For I receive 'em with as little joy,
As ev'n those silly wretches utter them,
Having no other reason but vile custom.
My noble Lords,
I know you all are loyal to the King,
And for his sake you are thus kind to me :
But for the rabble, who can read that Sphyrx ?
Their very breath, that now proclaims, with joy,
Sad Katherine to be no longer Queen,
And my unwelcome coronation,
Would the same moment, should my fate permit,
Shout louder at the sentence of my death.

Card. Most glorious and belov'd of England's Queens !
O lay not on our nation such a curse,
As a suspicion of its faith to you.
I dare be bold, and say it as a priest,
As confessor to all my country's guilt,
There's none, how mean soever, with myself,
But loves you more than life, or darling riches ;
Wishing to feel severest penance here,
And hell hereafter, rather than behold
You less a Queen, or less ador'd, than now.

Queen. They have my thanks, next kind good-natur'd
Who cannot but be real, 'cause he says it. *[Wolsey,*

Card. Oh that your majesty would think so ever ;
And that my proud endeavours, with success,
First whisper'd in the bosom of the King
The secret wonders of your mind and person,

And

Virtue Betray'd; or,

And made him soon discover all your beauties,
Those rare perfections that above your sex
Have merited his passion and his crown—

Queen. O reverend, pious, and best of Cardinals!
Who too well knows:
By whose high hand I climb'd this malic'd greatness,
And wear this envy'd crown.

Card. May heav'n and stars
Pour their just hatred on—

Queen. Cease execrations;
For should they come to pass, as heav'n forbid,
What would the miserable nation do?
Besides, 'twere pity to the King and me,
That we should lose so exquisite a head,
And such prelate should be damn'd so soon.

Card. Ten thousand saints more than my royal master
Are witnesses to th' truth of what I say.

Queen. As many saints and myriads of bright angels
Can witness of the blackness of thy soul,
That canker'd first the conscience of thy master,
Mistaking him with hopes to purge a sin,
To act the worst, ev'n a religious guilt—

Card. The wise and just in omnipotence—

Queen. No more.
Hell's not so full of torments, as thy soul
Has blasphem'd to be rewarded in it—
Give me some ease, just heav'n! if there be any—
My Lords, if there's no more for you to act,
To perfect or unmake this ceremony,
(Oh that it could be done) retire a while,
And leave me with my women for some moments—
What! am I then a pris'ner to be guarded?
Has then a throne cost me so dear a price,
As forfeit of my liberty of thinking?
Do princes barter for their crowns their freedoms?
Good Heav'n! not think! nor play, if I have need!—
If I'm a Queen, why am I not obey'd?

Card. We'll all perform your Majesty's command.

Ex. all but her Women:

Queen. Am I got loose, loose from this worrying scene
Of dismal state, that always loads a monarch,
And racks him with dissembling tortures?

O wretched

O wretched state of princes ! that want nothing
 But a retreat from business and from crouds ;
 Yet wanting that, want ev'ry thing that's happy,
 A soul at ease !—O sacred solitude !
 How airy and delightful are thy walks !
 No stinging serpent, nor worse insect, man,
 Disturb thy fragrant and enamell'd paths ;
 No winter blasts, nor autumn winds, molest
 Thy sacred grottoes ; all around is summer ;
 Nothing broods there but an eternal spring,
 Mild as all May, and beautiful as Eden :
 Thou charitable good, that from th' afflicted
 Unloads the heavy burdens that oppress them,
 And plants repose in ev'ry breast instead !

Enter a Lady.

Lady. The Lady Diana Talbot begs admittance,
 To pay her duty to your majesty.

Queen. What say'st ! Thou'st rous'd a dragon in my breast,
 Which I had thought for ever to have hush'd :
 That name sets ev'ry pulse again at work
 Within me — Talbot ! how art thou mistaken ?
 She's Piercy's now ; and Piercy is all her's.

Lady. Shall she be brought to your presence ?

Queen. Ay—No—Yes—

Do any thing, so 'twill be sure to kill me :
 O Piercy ! Piercy ! would thou ne'er hadst been
 Unfaithful ; or at least, in being so,
 Hadst never taught me how to be reveng'd :
 But, oh ! the dismal pain is all my own :
 And, like an arrow from an o'er-bent bow,
 The hasty dart turn'd back, and hurt myself,
 Wounding that breast where I least meant my aim.
 How soft and tender were our mutual vows !
 Which since another's charms like lightning blasted ;
 Whilst parents threats, and King's authority,
 Rent me, like thunder, from my fix'd resolves :
 Thou'rt marry'd now ; and all those am'rous sighs,
 And passionate tears, with thousand extasies,
 Which we both learnt and taught to one another,
 Like innocent children, in the school of love,

B

Are

Are now the arts with which, false man ! thou'lt taught
Another's fond believing heart, they are.

Enter Lady Diana Talbot.

She comes, triumphant in her eyes the joy
That once, like tides, o'erflow'd my fruitful breast.
How proud she bears herself to see my pain !
Whilst I look up to her, and sigh in vain !
But I will hide it; and forgive me, heav'n, [*Diana kneels.*
For 'tis the first time that I e'er dissembled—
Rise, dear Diana, you have been a stranger;
Could nothing but a Queen drag you to court ?
I owe this kindness to my royalty,
And not your friendship.

Diana. Pardon, mighty Princess !
I had been blest for ever in your presence,
Charming in all estates as well as now,
Had I been mistress of my inclinations.
But —————

Queen. 'Tis no matter, I'll allow you reason,
A cause so indispensible and just,
That 'twere a fault in me to blame such virtue.

Diana. Indeed a parent's will ought still to be
Obey'd, next duty to your majesty.

Queen. And something yet more binding--Do not blush--
Come, I'll unriddle all, and spare your tongue
The trouble, and your bashful cheeks the fire.

Diana. What fire, what blushes, do you tax me with ?
I feel not any but what wonder raises ;
And blush, because I cannot comprehend.

Queen. You are unkind ; why make it you a secret ?
And but to me, when all the world reports it.

Diana. There is no secret, nothing I would hide
From so ador'd a friendship as my Queen's.

Queen. Why, d'you suspect me then ? [*Aside*] How loth
To tell it me ! as loth as I to hear it. [*She is*

Sure she suspects how fatal 'twill be to me :
And the proud man has triumph'd o'er my weakness,
And told her all my passion with a scorn—
'Tis so ; whilst poor regardless, innocent I
Was all the while their censure and their pastime,
The fool, whose story acted, made 'em sport,

And

And gave new edge to all their fated joys ;
 Nay, and perhaps drew pity from their pride.
 Pity ! good gods ! must I endure their pity ? —
 You will not own it then ? but 'tis no matter. [*To Diana.*
 When saw you Piercy ?

Diana. Piercy, Madam !

[*She starts.*

Queen. Yes ;

Why did you start ? Has he a name so horrid ?
 But now you spoke as though there were not such
 A man i'th' world, and wonder'd at my meaning ;
 But yet have all the agonies to hear him nam'd :
 Him you would hide, but cannot hide your blushes.

Diana. Good heav'n ! by what strange miracle have you
 Reveal'd my secret passion to the Queen ? [*Aside.*
 I never told my grievance but to you,
 And that but silently in broken sighs
 And stifled tears —

Queen. 'Tis plain she is disturb'd —
 What can this mean ? Sure one of us is mad !
 Why all this care to hide a truth from me,
 That is the common talk of all the world ?
 There's something in it more than yet I know,
 Which I must search into by other means. [*Aside.*
 Madam, I thought when I had condescended [*To Diana.*
 To ope my breast, and mingle friendship with you,
 You would not then deny so small a secret ;
 And now, when I am a Queen, and may command it —
 Therefore be gone. Leave me without reply.
 Henceforth I'll know the persons better, out
 Of whom I mean to choose a friend — Farewel —
 Piercy no doubt is not so fondly nice,
 But brags, and tells the world of his proud conquest.

Diana. Forgive me first, then give me leave to tell you —
 How 'twas disclos'd to you, the wonder stuns me,
 This secret which I thought scarce heav'n found out.

Queen. Racks and worse tortures, frenzies of the mind !
 Hence ; take her from my sight : she will distract me.

Diana. O hear me first : your fury's not so dreadful,
 As is my pain to tell : yet I'll confess : [*Kneels.*
 A fatal truth it is ; Piercy I love —

Now pity me, and quench my tort'ring blushes :
 For heav'n reveal'd it for no ill.

Queen. I am amaz'd: still worse and worse, she stabs me;
And they're abuses all——Ingrateful woman!
Would't it have me think thy lawful passion such a wonder!
Is it a crime for thee to love thy husband?

Diana. Ha! what's that you say? My husband, said you?
Meant you to mock th' unfortunate Diana?

Queen. No, I will say't again; thy perjur'd husband!

Diana. Ah! royal Madam! Piercy is more blest;
We are not marry'd; he is not my husband.

Queen. Ha! [Aside.

Diana. That were to me too great a happiness!

Queen. Should this be true, what would become of
me? [Aside.

Diana. rise: are you not marry'd, said you?

Diana. So far from that, his person I have not seen
In twelve long months, this last long tedious year.

Queen. Art not his wife?

Diana. By all your precious hopes
And mine, I'm not.

Queen. Is Piercy then not marry'd?

Support me, heav'n! and with a wonder save me; [Aside.

Call all thy virtue and thy courage straight
To help thee now, or thou art lost for ever.

Am I then cheated, and is Piercy faithful?

If I can bear all this, I challenge Atlas

To live under a load so vast as mine.

Ah, Piercy! injur'd Piercy! injur'd Bullen!

But hold, there's yet a greater task behind,

And that is, to dissemble well.——Diana!

Diana. Madam——

Queen. Thou wonder'st at my curiosity,
As tho' I were concern'd at this false story.

I'll tell thee why: it has been long reported,
That you and Piercy were in private marry'd.

Diana. Such a report came likewise to my hearing;
But how 'twas rais'd, by whom, or why, I know not.

Queen. Too well the dreadful cause of it I know. [Aside.

This, when I heard, I took unkindly from you:

I was your friend; you ought no more to steal

A marriage from a friend, than from a father:

And when you aggravated, as I thought,

By your unkind denial, it enrag'd me;

For

For which I hope, Diana, you'll forgive me—
Methinks I do it rarely—

[*Aside.*]

Diana. Best of Queens!

Thus on my knees I ought to beg that pardon:
I own I did offend my gracious mistress.

Queen. Rise to my arms—This kiss now seals thee mine
For ever.

Diana. O most admirable goodness!

Queen. This tenderness betrays me, melts my soul! [*Aside.*]
A fatal engine, that draws all my griefs
Up to my eyes and lips, just ready to unload
And pour 'em in at once into her breast,
Whom I, of all the world, should hide 'em from.
Oh! for some wild, some desert, to complain in,
Some vast and uninhabitable place;
Or else some precipice that butts the ocean,
'That wide, and never to be fathom'd ocean,
'That I might tell th' echoing rocks my woes,
And count my sorrows to the winds and seas,
More pitiful, and more relenting far,
Than false and cruel mankind is to me.

Diana. You seem disturb'd! Ah! what inhuman grief
Dares seize your royal breast?

Queen. Come, dear Diana;
Go to my closet with me; there, perhaps,
Some rest may quell this melancholy monster;
And there it may not be amiss sometimes
To talk of Piercy; will it?

Diana. Sacred Queen,
'Twill not; and, oh! I wish that the discourse
Would soothe your soul with as much joy as mine.

Queen. These are the first miseries, the rest
Come rolling on apace; and, Kath'rine, now
'Thou art reveng'd!—Just heav'n, whose is the sin?
Punish not me, I fought not to be Queen;
But Henry's guilt amidst my pomp is weigh'd,
And makes my crown sit heavy on my head;
To banish from his bed the chastest bride,
'That twenty years lay loving by his side!
How can I give it, without tears, a name,
When I reflect my case may be the same?

And I, perhaps, as slaves are to the priest,
 Thus gay and fine, for sacrifice am dress'd !
 Ah ! Kath'rine, do not envy me thy throne ;
 For thou art far more happy, that hast none.

A C T II. S C E N E I.

Enter Northumberland and Rochford.

Roch. **T**HE news is strange you tell me of the King.
North. Most wonderful, nor can I guess the
 He came just now from hunting as his use, [meaning :
 There at Sir Thomas Seymour's house he was
 Most splendidly and kindly entertain'd
 At a repast.

Roch. Took he there any thing
 Amiss ?

North. No ; quite contrary, so good-humour'd,
 I never saw him in my life more pleasant ;
 But now, instead of going to the Queen,
 With words that shew'd more discontent than rage,
 He order'd all about him to retire ;
 And, which is still more strange, enquir'd for Wolsey ;
 Wolsey, whom all men thought quite out of favour !
 Then shut himself in his bed-chamber,
 And there remains ; nor durst the boldest venture
 To follow him, and ask him what he ails——
 May not the Queen your sister, think you, be
 The innocent occasion ?

Roch. That's impossible !
 For but last night he came to her apartment,
 With all the heats and love that could inspire
 A bridegroom, scarcely of an hour's making :
 With haste he ran, and where he should have sat,
 He kneel'd down by her as his deity ;
 Printing soft kisses on her lovely hand,
 And sigh'd as if he had been still a wooing.

North. Right Harry still : for by this flood of passion,
 The nearer he's to ebb and change.

Roch.

Roch. See! the King.

North. You're brother to his wife, and may be bold;
But I'll not venture. [Exit North.]

Enter King Henry.

King. Who are you, that durst press on my retirement?
Ha! Bullen! get thee from my sight—Be gone—
[Exit Roch.]

Who waits there? Why am I thus troubled?
Let none but Wolsey dare to be admitted. [To the Attend.]
Who can withstand so vast a shock of beauties,
[He sits down.]

So many wonders in so bright a form?
When heav'n designs to make a perfect face,
A beauty for a monarch to enjoy,
'Tis feign'd, that the most skilful spirits are all
Employ'd, and just before their eyes is plac'd
Th'exactest, lovely'st angel for a pattern:
If it be true, this only must be she,
And must be mine—Who's there? the Cardinal?

Enter Wolsey.

Card. The humblest vassal of his god-like master.

King. Come hither, Sir—I sent for thee, my Wolsey;
And dost not wonder, when but yesterday
I took from thee the seal and chanc'lor's place?
But 'tis no matter: do not care, I say;
I love you still in spite of all your foes—
You have malicious enemies at court;
Besides, the Queen, my Lord, is no good friend
Of yours.

Card. Wretched am I, that have incurr'd
My King's displeasure, and my Queen's dire hatred!
But m'innocence, when I am dead, perhaps,
May to my royal master, tho' too late,
Appear.

King. Talk not of death, good Cardinal,
For I have business with thee first—By heav'n
He that dares mutter Wolsey is a traitor,
Shall die for a worse traitor as he is:
Keep thy own still, the bishopricks of York
And Winchester, and Cardinal, that is

Above

Above my grant; and when I give thee leave,
Go to thy diocese, and live to spite 'em.

Card. Immortal wreaths, and diadems of saints,
Crown you in heaven for this royal goodness.
I am grown old, too weak to guard me from
My foes, but for your majesty's protection.

King. O Wolsey! be to me but half so kind
As I shall be to thee. Seymour, my father!
The lovely Seymour whom thou told'st me of,
I did devour her beauties from thy lips,
And fed my ears with the delicious feast;
But since, I've seen this wonder of her sex!
The charming'st creature e'er adorn'd the world;
And find her all as far above thy praises,
As heav'n can be beyond man's frail description.

Card. Have you then seen her, Sir?

King. O yes, my Wolsey!
And having seen her, guess, I needs must be
But wretched without her, or thy assistance.

Card. This goes as I expected.

[*Aside.*

King. Help thy prince!
Why art so slow? Has Wolsey lost his courage?
That wit that emperors and popes has sway'd? —
So, let thy brain begin to travail now;
Bring forth, thou more than king, thou more than man;
Thou hast a mine within that subtle breast,
The stone which dull philosophy has toil'd
In vain for — Make me master of thy Indies —
Lend me thy wit to purchase Seymour for me.

Card. You have the means already in your hands;
Pow'r is the greatest charmer of that sex.

King. Command my pow'r, my kingdoms to thy aid,
Join to thy fox's tail my lion's skin!
Take thou my scepter, bind it to thy cross,
And to thy mitre add my humble crown;
'Tis all my Wolsey's; Wolsey shall be king:
I ask but only Seymour in exchange.

Card. You bid too much; send for her straight to court;
Make her a marchioness, or else a dutchess:
'There's hardly now a woman but will sell
A foolish honour that none fees, for that
Which makes a noise and splendor in the world.

King.

King. How thou deceiv'st my eager expectations !
This I have done without such rare advice :
But, oh, she is inflexible to all !
Deaf to the sounds of vanity and pomp,
And more remorseless than a saint or hermit ;
Her chastity cold as the frozen stream,
And then as hard, and never to be thaw'd,
As crystal rocks, or adamantine quarries :
That, oh, I fear, had I but what I covet,
The crown from Bullen's head, to offer her,
'T would scarcely tempt her to thy prince's bed.

Card. Then, Sir, I doubt 'tis hardly in my pow'r
To help you.

King. Ha ! false and ungrateful man !
Is that then all the hope your brain can give me ?

Card. It is impossible, if she be virtuous,
That e'er she should be had by force or cunning :
Therefore apply this remedy a while,
Have but a little patience till 'tis lawful.

King. Traitor and pois'ner of thy master's rest,
Must I despair ? Is that thy precious counsel ?
Did I descend to ask advice from hell ?
Consult thy wicked oracle for this,
To tell me what is lawful ?

Card. Understand me.

King. Give me some hopes, or, by thy damn'd ambition,
I'll crumble thee to dust, puff thee to nothing ;
And make thee less, and more dejected far,
Than the base fellow that begot thee, priest.

Card. Hear me but ———

King. Why didst thou infect my breast,
And with thy ven'mous tongue deceive me, worse
Than the old serpent, that in paradise
Betray'd the first of mankind with a bait ?
So thou, lurking and hid amidst the charms
Of Seymour's rare and unsuspected beauties,
Sung'st me her praises in such tempting words,
That I with ravish'd ears swallow'd the sound,
And never saw the thing I suck'd in after.

Card. You will not give me leave t' explain myself,
Nor yet to give you remedy.

King.

King. Tell me ;
For remedy I'll have from heav'n or hell,
Or I'll take thy blood, thy scorpion's blood,
And lay it to my grief till I have ease.

Card. Your fury will not let you understand me.
When I advis'd to stay till it was lawful,
At the same time I meant to let you know,
'Twas not a thing so hard to bring to pass.

King. Ha ! said again like Wolsey ! Tell me straight,
My soul waits at the portal of thy breast,
To ravish from thy lips the welcome news,
Ere they have minted into words thy thoughts.—
Quick, what can lawfully make Seymour mine ?

Card. Make her your Queen.

King. Make her my Queen !

Card. Yes, Sir.

King. Sure I but dream : what dost thou mean ? or how ?

Card. Invest her head with Anna Bullen's crown.

King. Sure thou art mad, and would'st make me so too—
What, whilst she lives ?

Card. Ay, whilst she lives, I said :
Is that so strange a thing that ne'er was done ?
Divorce her.

King. Ha !

Card. What is't that makes you start ?
Divorce her, and take Seymour to your bed.

King. How ! Take good heed what 'tis thou pull'st upon
Thyself——Divorce my lawful, virtuous wife
Without a cause !

Card. There is a cause.

King. What is't ?

Card. Pretend remorse of conscience.

King. Gods !

Card. Ne'er wonder :
Say you are troubled and disturb'd within.

King. Eternal villain ! Lucifer the damn'd ! [*Aside.*]
Traitor, at what ?

Card. At that which seiz'd your mind,
When Kath'rine you divorc'd for Anna Bullen !
Conscience ! conscience !

King. Horrid, tormenting fiend ! [*Aside.*]
Thou know'st she was my brother's wife ; and Bullen

On

On no such just pretence I can disclaim.

Card. No matter ; on the like distrust of conscience
That made you do the one, you may the other.
Give out that she's not lawfully your wife,
The first alive ; and that you never had
A dispensation from his Holiness.

King. His Holiness ! I'm blasted with the thoughts.
Pernicious traitor ! how can this be done ?

Card. Leave it to me : consent you, 'tis enough ;
And I'll engage, on forfeit of my life,
To get a licence from our Holy Father,
To disannul this marriage, and to take
Into your lawful bed the beauteous Seymour.

King. But then shall I remain unfreed from Kath'rine ?

Card. The church shall grant a dispensation too
For that.

King. What horror's this I hear ! Can this be true ?

In all my wanton and luxurious youth,
Or in my blackest thoughts of lust and rage,
I ne'er yet found one wish amongst them all
Of such a deep infernal hue. The horror
Has kindled my whole blood into a flame,
And made me blush a deeper scarlet than
This villain's robe. Disloyal, wicked monster !

But I will strive to hide my just resentments.

[Aside.

Divorce my second wife without a cause !

Could it be done, what would the nation say ?

What would the action look like, but a hell ?

To warn succeeding princes from the like,

And blot me from the scroll of pious kings.

Could it be lawful, Wolfey, I would hearken.

Card. Then lawful it shall be in spite of scruples :

I see your conscience is an infant grown,

A child again, and wants to be instructed——

Come, let me lead you by the hand, and point

A way for you to walk on even ground ;

So safe, the nicest conscience shall commend

And chuse it.

King. Now thou dost rejoice thy prince.

Card. What if she be unfaithful to your bed,
And prov'd so ?

King. Ha ! there's thunder in that word ;

The

The bolt ran thro', and shiver'd me to pieces.
 Disloyal to my bed ! adult'rous ! hah !
 Said'st thou not so ? Yet hold, if this be true,
 There hangs a show'r of cordial in my reach,
 To cure this horrid fit. Wolfey, beware
 How thou dost dally with my hopes and fears ;
 Look to't, and see you wrong her not : for if
 Thou dost, by all the plagues thy soul deserves,
 All hell shall be too little for thy carcase ;
 New hells shall be created, and more hot
 Than what's prepar'd for traitors, parricides,
 For ravishers of mothers, lustful nuns,
 For Lucifer himself t'endure ; nay more
 Than villain, pope, or cardinal e'er felt.
 Speak how thou know'st it. Quick.

Card. Alas ! my Lord,
 I never meant, it enter'd in my own
 Particular knowledge ; but it is reported.

King. Reported, said'st thou ! is not that enough ?
 Report ! Why she's damn'd, if she's but thought
 A whore, much more reported to be so.
 'Tis not the act alone that wrongs thy king ;
 Each smile, each glance, and ev'ry wanton look,
 That's meant t'another, if I leave unpunish'd,
 Shall brand me with the ignominious name
 Of Wittal, which is worse — Make me but sure,
 That the least breath has utter'd such a sound,
 Or whisper'd to the air that she's unchaste,
 By all the horrid fiends that punish lust,
 And by the black concupiscence of hell,
 I'll tumble her from the throne into a dungeon. —
 Name me the man that is suspected.

Card. Piercy.

King. Piercy !

Card. Yes, Sir, he's the man she dotes on :
 'Tis he lies deeper in her breast than ever ;
 For him she sighs, and hoards up all her wishes ;
 Gives him her person warm, inspir'd with passion ;
 Whilst for yourself, she only treats you with
 The cold dead body of departed love.

King. Is Piercy then at court ?

Card.

Card. He is this day
Arriv'd.

King. How ! come without my leave, say'st thou ?

Card. He is, no doubt, to consummate their joys,
Their signs and tokens to compare ; which they,
By letters and devices in their absence,
Have hourly plotted to deceive you, Sir,
And put in practice when the time is ripe.

King. Hell and tormenting furies—I believe thee.

Card. Nay, in your bed, and in her dreams, she thinks
on't ;

When pleasures made you dull, it whetted her——

King. Hold, I can hear no more. By all my wrongs
And cheated hopes, thou bring'st to my remembrance,
How all complaisances to me were dragg'd
And forc'd from her, like mirth from one in torture !
Sometimes I found her face all drown'd in tears,
With gales of sighs, just blowing off those storms
In fear away : sometimes again in blushes,
As if then all the wanton heat of love
Were darting thro' her eyes to meet my flame ;
But when with eager haste I catch'd her in
These arms, and press'd her lips, alack ! I found,
Instead of summer there, no ice so cold ;
Instead of breath that would revive the dead,
No air so chill, no winter blasts so keen.

Card. Thus all her actions still will be to you :
The roses of her blood she keeps for him,
The thorns for you——Had you been Piercy then !

King. Let me embrace the savor of his prince,
The dear preserver of my life and honour !
What shall I do for thee, my friend ?

Re-enter Rochford !

Card. Here's Rochford !
Pray smooth your brow, and hide your discontent :
And now y'are going to the Queen, smile on her.
Mean while she'll stumble, like a hasty child,
And act more plain and open to your justice ;
And when you find her tripping, on the sudden
Strike, like the hand of heav'n, a sure revenge,
And never let her rise again.

C

King

King. I will——

My Lord, you may come near : where is the Queen ?
[*To Roch.*

Roch. I left her in the drawing-room.

King. Ah, Wolfey !

What angel e'er so bright as woman was,
Had not the first scorn'd her Creator's laws ?
For nearest his own likeness they were made,
Till they by falseness did their sex degrade.

[*Exit King and Cardinal. Manet Roch.*

Roch. What means this sudden alteration ?

Enter Piercy.

Is not that Piercy ? Oh ! too true ! he comes
Not like a joyful bridegroom, as was told thee,
Poor cheated sister ! but like one, alas !
That knows already the base wrongs our friends
Have heap'd upon him ! Where shall I avoid him ?
Ah ! why must I, of all the plot, be curst,
To look upon a face so full of horror ;
That like a hell, at once upbraids my guilt,
And lashes me with the remembrance ?

Piercy. Methinks I walk like one that's in a dream,
A horrid dream, and fain would be awake !
These rooms of state look not as they were wont,
When Anna Bullen oft has ran to meet me ;
But seem like fairy-land, a wilderness.
My friends, like beasts that never yet saw man,
Start at my sight ; and shun me worse than fire.
What mean you, heav'ns ! what mean those boding visions !
O that some friends, some friends indeed, would meet me !
And wake me out of it—— Behold, 'tis granted !——
Is not that Rochford there ? my dearest brother !——

Roch. My Lord, my Piercy !

Piercy. Come thou to my arms——
Methinks thou art concern'd to see thy friend :
When I embrace thee, 'tis a pain, I find ;
Thy friendship is as cold as winter blasts,
Or chill as age is to a tender virgin !
What ails my friend ? say quickly.

Roch. Nothing ails me.

Piercy. Nothing ! why look'st thou then so full of Horror ?
Thy

Thy down-cast eyes call to my sad remembrance,
 How passing by yon gallery of pictures,
 That happy gall'ry that was once the scene
 Of many a joyful meeting with thy sister !
 Looking with wonder on these famous persons,
 Whom the rare painter had with so much art
 Describ'd, to make posterity amends
 For their bright forms, now mould'ring in their urns ;
 With their immortal shapes of beauty here :
 There, as we us'd to walk, none e'er so kind,
 With loving arms and tender wishes join'd,
 A glad remembrance in their looks we 'spy'd,
 Of what their bodies had on earth enjoy'd :
 With stedfast eyes they watch'd us all the while,
 And when we smil'd, they would be sure to smile ;
 Or if we chanc'd to weep, or sigh our woe,
 They seem'd to pity us, and do so too :
 Such sympathy they drew from all our fears,
 Our very griefs, and ev'ry look was theirs.

Roch. The overflowing of your love-sick fancy.

Piercy. But mark me now, Rochford ; mind the sad
 Catastrophe. They look not now like friends
 Of comfort, but like boding Sibyls rather ;
 Their smiles converted all to darting frowns,
 Whilst with their seeming voice and hands, methought,
 They chid and beckon'd me to shun the place ;
 As if they did intend to say aloud,
 Ah, Piercy ! 'tis not now as heretofore ;
 Piercy, be gone, for thou shalt happy be no more.

Roch. Ah, my Lord !

Piercy. Ha ! what say'st thou ? 'tis enough ;
 There hangs a dreadful tale upon thy brow,
 And there's some horrid meaning in that word——
 Let thy dire looks speak all the rest, I pr'ythee ;
 Thou'st pierc'd quite thro' me like an ague fit,
 Stopp'd ev'ry circling passage of my blood,
 And made me sweat big drops as cold as ice——
 Say quick, how fares thy sister ? is she well ?
 My love, my wife ! did I not call her wife ?
 Speak, is she living ? is she dead ? If so,
 And thou dar'st utter it ! plant thy dread voice
 Just like a cannon to thy Piercy's breast,
 And shiver me to pieces.

Roch. By these words
I find he knows not of my sister's marriage! [*Aside.*
Still worse and worse—Alas! my Lord, she lives!

[*To Piercy.*
Piercy. Lives! Oh the joy! but is she ought than well?
Tell it with speed! why didst thou say, Alas?

Roch. Well she is too.

Piercy. Then blessed be that voice;
But why thou speak'st it with such cold reserve,
I cannot guess. Oh, tell't with joy;
Tell it aloud with shouting to the spheres,
That they may echo with glad harmony,
Thy sister lives: my Bullen is in health.

Roch. She is in health: but—

Piercy. Ha! but what? speak out:
Why dost thou torture me with dire suspense?
If there be any thing can now be call'd misfortune,
When thy dear sister is in health, out with it;
Let it be worse than thunder, I can bear it.

Roch. Alas! kind Piercy, force not me to tell you;
Too soon you'll hear the news from one perhaps
Than can relate it, rocky as he is,
Without a sigh or tear in pity of you.

Piercy. Ye heav'nly pow'rs! what does my Rochford
Methinks the joyful tidings in my breast, [*mean?*
'That's she's in health, do chide me for my fears;
But then again a fatal heaviness
Straight intercepts this dawn of comfort there,
And like a cloud hides all these new-born beams
Of hope, and bids me dread I know not what.
I am in hell, in torments! worse, in doubt—
Is there no balsam that can cure this sting?
No Œdipus that can unfold this riddle?
I pr'ythee, gentle Rochford, do not rack me:
'Take off this heavy weight that sinks thy brother.
Come, flatter me, if thou'rt afraid to tell
The truth, and say that all these killing words
Were not in earnest.

Enter Northumberland.

Roch. See, your father's here.

Piercy. He will take pity, and release me, sure.

North. Harry, thou art most welcome to thy father;
Welcome

Welcome to all, and welcome to the King.
Rejoice, my son, and deck thy face with smiles :
There's love and fortune coming towards thee.

Piercy. Pardon me, best father ; spare my answer.

[*Kneels.*]

Oh, - tell me first what news is from my love ?
How does my mistress fare ? and what's become
Of beauteous Anna Bullen ? Quickly, Sir.

North. Why, what's become of her ? She's very well.
What should become of her ? She's marry'd, son.

Piercy. Marry'd !

North. Marry'd ! ay, marry'd, that she is !
A Queen she's too, a joyful Queen, I tell thee.

Piercy. Marry'd ! and to the King ! By all my hopes,
By all our chaste, eternal vows of love,
It cannot be, altho' my father says it ;
You, whom I'll credit sooner than an angel.
Marry'd ! my Anna Bullen false and marry'd !
Persuade me that the sun has lost its virtue ;
The earth, the teeming earth, forgot to bear ;
That nature shall be nature now no more ;
That all the elements shall vanish straight,
Turn to confusion, and in Chaos shrink ;
And you, and I, and all the living world,
Are what we were before we were begot :
All this must be, when Anna Bullen's false.

North. I tell thee, rash and disobedient boy,
Marry'd she is, without such miracles.

Piercy. Ah dearest father, on my knees I beg you,
Repeat that horrid, dismal word no more ;
To be obedient, and at once to hear
My mistress wrong'd, is not in Piercy's pow'r.
Here, crush this insect, pound me into dust,
I'm at your foot ! Oh, lay it on my neck,
And punish me with death, ten thousand deaths ;
For whilst I live I must be guilty still,
And ne'er can think that Anna Bullen's false :
O Sir, be merciful and just at once,
And say you did it but to try your Piercy.

North. Rise, and repent, and do not tempt my anger ;
Which thou should'st feel, but that I pity thee,
And think thy folly punishment enough.

Piercy. See, Sir, her brother's more concern'd than I,
To hear such words. Come, tell them, dearest Rochford ;
Proclaim her virtues loud as cherubims ;
Tell 'em these rocks, they may in time relent,
And hear the sad complaints of injur'd honour :
Is she not chaste ? chaste as the virgin light,
And constant as the turtle to its mate ;
Her person sacred still to all mankind,
And beauties less corrupted, less defil'd,
Than is the lovely blue that fragrant hangs
On autumn fruit, or morning dew on roses.

North. Tell him, my Lord.

Piercy. Oh, hear thy charming sound ;
Tell 'em, and undeceive 'em, friend ; tell 'em,
How thou wert by when first we plighted troths,
And swore eternal faith, eternal love,
By ev'ry saint, and ev'ry star that shone,
Who then look'd down as joyful witnesses,
And darted forth in all their bright array,
To see our loves that shin'd more bright than they.

Gent. My Lord, the King and Queen are passing by.

North. Look you, romantick Sir, behold your mistress,
Whose bride she is.

[King and Queen, Lords and Ladies pass over the Stage.

(Northumberland follows the King.)

Piercy. By the immortal pow'rs that gave me life,
And eyes, and senses to believe, 'tis she —
It is the King, and Anna Bullen crown'd !
Why, father, Rochford, friends, is it not so ?
And did she not like haughty Juno walk ?
Who, as she held the thund'rer by the hand,
Look'd down with scorn on the low world, from whence
She came ; so did she cast a loathing eye
Upon the place where humble Piercy stands —
Now you are mute, dumb as those conjurations
You hir'd just now from hell to be my ruin :
Ha ! is't not so ? Confess that it is so,
And I am blest'd ; own it, and make poor Piercy happy.

Roch. Alas ! my Lord, afflict your mind no more ;
'Tis torment to your friend to see you thus.

Piercy. Friend, say'st thou ? I disclaim that name in all,
In father, brother, sister, and companion ;

Nature

Nature itself abhors it like the plague,
 And banishes that guest from all her creatures —
 False brother to the falsest woman living !
 Was it for this, that I was sent from court ?
 Was it for this, the subtlest of her sex
 Sent me a letter with ten thousand charms,
 To let me know that I should write, and should
 Be written to, no more till my return ?
 T'avoid suspicion, as she said ; but 'twas
 To flatter me, that I should not mistrust her.

Roch. By heav'n, and all that's true, she's not to blame.

Piercy. Here, Rochford, rip and tear her from my heart,
 Fast rooted as she is : the poison swells,
 O lance it with thy sword, and give me ease :
 She's hell ! she's worse ! she's madness to the brain ;
 I am possessed, and carry an host of devils :
 For he that wears perjur'd woman here,
 Has in his breast ten thousand fiends to scourge him.

Re-enter Northumberland.

North. Come, my best Son, the King salutes thee, Piercy ;
 Come, see the bride he has prepar'd for thee,
 And think no more of Anna Bullen now.

Piercy. Ha ! bring me to her straight ! Is she a woman,
 A bright, dissembling, and protesting woman ?
 Smooth as the smiling, pitiless ocean is by fits ?
 But then her heart as rocky, deep, and fathomless :
 Has she a face as tempting as the fair
 Deceitful fruit of Sodom, but when tasted,
 Is rottenness and horror to the core ?
 Is she so kind, that nothing can be kinder ?
 Nay, were she Anna Bullen all without,
 And Bullen all within, I'd marry her,
 To be reveng'd !

North. Thou dost rejoice thy father :
 She is as good and beautiful as angels,
 And has ten thousand pounds a year ; which added
 To thy estate, will make you far more happy
 Than Harry with his crown, or Anna Bullen.

Piercy. Come, bring me to her : when shall we be marry'd ?

North. When my son pleases : if thou wilt, to-morrow.

Piercy. To-morrow ! Now : to-morrow is too late :

What

What! must I waste a day, and lose a smile?
 The King with Bullen revels all this while.
 Haste, thou slow sun! when wilt thou bring the morn?
 And when, Oh when, shall the long day be worn!
 That these triumphant arms may seize my bride,
 And clasp her gently like a wanton tide.
 In floods of extasies I'll drown and say,
 Thus Harry and his Queen liv'd all the day;
 Thus he embraces her all o'er and o'er;
 Whilst for each kiss I'll reap a thousand more:
 And for each pleasure they shall act that night
 I'll pattern them, and double, with delight:
 But for that rarest bliss we blush to own,
 Spite and revenge much more my joy shall crown.

[*Exit.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Cardinal and Blunt severally.

Car. **H**AIL to the sacred Queen of wit and beauty!
 Hail to the empress of the world that should be!

Blunt. What news? what song of comfort brings my
 Wolfey?

Methinks your looks shine like the sun of joy,
 And smiles, more glitt'ring than your robes appear:
 Come, for I long to be partaker of it.

Say, is it great? shall Bullen sink to hell?

Shall this proud exhalation vanish straight?

Or, shall she still be Queen, t'affront my Wolfey?

Card. No; I'd first pawn both body and soul to hell,
 For a dram of poison that would kill
 The heretick.

Blunt. Oh famous Cardinal!

Rome's sacred champion, and the saint of Rome!

What can reward thee but the mitre here,

And when thou'rt dead, a mighty throne, as high

As was great Lucifer's before his fall?

Card. Have I not liv'd more splendid than the King?
 More

More aw'd and famous than was Harry still ?
Have I not scatter'd with a lib'ral hand,
And sow'd more seed to charity, than all
The kingdom else ? built such vast palaces,
As neither Italy nor Rome can pattern ?
Which England's monarchs have been proud to dwell in.

Blunt. And but for thee the nation had been scorn'd.

Card. Who fram'd such sumptuous embassies as I,
With such a glorious train of servants deck'd,
As Germany and France both wonder'd at,
And thought that all the nation follow'd me,
Whilst Tudor here, as a less King than I,
Was serv'd but with the gleanings of my pomp ?

Blunt. 'Twas Wolsey, our great master's greater servant ;
Who, as he rode to meet the emperor,
Ere he approach'd, first check'd his pamper'd steed,
And stood at distance to receive that monarch ;
Whilst Maximilian, as became him best,
First did alight, and first embrac'd my Wolsey.

Card. And have not I rul'd Harry and the nation ?
Shall then this strong foundation of my greatness
Be undermin'd by such a wretch as Bullen ?
By the weak practice of a spleenful woman !
A thing that I have made ; a puppet Queen,
Drest up by me to act her scene of greatness,
And all her motions guided by this hand !

Blunt. Shall she then mount the same to ruin Wolsey ?

Card. No : by myself, the moment she attempts it,
She pulls a dreadful tow'r upon her head.

When I begin to totter, if I must,
Like a huge oak that's leaning o'er the wall,
I'll take my aim, and crush her with my fall—
Piercy's arriv'd ; there's aid for your revenge.

Blunt. I heard so, and perceiv'd it by the Queen.

Card. By that she has discover'd the deceit,
And finds him innocent, now 'tis too late :
This makes her careless to her own undoing ;
For when the am'rous King comes, loaded with
Big hopes, and thinks to take his fill of joys ;
Straight, like the sensitive nice plant, that shrinks,
And on a sudden gathers up its leaves
When 'tis but touch'd, she will contract her charms,
And

And shut 'em from him in her fullen bosom,
As cold as winter to his warm embraces :
This, when the vext and passionate King perceives,
He'll hate, and cast her from him in a rage.

Blunt. See ! yonder's Rochford coming towards us,
Big with glad looks ; I hope to be deliver'd
Of something that will forward our design.

Card. I will retire, and leave him to your care,
To manage him with all the art of woman ;
All hell, if heaven wont, inspire your wit
And malice.

Enter Rochford.

Roch. Brightest of thy dazling sex,
That wears the charms of all the world about thee ;
How have I been this long, long hour in pain,
In torments, and in darkness all the while !
Sun of my joy, to waste the tedious day ;
And star, to gaze the live-long night away.

Blunt. O, you are grown a courtier now indeed,
My Lord ; but 'tis no wonder, now you are
Exalted, and are brother to the Queen :
'Tis hard for one to gain a look from you,
Without the purchase of——I will not tell you——

Roch. Ha ! brother to the Queen ! to Jupiter :
And, if my ravish'd sense deceives me not,
I will not change my state to shine in heaven ;
To be the darling brother of the sun,
Or one of Leda's twins that deck the sky :
No, Castor, I defy thee.

Blunt. Hold, my Lord !
I will not chide you, tho' you have deserv'd it :
For all those raptures are but starts in love,
And seldom hold out to the race's end ;
Or else like straw, that gives a sudden blaze,
And soon is out.

Roch. Oh say not so, my goddess !
The negro, nearest neighbour to the sun,
That lives under the torrid burning line,
Feels not the warmth that does possess my breast.
And, oh forgive the vast comparison !
Hell's flame is not so vehement or lasting.

Blunt.

Blunt. Enough, my Lord : I'll put you to your trial ;
Prepare, and see how well you can obey.

But that you may not strive without all hope,
Like slaves condemn'd for ever to the galleys,
Here is my hand, an earnest of my promise,
That as I find you faithful, I'll reward you.

Roch. Your hand ! where am I ? tell me, God of love.

Blunt. But mark me : Hear, as from a prophet, this ;
Be sure you merit well this first of favours,
And keep the oath you vow upon this hand ;
Else I'll denounce a worse than hell shall follow
Your sacrilegious crime.

Roch. Lo, here I swear ——

But tell me, heav'n ! what signifies an oath,
When 'tis impossible I should be false ?

I swear upon this altar, breathing incense !

Eternal love ! eternal constancy ——

Divine, softest —— sweetest —— [Kisses her Hand.

Blunt. Go, my Lord ;

And now you have it, brag to my undoing ;
For never any but your King can boast
The like.

Roch. And he th' unworthy'st of mankind ;
Who having such a jewel in his breast,
The crown not half so sacred, were it mine,
To sell it for a false and glitt'ring trifle :
So silly Indians barter gold and pearls
For baubles.

Blunt. What, your sister ! treach'rous man !
You do not mean it ; nor can I endure
To hear her so degraded, if 'twere real :
She's goodness, and has beauties more than I ;
And merits what she does possess, a crown :
And much the more, because she sought not for't ;
Which is the cause, I fear, that she's unhappy ——
You visit her, not only as a brother,
But as a friend, and partner of her counsels ;
You love like twins, like lovers, or indeed
As a fond brother and kind sister should.
How bears she this unwelcome state ? or rather,
How does she brook the wrong that's done to Piercy ?

Roch.

Roch. All her reflexions on it straight will vanish ;
A King and crown are charms invincible :
No storms nor discontents can long abide
Where love and empire plead ; but soon will fly,
Scatter'd like mists, before the sun of pow'r.

Blunt. You speak indiff'rently, my Lord, and like
Mistrust of her you love. I long to hear
The more what you would fain disguise from me—
Have you so soon forgot the oath you took ?
Or is't so lately, that you think 'tis scarce
Reach'd down to hell, to claim you perjurd there ?
Or think you that I e'er can hate the sister,
When with a blush I own I love the brother ?
False and ungrateful man ! farewell.

Roch. O stay !
Rip ope my bosom to my naked heart,
And read whate'er you think is written there.
Had I no tongue to speak, I'd suffer that,
Rather than once deny you any thing.

Blunt. He softens, turns, and changes, as I'd have
His waxen soul begins to melt apace ; [him ; *Aside.*
He is my slave, my chain'd and gally-slave.
Oh, that I had but Harry so to torture !
But I'll revenge myself on this soft fool,
On Bullen, and on all their race at once,
That were the curst cause of my undoing.
You find my passion and good-nature quickly, [*To Roch.*
That makes you use me thus.

Roch. Ten thousand pardons—

Blunt. No more ; I can forgive, if you deserve it :
I charge you, as a sign of your repentance,
Go visit straight the Queen, and Piercy too :
You hear he's come to court ; and what you learn
From them, that aught concerns their former loves,
From time to time acquaint me with the story ;
And you shall lock the secret in my breast,
As safe as in your own.

Roch. 'Twere blasphemy
But to suspect it.

Blunt. I require this of you ;
Not that I doubt the virtue of the Queen :
But know, that worse than hell I hate the King,

(To which just hatred 'tis, you owe my love)
And wish your sister and all human kind
Would hate him too.

Roch. I'll instantly obey you.

Blunt. Come back, my Lord; this readiness has charm'd
And now I can't but give you some kind hopes— [me :
You may have leave to visit me hereafter,
And talk of love; perhaps I'll take it kindly.

Roch. Blest harmony! Happiest of mankind, I.

Blunt. And you may write to me, and best by proxy;
For tho' the King not visits me, as he was wont,
Yet he is jealous——

Let all your am'rous letters be disguis'd
Under the borrow'd name of brother still,
Directed to me by the style of sister.

Roch. In all things I'll obey my lovely goddess!

Blunt. These papers once shall be of consequence. [*Aside.*
See the Queen comes, her soul in discontent, [*To Roch.*
And longs to be disburden'd. I will leave you——
A fit occasion's offer'd, now she's on
The rack, to ease her by a fond confession. [*Ex. Blunt.*

Enter Queen and Ladies.

Queen. Where am I now?—My brother! Is it you?
I hear that Piercy's come to court.

Roch. He is.

Queen. Where shall I hide my guilty face from him,
And shut me where he ne'er may see me more?
For now I start at ev'ry human shape,
And think I meet wrong'd Piercy in my way;
Like one escap'd for murder, in his flight
Shuns ev'ry beast, and trembles at the wind,
And thinks each bush a man to apprehend him.——

Enter Diana.

I sent thee to the Queen; Diana, say,
How fares she in her hopeless, lost estate?
What answer bring'st thou, that is death to hear?
Come, talk of misery, and fill my breast
With woe: I'll lay my ears to the sad sound,
And thence extract it, as the bees do honey.
Grief is the food that the afflicted live by——

D

Talk

Talk any thing ; there's nought so dreadful as
The thoughts of injur'd Piercy in my breast.

Diana. The Princess Dowager is dead.

• *Queen.* What Princess !

Art thou a temporising false-one too ?

And hast so soon forgot she was thy Queen ?

Diana. Queen Katherine is dead.

Queen. Alas ! then is she dead !

Then she has got the start of Anna Bullen——

Came you too late to pay my duty to her ?

Diana. No ; for she enjoy'd her senses to the last ;
And then not seem'd to die, but fall asleep.

Queen. So bold is innocence, it conquers death,
And after makes amends for all the wrongs
Sustain'd in life.

Diana. When I began to tell her,
I came by your command, to make a tender
Of your most humble duty, and condole
Her Majesty's misfortune and distemper ;
She check'd me at that word, and as you've seen
A clear sky with a trav'ling cloud o'ertook,
And quickly gone, so she put on a frown,
Which did not last, and answer'd with a smile ;
Why did you say, Your Majesty to me,
She said, a name I loath ? Go, tell your Queen,
Let her not fix on greatness to be happy,
But take a sad example here by me :
I, who was daughter, niece, and sister too,
To three great Emperors, and wife, alas !
To the most potent Prince in Christendom,
Must die more wretched than the meanest creature,
In a strange country, 'midst my enemies ;
Not one of all my great relations here
To pity me, nor friend to bury me.
And then she wept, and turn'd her gentle face
The other way, and quickly after dy'd.

Queen. Go on ; why dost thou cease this melody ?
Thy voice exceeds the mourning Philomel's ;
The dying swan takes not that pleasure in
Her note, as I in such celestial musick :
Hast thou no more of it ?

Come, play the artist : shew thou to my fancy

Th' in-

Th' infernal paths that lead to infinite horror ;
 Open all the charnel-houses of the dead,
 And fright away, if it be possible,
 The sad remains of injur'd Piercy here.

Enter King.

[*Ex. Diana and Roch.*

King. Yonder she is, in tears amidst her glories !
 Ye lavish stars, what will content this scorner ?
 From a mean spring I took this shining pebble,
 And plac'd her in my heart and in my crown,
 The fairest and the best-lov'd jewel there,
 And sat her on my throne to be ador'd :
 Yet she contemns all this, and would be more,
 The heav'ns are all too narrow for her soul !
 Gods ! you must flatter and descend to her,
 Or she'll not stir one jot to you — she is
 So very proud.

Queen. My Lord !

King. Sit down again.

I but disturb you, therefore I'll return ;
 For sure they must be tender thoughts, for which
 You pay such lavish tribute from your eyes.

Queen. Sir, I was thinking of th' uncertain state
 Of greatness, and amongst its sad misfortunes,
 What would become of me, alas ! if you
 (Which I've no reason to suspect)
 Should change your love ; and that produc'd these tears.

King. Y'are in the right, if that should ever happen—
 But what begets such doubts within your breast ?
 You have done nothing to deserve such fears :
 You love me, and as long as that shall last,
 Mistrust not Harry.

Queen. By my hopes, I do.

King. Blest sound : I will hear nothing but my Bullen.
 Wolfey and devil, tempt me now no more ! [Aside.
 Then shake these clouds of sorrow from thy eyes ;
 And dart thy brighter beams, like April sun-shine,
 Into my bosom, and thus lock me ever——
 Oh ! now I nought remember but thy charms,
 And quite forget whate'er I was before.
 One word of bliss, one word of softness, from thee,

To banish hence suspicions, like the plague,
And clear our breasts from jealousies for ever —
What, not a syllable do I deserve?

These kisses, faint embraces, and these odours,
Are ravish'd, and not bestow'd upon me — Ha!

Queen. What means my Lord?

King. What means the trait'rous Bullen!

By heav'n she wants the cunning trick and skill,
The easy, quick delusion of her sex,
To hide her falseness — By all hell, she's damn'd.

Queen. O gracious Sir!

King. Too gracious not to kill thee —

For whom, for whom, are your kind looks reserv'd?
Hide you your minion, for his safeguard, do;
For were he 'mongst his happy stars, I'd reach him.
I'm frightful as a ghost, or a disease:
For when I think to hold her in these arms,
She struggles like the quarry in the toil;
And yields herself unto my loath'd embraces,
With such a forc'd and awkward willingness,
As men, when they are past all hopes of life,
Resign themselves into the pow'r of death.

Queen. What fiend hath put such thoughts into your
When did I wrong you? How have I been false? [breast?
Yet I will not complain against my Lord;
Since 'tis your will — Sir, have I not obey'd you?
No slave so humbly faithful to your pleasures,
And in your bed, with blushing, paid those duties
That modest virgin or chaste wife could do:
And if I was not wanton, pray forgive me.

King. Yes, yes, I have your outside; but hell knows,
And thy false self, who 'tis enjoys thy soul!
You yield to me indeed, 'tis true: but most
Unwillingly you part with your dear sweets,
Unless it be to him that has your hoard;
But guard your fatal honey with a sting
'Gainst those you hate — Your person you resign,
But as to prison; my arms are but the grates
Thro' which your mind is longing still to be abroad:
Nay, in the very moment of enjoyment,
And who would think but then I should be happy?
There's still another picture in your heart,

On which you look, and fancy I am he,
And all the while I'm sporting for another.

Queen. Can heav'n hear this! O cruel, faithless Lord!

King. No: to thy syren's voice I'll stop my ears;
A thousand times, like him, thou'ast cheated me,
Laid my just passion to a gentle calm,
Whilst storms behind were ready to devour me.
On thy false gen'rous charms I'll wreck no more,
But seek for shelter on some kinder shore;
A grateful beauty here shall reign alone,
And chase thee from my heart, and from my throne:
Ha! who comes there? My gentle Wolfsey, come,
And with thy counsel straight defend my breast.

[The King meets Wolfsey, and goes out leaning on him.]

Queen. Did not my Lord fly from me in a rage,
Arm'd with a frown, and darted it quite thro' me?
And Wolfsey in his fav'rite's place again?
Nay, then the wonder is expir'd: that proud,
That great bad man, and Lucifer, ne'er meant
Me nor my virtue well—The King's inconstancy
Begins to shew its Janus face again:
And all the doubts of an unhappy wretch,
My fears by day, and horrid dreams by night,
Are come to pass.

Enter Piercy.

Piercy. What, shall I fear to see her!
And tell her face to face the perjuries
And falseness that she's heap'd upon her soul,
And ruin'd mine?—Lo, where the false one is!
In counterfeited grief? By heav'n, in tears!
As if her sins already did upbraid her!
Just pow'rs! can ye behold a form so fair,
And suffer falseness to inhabit there?
The morning sun ris'n from its wat'ry bed,
Less precious drops does on Arabia shed;
And sacred phials of rich April show'rs,
When he alternate rain and sun-shine pours;
Nor is he half so beautiful and gay,
As she a wiping of those tears away.

Queen. Ha, Piercy! I'm betray'd. Advise me, heav'n,
What shall I do!——Be gone, this place is hell;
Vipers and adders lurking under smiles,

And flatt'ring cloaths of state : Oh ! don't tread here ;
Under this mask of gallantry and beauty
Is a rude wild ; nay, worse, a dang'rous ocean ;
Into whose jaws, love, like a calenture,
Will tempt us, where we both may sink and perish.

Piercy. What, can so mean a creature fright a Queen !
Behold a wretched thing of your undoing !

Queen. See he stands, the mark of pity, heav'n !
Shut, shut thy eyes, and fly with speed away,
Or view the rocks and quicksands, if you stay ;
Lest this rough Hellespont I venture on,
And, like Leander, tempt my fate, and drown.— [*Ex. Qu.*]

Piercy. Ha ! she's surpriz'd ! shuns me, and flies from me !
And more affrighted is at Piercy's wrongs,
Than guilty ghosts, that have escap'd to earth,
Hear the cock crow to summon 'em away,
And start and tremble at the sight of day.
But yet she look'd not like a foe upon me ;
And as she parted, told me with her eyes,
That there was something in those speaking tears,
Which might excuse her, and condemn her Piercy.

Enter Northumberland.

North. Son, I am come to tell you joyful news ;
The King has charm'd the fair Diana to thee,
And is resolv'd to marry her to-morrow,
And celebrate the nuptials with a pomp.

Piercy. The King ! the King is marry'd, Sir.

North. He is ;

But thou art not : h'intends to give her to thee
Himself. Why dost thou start ? 'Twas but this day
You swore and vow'd, with all the signs of joy,
And duty to your father, you'd obey me.

Piercy. Alas ! I did : but cannot heav'n, nor you,
Forgive a rash, unhappy man his vow ?

North. No : by the blood that honours Piercy's veins,
I swear, I will not——

For marry'd thou shalt be, and that to her,
Or live a vagabond, banish'd from wealth,
From friends and pity ; whilst I will advance
Thy younger brother to thy lost estate
And see thee starve ; nay, more, and loaded with
The curses of thy father.

Piercy.

Piercy. Hold, Sir——

I'll strive t'obey you ; not because I fear
 What misery or death can do to me ;
 Nor to avoid the hungry lion's den,
 Or dragon's teeth, just ready to devour me ;
 For know, I plunge into a state more dreadful :
 But that I may not be th'unhappy cause
 Of dragging wrongful curses from a father,
 Which rather turn upon his head that aims,
 Than hurt the bosom of the innocent.

Enter Diana.

North. See ! she's coming, brighter than a goddess—
 I'll leave you, and commit you to her cure. [*Exit North.*]

Diana. Yonder's the dear-lov'd man, whom all must
 love,

That loves another too : what shall I say ? [*Aside.*]
 Spite of my stars, I dote upon a person,
 Who has no heart, no eyes that are his own ;
 Nor yet one look that ever can be mine.

Piercy. Madam ! d'you hear the news ? My father tells
 W'are to be marry'd. [*me*]

Diana. So the King will have it.

Piercy. The King ! what, would the tyrant be a god !
 To take upon him to dispose of hearts,
 And join unequal souls to one another ?
 O beautiful Diana ! you're all goodness,
 A store of virtues in as bright a person,
 As heav'n e'er treasur'd in a form divine :
 If so, what can your eyes behold in me ?
 What see in such a wretched thing as I,
 To marry me ?

Diana. How charming is his person !
 And much more charming is his grief ! And, Oh—
 How can the e'er receive a wound more deadly, [*Aside.*]
 Than I, tormented with a double dart
 Of love and pity——Some kind deity
 Assist me now, lest I should shew I love him ;
 And teach my tongue how to bely my heart.

Piercy. You seem to study for so plain an answer.
 Come, tell me straight my faults, and what you think ;
 For here I stand the mark of truth to aim at.

What

What is there in this miserable shape,
To look on without scorn?

Diana. Now, kind heav'n,
Lend me the cunning now of all my sex! [Aside.
I like you just as well as you like me; [To Piercy.
Our persons might, for all you've said of mine,
Be mended both, and both receive additions:
And for your nature, I'll be plain, and tell you,
I could have wish'd a man of better humour;
But, 'tis no matter, since we're both so bad,
We are the fitter then for one another.
Just gods! what miserable things we are! [Aside.
Oh! when shall we attain that bless'd abode,
Where we may never fear to speak aloud
What's just, and is no sin?

Piercy. What, do you hate me?
Then you are happier one degree than I;
For should you love me, you are truly wretched.
Diana. Indeed he little thinks I am that wretch. [Aside.
Tell me, wherefore? [To Piercy.

Piercy. Because the cruel god
Has robb'd me of my whole estate of love,
And left me naked, desolate, and poor;
Not worth one sigh, or wish, if that could pay
The debt I owe: nay, should you come a begging,
Cold and half starv'd, for succour to my door,
You would not find, in all this rissled cottage,
One spark, one charitable spark, to warm you.

Diana. Hear, heav'n! hear, cruel one! whoe'er thou art
He loves, tho' I am slighted, scorn'd, nay, hated. [Aside.
Wou'd thou hadst my kind eyes, my breast, my soul;
Wou'd all my vital blood were balm to cure him.
Yet will our cruel parents have us marry'd: [To Piercy.
Then, since we must, how know we but our bodies,
And yet more careless and despairing souls,
In time may grow to such indifference,
As, quite forgetting of what sex we are,
We may, like faithful and condoling friends,
If not like lovers, live together?

Piercy. Ay;
And when y'are sad, I'll kiss you like a brother:
And if you sigh, or chance to shed a tear,

I will

I will weep too, and ask you, why you grieve?
 And you shall do the like to me, and straight
 Embrace me like a sister; still rememb'ring
 The subject of our just complaints shall be,
 You, that y'are marry'd——

Diana. You, for marrying me.

Piercy. O rarely thought; 'twill be the only means
 To make us happy both against our wills.
 We'll moan, we'll sigh, we'll weep; we'll all but love—
 Instead of loving, pity one another.

Diana. And who can tell, but pity may at last,
 By gentle, soft degrees, grow up to love?

Piercy. Come, let's away then, since they'll have it so;
 Meet these glad rites to all mankind but us;
 Where the malicious charm shall join our curses,
 And not our persons, but our woes together.
 Then turn us loose, like two condemn'd, lone wretches;
 Banish'd from earth, no creature but ourselves,
 In an old bark on wide and desert seas,
 In storms by night and day, unseen by all,
 Unpity'd toss'd, not one dear morsel with us
 To ease our hunger, nor one drop of drink
 To quench our raging thirst: and, which is worse,
 Without one jot of rigging, sail, or helm to guide us.

Diana. Forgive me, heav'n! forgive me, all my sex,
 [Aside.

That ever lov'd, or e'er was scorn'd, like me!
 Tho' 'tis my fate for ever to be hated,
 Tho' we are doom'd to dwell like wand'ring wretches,
 In worse than what his worst of sorrow paints;
 Yet I must love him, and resolve to marry him.
 And now I challenge all the wond'ring world,
 And more admiring angels, if they can,
 To find who most is to be pity'd, he
 Or I.— Quick, let us launch then with a courage,
 [To Piercy.

Since 'tis our King and cruel parents wills.

Piercy. And give a rare example to the marry'd,
 Of constancy: for that which severs them,
 Possession of their pall'd and loath'd enjoyments,
 Our faithful woes shall join our lives the faster.

Diana. And having each of us so mean a stock

Of love, I in your breast, and you in mine,
We need not fear that thieves should come to rob us.

Piercy. Nor jealousy to part us.

Diana. Well then, *Piercy*,

When our expected sentence is perform'd,
Where shall we take our welcome banishment ?

Piercy. To the world's end ! far from all fruitful grounds,
From corn, and wine, or any wanton spring ;
In some dead soil, so barren and so curst,
Where neither loathsome weeds nor thistles grow.

Diana. Or some deep cave, where winds are all so still,
And beasts so far remote, that we shall hear
No howls, nor groans, but what we make ourselves.

Piercy. No : on some dreadful rock we'll chuse to lie,
Whose dismal top seems fasten'd to the sky ;
Thence we can look on all the world below,
So full of vanity, so full of woe !
And sometimes on the wreck-devouring seas,
The emblem of our present miseries ;
Sigh for the creatures, think the storms we see
Our cruel parents, and the wretches we.

Diana. Or waste our days in wand'ring to and fro,
And make our lives one harmony of woe.

Piercy. Till heav'n shall rain down pity on us——

Diana. No :

We'll not be piti'd. Pity's half a cure ;
That will bring comfort, which we'll ne'er endure.

Piercy. O my virago partner !

Diana. Nay, I dare you.

Piercy. Then here we'll take an oath, and with this
kiss,

Let's strike a league with woe ! adieu to bliss !
And now I challenge thee, all-seeing sun,
From his proud prospect, his high seat at noon,
'Mong'st all the wonders of the world, to 'spy
A couple half so kind as thee and I,
Or all the matches that ere love decreed,
If ever man and wife so well agreed.
Love oft-time flies from misery and pain,
But we resolve the closer to remain.
What tho' we wed in hatred, we may mend ;
We but begin where others surely end :

And

And each of you that marry first for love,
We are but sooner what at last you'll prove.

[*Ex. ambo.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Blunt and Rochford.

BLUNT.

MY Lord, you act a cunning lover well ;
Paint a rare passion under all disguises :
Yet, Oh ! I wish this art had not been learnt,
But nature in you, and true love the teacher :
Yet I will prize and hoard your letters safe,
As I would fragrant flow'rs within my bosom.

Roch. O my prodigious and exalted soul,
And my more precious stars ! I bless you all.
Is there a man amongst all your favourites
So rich, so happy, and so lov'd as I !
Methinks, for my dear Anna Bullen's sake,
If possible, I love you better now,
Since I dare call you by the name of sister.

Blunt. And I much more, now I can call you brother.

Roch. O, my too weighty joys ! immortal state !
And more immortal love !

Blunt. No more : I'll chide you ;
This is too great, too violent, to last——
Hold ! give your passion breath, leave some for next,
And love not all your wishes out at once——
Where is the Queen ?

Roch. I left her discontent.

Blunt. Why, where is Piercy ? has she seen him yet ?

Roch. Seen him she has ; but would not speak to him.

Blunt. Not speak to him ! oh cruel, most inhuman !
Had she but seen him in the state as I did,
She would have spoke to him, and dy'd for him.

Roch. Alas ! her cruelty drew pity from
Her eyes and mine.

Blunt. Would she not speak t'him then ?

Roch. No, not a word ; but quite o'ercame her pity,
And

And went away resolv'd ne'er more to see him.

Blunt. The reason?

Roch. She'd not tell—but I must doubt
Her scrup'lous virtue is the cause.

Blunt. Impossible!

Virtue can never lodge with cruelty.

What stain were it to th'whiteft innocence?

What crime in the severest virtue once,
In her condition, but to hear him speak?

Come! she must see him——

Roch. Would my life and fortune,
Nay all my rights of love, and hopes in thee,
Could purchase her consent to see him once;
Pardon the fallies of most mighty friendship;
So well I wish him, I would hazard all.

Blunt. Go tell, as from yourself, the sad condition
Her horrid cruelty has brought him to.

Within this hour he enter'd my apartment,
Not like the great, the brave, the charming Piercy,
Whose person none could see without adoring;
But like a dreadful ghost, or horrid shadow,
Far worse than what dead melancholy midnight
To frighted men e'er painted in a dream.

The evil genius of his family
Ne'er look'd so mad, nor threaten'd half the woe,
As he did himself.

Roch. Unhappy Piercy!

Blunt. At first his sight was pointed on the earth:
There, with a groan, charg'd with a volley of sighs,
He lifted up his fatal eyes on me; which I
Could scarce behold with mine, they were so full
Of pitying tears——

Then ran into such bitter sad complaints
Against our sex's loath'd inconstancy,
That I was forc'd to chide him——

Roch. Oh, no more!

It wakes my drowsy conscience from its rest,
And stabs it with a guilt.

Blunt. But then at last

From railings into blessings straight he fell;
And on his knees beseech'd me that I'd plead,
And beg the Queen, but once to see her Piercy.

Which

Which I, rack'd with compassion, promis'd him :

Alas ! I fear, more than I can perform.

This said, I rose, and Piercy follow'd me :

Therefore I charge you by the pow'r of friendship,

By Piercy's woes, and all the love you owe

To me ! go and prevail that he may see her :

He said that you had vow'd to bring't to pass.

Roch. I'll do it instantly ; and if she will not,

I'll bear her body in these arms by force ;

Her mind, I'm sure, is willing to be with him.

Blunt. She's coming straight this way ; go quickly you,
(The miserable wretch is yet without)

And give him notice, now's the time to speak t'her !

Then straight return to hold her in discourse

Till Piercy comes.

Roch. So kind and pitiful !

May all thy cruel sex be blest'd for thee. [*Ex. Roch.*]

Blunt. So——this has prov'd a lucky tale ; and now

This rare intelligence goes to my Wolfey,

Who'll send th'alarm to the watchful King,

Straight to surprize him with his wife, like Jason,

Just stealing of his golden fleece away—

She comes, she comes, this Player-Queen ; but know,

This is the last proud act of all thy show ;

This is a bait, kind stars, if you'll not frown,

With which I'll take revenge, or catch a crown :

And when she's got her heav'n, and I my aim,

Who then dares tell me, that I was to blame !

For who contemns a prosp'rous wickedness,

Or thinks that ill, that's sainted with success ?

[*Exit Blunt.*]

Enter Queen with a Letter.

Queen. What shall I do ! where teach my trembling
feet

Their way ! Was ever virtue storm'd like mine !

Within, without, I'm haunted all alike :

Without, tormented with a jealous King ;

Within, my fears suggest a thousand plagues,

E

Bid

Bid me remember injur'd Piercy's wrongs,
 And brand me with the name of cruel to him ;
 Then on a sudden a more dreadful thought
 Upbraids me with guilt,
 And tells me that kind pity is a sin.
 Witness, and blame not me, y'immortal pow'rs !
 When you expose two diff'rent paths, one good,
 The other bad, and tell not which to take :
 If to obey you is my aim, just heav'n !
 'Tis not my fault, if I should chuse the wrong.

Enter Rochford.

Roch. Sister ! most royal, merciful, fair,
 And best belov'd of heav'n and all mankind,
 Let your dear brother make it his request
 Thus on his knees, as deities are charm'd,
 That you would hear th'unhappy Piercy speak
 This once, and but this once——Piercy's without :
 Shall my best friend take but his last farewell ?
 Grant it, or never more let Rochford see you.

Queen. O brother, plead no more, 'tis all in vain ;
 Do not betray thy sister to a guilt,
 And stain the crystal virtue of a soul,
 Which still she holds far dearer than a crown :
 Seek not by vile enchantments to destroy
 That innocence which yet is all my force ;
 All the defence poor Bullen has against
 A jealous husband, cruel foes, and worse,
 Against the malice of invet'rate hell.

Roch. What dangers can there be, what guilt in you,
 To hear the wretched and the injur'd pray ?
 Come ; for you will, you shall, you must now hear him.

Queen. No more ! no more ! there's yet a subtler
 orator

Than you, or pity, pleads for Piercy here,
 Here in my firm courageous soul, and stronger
 Than father, mother, or ten thousand brothers ;
 Yet I can that deny.

Roch. What shall I tell him ?

Queen.

Queen. Tell him, we are undone ; I must not see him ;
And what's far worse, the King is jealous : tell him,
I love him—tell him, what is false, I hate him ;
Say any thing ; but let me not behold him :
For, oh ! my weakness he so fierce assaults,
'Twill spoil—'twill wreck my conduct—See, he comes.

Enter Piercy.

Most cruel !——cruel brother rather——
Help—take and bear me swiftly from the danger.

Rob. Cast but one look, and you must needs relent.

Queen. What shall I do ? what passage shall I chuse ?
[*Aside.*

Arm me, kind heav'n ! against my foe of pity.

Piercy. Still, still she turns, and hides her treach'rous
eyes——

Is't possible that she can feel remorse,
Or pity after all ? Oh ! no ; she loves too well
The fatal cause that purchas'd all this pomp——
Stay, Anna Bullen ! stay ; my Queen——perhaps
It is expected I should call you Queen ;
Behold your hatred——

Queen. Fly, good Piercy, fly :
There's nets preparing for your life and mine—
There's nought but snares and quick-sands where we
tread ;

Unfathom'd pits hid under painted grounds,
Where vast destruction watches to devour us.
Farewel——

Piercy. Hear me but first, and shew thy face,
Thy false dissembling beauties——
Many when wreck'd have been by dolphins borne,
And safely landed on the welcome shore :
And in the forests, nay, the monsters dens,
The passenger, half-starv'd for want of food,
Has by the lions oft been spar'd and fed :
But cruel Bullen, cruel beauty kills
All whom it fetters, most on whom it smiles :

Nor can the elements, nor gentler brutes,
Teach woman to be pitiful or good.

Queen. Now, now, just heav'n! y'are show'ring all
your plagues

At once upon my head, and I will bear 'em;
Bear 'em like one of you, and blest the weight;
Hear my false self upbraided, call'd most perjur'd,
Deceitful, and the monster of my sex;
Ev'n I, who (you revengeful pow'rs above
Know) love this cruel chider to a fault!
Ah, Piercy, Piercy—fly; for life be gone:
Each minute that you stay brings death to both.

Piercy. Ah, hold! If not for love, for pity stay;
And if no just complaint can pierce your hearing,
Then blessings shall: ten thousand blessings on you,
If you will hear the curst of mankind speak.

Roch. Now, sister, heard you that! by heav'ns, it
melts me!
Sure I'm turn'd all the woman, you the man.

Queen. Give me your hand, kind brother, and support
me;

Help, for I stagger with the treble weight
Of grief, despair, and pity!
My senses are all charm'd, and feet fast ty'd
To this enchanted floor—Quick, or I'm lost.

Piercy. Yet turn, if there's one jot of pity in you;
If Piercy e'er was worth one thought, I charge you,
By the lov'd name of Anna Bullen, stay—
What then, will nothing move? Oh, inexorable!
No, not a look! not Piercy worth one look!
Yet, Rochford, hold! canst thou too be so cruel!
Fell and obdurate both!
Is there no hope? but will you, will you then
Be gone?

Queen. Fly, brother, ere it be too late;
For should I listen but a moment more,
The strength of Hercules were not enough
To draw me hence, so unruly is my body,
And my unwilling soul so loth to part.

Piercy.

Piercy. Then with my knees, thus fast'ning to the
ground
Your robe, and thus with my extended arms,

[*Piercy kneels upon her Robe.*
I'll force and charm you, till y'have heard my last
Complaint : and then forbear to pity if you can.

Queen. Why dost thou hold ?—Why do I hold my-
self ?

Piercy. Ten thousand curses light upon her soul
In hell ; and worse, what mine on earth endures,
That first taught woman falshood——
If for a crown she's false ! oh, may that crown
Sit loathsome on her forehead as her crimes ;
May adders nest within th'ambitious round,
And into stings the fatal ermins turn ;
When dead, may all the miseries she feels
Be thro' the world recorded, as a mark
For faithful lovers to beware, and ne'er
Be nam'd without a curse.

Queen. Ah, cruel *Piercy* !

Piercy. But for my *Queen*, let heav'n and angels guard
her ;

Her I except from any bitter fate ;
Let Anna Bullen's breast be ne'er disturb'd,
Nor soul upbraided with the wrongs of *Piercy* :
And, oh, kind heav'n, if there be any sorrow
(As sure none e'er can be) ordain'd for her,
False as she is, I beg, that it may fall
Only on wretched *Piercy's* head——May hers
Be all the pleasure still, and mine the pain.

Queen. O gods ! obdurate heav'ns ! cruel honour !
And yet more cruel virtue, hear and see ! [*Aside.*

Piercy. And when I shall for ever be recluse,
As now I go to part with all mankind,
'Twill be my joy, sometimes to think of you,
And make me live perhaps one day the longer,
When in my melancholy cell I hear
That the crown flourishes on Bullen's head.

Queen. Ha ! I'm o'erwhelm'd, the sluices all are broke,
And pity, like a torrent, pours me down ; [*Aside.*

Now I am drowning, all within's a deluge;
 Wisdom nor strength can stem the tide no more,
 And nature in my sex ne'er felt the like——
 Help, Rochford, ere I'm rooted to this earth.
 Away, away! the least word more undoes me.

Piercy. Yet turn one look upon me, ere you go.

Queen. There take it, with my life, perhaps the purchase——

Take that too; *Piercy*, thou hast been betray'd;

[*Gives him a Letter.*]

Learn there th'unhappy Bullen's fate——Farewel.

Piercy. Yet stay—the soul ne'er parted with such pangs
 From the pale body, as you fly from me.

Queen. *Piercy*, adieu——I can——I will——I must:
 no more.

[*Ex. Queen and Roch.*]

Piercy. What never see you more! She's gone,
 She's gone, more lov'd and beautiful than ever:
 And now methought, just as she parted from me,
 She shot a look quite through my gory heart,
 And left it gasping, dying, and despairing.
 What's here? a letter! and the character——
 That I so oft have been acquainted with?
 If these eternal kisses give me leave,
 I'll break it open with as great a joy——
 As I had leap'd into our marriage-bed,
 And rifled all the sweets and pleasures there——
 What's this I read!

Reads:

*By wicked Wolsey, Harry, and our parents,
 I was betray'd, and forc'd to wed the King:
 Who intercepted all thy letters, swearing
 With sacramental oaths, that thou wert false,
 And marry'd first—Piercy, adieu, and credit me,
 And that I lov'd thee better than my life.
 Burn this rash paper, lest the fends disclose it.*

BULLEN.

She's

She's innocent ! oh ye immortal pow'rs !
 She's innocent ! and then she loves me still.
 Sound, found my joy, till my exalted soul
 Is wound up to th'extremest pitch of blifs :
 Let Piercy never after this be sad——
 Yet hold——what dawn of comfort canst thou spy
 In this ?——Oh none——This glow-worm spark,
 This glimpse of hope, is vanish'd, and I'm left
 In deeper darkness, horror, and despair,
 Than e'er I was before——
 Oh Anna Bullen ! curst in being true !
 And I more curst in knowing it too late.

Re-enter Queen and Rochford.

Ha ! she returns ! the mourning angel comes
 Again ! Sure heav'n's in love with both our miseries,
 They look with such a pomp and train in me,
 And are so beautiful in her !

Queen. Well, brother,
 And thou far stronger and immortal pity,
 And more immortal love, y'have brought me back—
 Ye have. What ! what will you do with me now ?

Roch. Could any thing on earth, tyger, or panther,
 Much less a creature form'd by heav'n, like it ;
 Could you, I say, refrain such an object,
 At the last words of the unhappy wretch,
 And not forbear to balm him o'er in tears,
 Or else but hear him speak ?

Queen. Now I'm inclos'd again !
 The combat now grows fierce and strong ; and, oh !
 How weak an armour resolution is
 Against our passions, or the man belov'd !
 Virtue and honour, hence be proud no more,
 Nor brag of your dominion o'er mankind ;
 Lest love, most fatal love, too soon should tell you,
 And make you feel, he's as mightier chains than you—
 See where he is——look heav'n with tender eyes ;
 Give counsel to my just despairing soul,
 And tell me, pity is no sin——Ah, Piercy !

Piercy.

Piercy. My charming Queen! my Anna Bullen once!
Am I so blest, and yet so wretched too,
As what is written here contains? And tell me,
May I believe that you can love me still?

Queen. Oh, Piercy! Piercy! urge me not to tell you
What heav'n's austerity will not permit,
Nor force me to declare——

What the Eternal sees already written
In too broad characters within my breast:
How large, how deep thy story's graven here,
And what I dare not, never must unfold——
Oh! I have said too much.

Piercy. What! said too much?
Can you repent of one kind thought of Piercy?
And spitefully call back your tender mercy!
Nay, worse; can you behold the almost naked,
And starv'd beseeching wretch, and strive to pull
The tatter'd remnants from his quiv'ring joints,
And dash the pitcher from the greedy lips
Of one just ready to expire with thirst?
Oh, cruel Queen! for Anna Bullen would not,
She would not, would not, use her Piercy thus.

Queen. Cease, cease, such sounds——
And turn thy sad, restless eyes away;
For if I once behold those tears, and hear
Thy just complaints, I can no longer hold,
But break I must thro' all the bonds of virtue.
Nay, stood the jealous Harry by,
With all his guards of devils, Wolseys, cardinals;
In spite of all, in spite of more, myself,
I must both see, hear thee, and speak to thee,
And pity thee. Now are you satisfy'd?

Piercy. It is enough, bright daughter of the sky:
Y'have conquer'd me, my deity, you have.
Here on my knees, yet at a distance too,
The posture of a soul in extasy,
I beg a thousand pardons of my Queen.
A look, a sigh, a tear, from Anna Bullen,
Is far more worth than all the trifling wrongs,
Nay, than the life and very soul of Piercy.

Queen.

Queen. Help me, just heav'n! who sees how I'm
besieg'd,

And what a weak, resistless wretch I am!
Why d'ye impose on us so hard a task?
On us poor womankind, feeble and frail,
Making us here commissioners of virtue,
Yet put by drams and scruples in the balance,
To counterpoise and weigh down flesh and blood.
How weak's my will to draw my body hence!
And, oh! how loth my eyes are to depart!
But wish for ever to be fasten'd on thee,
And look one look to vast eternity:

Yet we must part, ah, Piercy! part for ever——

Piercy. Ah, say not so! Must we so soon, my Queen!
Is then this moment's bliss so criminal,
That it must forfeit all my precious hopes
Of an assurance once to meet again?

Queen. My mind now bodes to me that 'tis our last:
Yet I must bid thee go: there is no joy for us;

The world's a deluge all to thee and me——

There is no rest, my Piercy, in this world;
No sanctuary to lay the weary head
Of the undone, th'unpity'd, and betray'd.
Farewel: there's somewhat rises o'er my soul,
And covers it as with a fatal cloud
Of horror, death, and fear. It cannot be;
The sting of parting cannot do all this.
Farewel, farewel.

Piercy. Stay; must we part for ever?
What, never! never meet again!

Queen. Never, till we are clay; and then, perhaps,
Neglected as we were in life, thrown out in death,
Some charitable man may be so kind
To give our poor forsaken bodies burial,
Laying 'em both together in one bed
Of earth——

Ha! the time's come; my fatal doom's at hand.

*[Three Drops of Blood fall from her Nose,
and stain her Handkerchief.]*

Behold,

Behold, the heav'ns in characters of blood,
 In three inevitable drops,
 Have seal'd it, and decreed that it is now !——
 Ah, Piercy ! fly, and leave me here alone,
 To stem this mighty torrent of my fate :
 Be gone, while I have life to bid thee go ;
 For now death stops my tongue—— [She swoons.

Piercy. My Lord——

She faints ! my life ! my Anna Bullen, stay ;
 Or your commands shall fetter me no more ;
 But break I will thro' all the bars of distance,
 And catch thee thus, thus hold thee in my arms—
 Rochford ! Oh help to call her back again.
 Hold, stop thy flight ; thou precious air, return !
 Far richer than that rare immaculate breath
 Which nature's God breath'd in the first of mankind !
Roch. Wake, sister, wake ! behold, no danger's nigh !
Queen. Ah, Piercy ! now I wake, with courage now,
 To meet my fate ; and see where it approaches.

Enter Cardinal, Northumberland, and Guards.

Piercy. Ha ! Wolfsey, and my father, with guards !

Card. My Lord, ere we discover our commission,
 Pray let your son be parted from the Queen ;
 Lest the wrong'd King should see him in his rage,
 And execute his worst of fury on him.

North. Son ! tho' you have committed, in the court,
 The greatest crime against your Royal Master
 That e'er a subject can be guilty of ;
 Yet, in respect of my grey hairs, and tears,
 He has been pleas'd to spare your forfeit life :
 Therefore be gone ; a minute's stay is fatal——
 Guards, force him if he goes not willingly,
 And carry him straight by barge to Suffolk-house
 Without reply.

Piercy. Obediently I'll go,
 If you will promise me that you have nought
 Against the sacred person of the Queen,
 And will not touch her : for 'tis greater sacrilege,

Than

'Than 'tis to hurt an angel, could it be,
 She is so innocent, so chaste, and pure.
 Else I'm resolv'd to stand, no rock so firm,
 Fix'd like the center to the massy globe :
 You should as soon remove strong Hercules,
 With his hands grasping both the poles of heav'n,
 As force me from this footing where I stand,
 And see the Queen threaten'd, or in danger.

Card. My Lord, on both our honours, the Queen's
 person

Shall be inviolate and sacred always ;
 Nor know we ought against her—but the King
 Is coming straight to visit her, as kindly
 As he was wont : therefore you must be gone——
 We have no other reason but your safety.

Piercy. I fear ! for, ah ! what truth can come from
 thee ?

Thou speak'st but at the second hand from hell——
 Kind Sir, may I believe what Wolfey says ?

Card. Confirm it, good my Lord, or you'll delay.

North. 'Tis true, what the great Cardinal has told you.

Queen. Go, Piercy, and mistrust not more than I ;
 Be gone, if I have pow'r left to command ;
 Leave me to innocence and heav'n, that will not
 Permit a soul that ne'er did any ill
 To fear it.

Piercy. Then I'll go——But, oh, just heav'n !
 And all you angels, cherubims, and thrones ;
 All you bright guards to the Most High Imperial,
 You kindest, gentlest, mildest planets,
 You lesser stars, you fair innumerable,
 And all you bright inhabitants above,
 Protect the sacred person of the Queen ;
 And shed your balefull'st venom on their heads,
 That think to stain a whiteness like yourselves.
 Farewel——

[*Exit Piercy.*]

Queen. Farewel !

Card. John Viscount Rochford, by the King's com-
 mand,

We arrest you here of capital high treason.

Queen.

Queen. Hear, heav'n! My brother -fall'n into the snare!

Card. And 'tis his pleasure that you straight be sent
Close pris'ner to the Tow'r, with the Lord Norris,
Who is suspected with you to be guilty
Of the same heinous crime. Guards! seize his person.

Roch. Base villain! traitor! Wolfey! say, for what?

Queen. No matter. Let a woman teach thee courage.

Ne'er ask for what, since 'tis his wise decree
Above, who gave us with a lib'ral hand,
And set us on the highest spoke of greatness,
No longer than he pleas'd to call us down—
Well, who's turn next? Come, dart your worst, my
Lords,

And meet a temper'd breast, that knows to bear.
By my bright hopes, y'are more afraid than I:
I did expect you would begin with me!

Card. Most Royal Madam, oh! I wish the King
Had chosen some more willing than ourselves,
To execute this most detested office:
In witness of it, on our knees with tears,
And sorrow, we our sad commission tell:
It is the King's most fatal pleasure too,
That you be sent a pris'ner to the Tow'r,
And thence immediately to both your trials.

Roch. Trial! oh! her wrong'd innocence! for what?

Queen. No more, dear brother; let us both submit,
And give heav'n thanks, and our most gracious King:
For I'm not so presumptuous of my virtue,
But think, dear Rochford, that both you and I
Have once committed, in our erring lives,
Something for which we justly merit death,
Tho' not, perhaps, the thing we are accus'd of.

*Enter the King in a Fury, with Letters in his Hand.
Attendants and Guards.*

Card. The King is here.

Queen. Then he is merciful.

King.

King. Where's this woman ! this most abhorr'd of wives !

This scandal to her sex, my crown, and life !
 What, by your minion ? Oh, good-natur'd husband !
 Down on your knees, and thank me for a favour—
 See — here are letters fall'n into my hands,
 Where your dear brother says he has enjoy'd you.

[*Gives the Letters to the Queen.*]

Oh, thou more damn'd, and more insatiate far
 Than Messalina ! she was chaste to thee ;
 Her, half the men and slaves of Rome
 Could satisfy ; but thou, not all mankind,
 With husband, brother, kindred, in the number.

[*She gives 'em Roch.*]

Queen. Oh, heav'nly pow'rs ! oh, guard of innocence !
 What do I see here ! — O, sacred Sir !
 You took me to your royal bed a handmaid,
 The most unworthy of the mighty favour ;
 Oh ! throw me into dungeons straight, or take
 Away my life that ne'er offended you :
 Take all in recompence from Anna Bullen !
 'Tis yours ; but do not rob me of my fame,
 Nor stain my virtue with so foul a guilt.

Roch. What's here ? my am'rous letters sent to Blunt !
 Has she betray'd me ?

King. I will hear no more — [To the Queen.]

Roch. Ah, Royal Sir, these letters I confess —

King. Damn thy hot lustful breath, thy pois'nous tongue !

Here take 'em hence, to tortures, racks, to death.

Queen. O, Sir ; I am prepar'd for any death ;
 For worse than death, a thousand, thousand torments ;
 And if you think 'em all not pain enough,
 Here, take advice of Wolfey, he'll instruct you.
 Tell you how you may plague this hated body.
 But do not think that I'm so loath'd a creature.

King. Quick ; take away thy hands, or I will force thee —

Queen. You shall not, cannot, till I've sworn the truth :

For by th'unspotted babe within the womb,
 That yet lies wrapp'd in innocence, unborn;
 By injur'd truth, by souls of martyr'd saints;
 By you, my lord, my husband, and my King;
 And by the King of Kings, the King of Heav'n,
 I'm wrong'd! Ah, royal, gracious Sir, I'm wrong'd!

King. Unhand me, or I'll spurn thee from thy hold—
 Seize, seize on Piercy—By my life, who begs

[To the Guards.

In his behalf, 's a traitor worse than he—

[To North. who kneels.

Here's another letter too; it is from Norris,
 Who much commends your darling, secret beauties,
 And sweetness of your lips: yet you are wrong'd!—
 Here's notes of your musician too, that charms you.
 Eternal hell! where's such another monster?

I have more horns than any forest yields;
 Than Finsbury, or all the city-musters
 Upon a training, or a Lord-Mayor's day.
 Rise! and be gone, thou fiend, thou forcerefs;
 Thy pow'r, thy charms, like witchcraft, all have left
 thee:

Go, you incestuous twins, make haste and mingle
 Your foul, adult'rate blood in death together—

Oh, they're too long asunder. Why dost weep!

Go to thy death; and what's a greater pain,
 May heav'n, like me, see all those tears in vain.

[Ex. King, Attendants.

Roch. Ah, sister! what dire fiends must punish Roch-
 ford?

What will become of me, the cause of all?

Queen. Fear not: heav'n knows thy innocence, and
 mine!

What tho' we suffer here a little shame,
 'Tis to reward our souls above, and with
 Immortal restitution crown 'em there—

We two liv'd in one mother's spotless womb;
 And then we scarce had purer thoughts than now:
 And shortly we shall meet together in
 One grave.

Roch.

Roch. O say not so : death dare not be so cruel.

Queen. Cease, brother, cease ; say not a word in answer ;

But lead me, like a valiant man, to chains.

Come, let's prepare — But first, my pomp, adieu.

[Kneels, and lays down her Crown.]

From heav'n I did my crown and life receive ;

And back to heav'n both crown and life I'll give :

And thus, in humble posture, lay it down

With greater joy than first I put it on.

[Rises.]

And now I tread more light, and see from far

A beamy crown, each diamond a star.

But, oh, you Royal Martyrs ! cease a while

Your crying blood that else must curse this isle :

Of the Imperial ask it with my pray'r ;

For you are still the nearest angels there :

'Then, Richards, Edwards, Henries, all make room,

'The first of slaughter'd English Queens I come :

Let me amongst your glorious, happy train,

Free from this hated world and traitors, reign.

[Ex. ante.]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Cardinal and Blunt severally.

CARDINAL.

Luckiest of omens ! do I meet my Juno ?

My fair, illustrious partner in revenge !

Come, tell the news that your glad eyes proclaim :

Speak, by thy looks I know it must be well.

Is she condemn'd ? shall Rome be absolute ?

Shall Wolsey reign, and shall my Blunt be Queen ?

Blunt. 'Tis as thou say'st, most mighty of thy function ;

F 2

Greatest

Greatest that e'er adorn'd the robe, it is :
 These eyes saw the bright English sun eclips'd,
 And, what is more, eclips'd by thee and me ;
 Cast by her awful judges from her height,
 Guilty and sham'd, as Lucifer from heav'n,
 And forc'd to beg it as the mildest sentence,
 To lose her head.

Card. Then there's an end of Bullen.

Blunt. And what to see gave me the greater joy,
 Those letters counterfeited by the fool
 Her brother, were the strongest proofs against her :
 So the same papers, which by your advice
 I got convey'd into her cabinet,
 Were the the substantial'st circumstances found,
 For which she dies.

Card. O just and sacred rage !
 Revenge ! thou greatest deity on earth !
 And woman's wit the greatest of thy council !

Blunt. We ought to veil before your priestly robe ;
 My crown of wit shall ne'er stand candidate
 With yours ; and yet I dare be bold to say,
 This I and malice would have done alone,
 Without the mighty aid of Wolfey's brain.

Card. Then nothing's to be done by fate, nor Wolfey,
 But take the vanquish'd crown from Bullen's head,
 And place it suddenly on yours.

Blunt. For which,
 My gracious Wolfey, I will so reward you—

Enter to them Piercy.

Piercy. Blackness eternal cover all the world !
 Infernal darkness, such as Egypt felt,
 When the great patriarch curs'd the fatal land,
 And with a word extinguish'd all the light.

Blunt. See, Piercy's here, more mad than we are
 joyful :
 Doesn't not make young the blood about thy heart,
 To see that our revenge not singly hits,
 But, like a chain-shot, carries all before it ?

Card.

Card. Let us avoid him——You intend to see
The Queen receive her death : but I, to hide
The pleasure that perhaps the fight would give me,
Will pass this day at Esther, like a mourner.

Piercy. Behold, the sun shines still : instead of darkness,

Yon azure blue unspeckled with a cloud ;
The face of heav'n smiles on her as a bride.
This day the sun sits mounted on his chariot,
And darts his spiteful beams in scorn of pity ;
Bates not a jot of the illustrious pomp,
He should have furnish'd on her wedding-day ;
Heav'n looks like heav'n still, nature as it was :
Men, beasts, and devils ; ev'ry thing that lives
Conspires, as pleas'd at Anna Bullen's fall.
Behold, just pow'rs ! the curses of the land !
Stay, you amphibious monsters, priest and devil !

[*To the Card. and Blunt.*

And strumpet, if it can be, worse than both !
You far more dreadful pair than those that first
Betray'd poor easy man, and all mankind :
Thou fatal woman, thou ! and serpent, thou !
By whose sole malice (Oh, that heav'n should let it !)
A greater innocence this day is fall'n,
Than ever blest the walks of paradise.

Card. My Lord, I shall acquaint the King with this,
And those just lords the judges of her cause,
Whom your base malice wrongs——But I'm above it——
Farewel——

[*Ex. Card. and Blunt.*

Piercy. Bold traitors ! hell-hounds ! hear me first ;
Stay, you infectious dragons ; do you fly ?
Does Anna Bullen's chastity and virtue,
Writ in this angry forehead, make you start ?——

[*Exit.*

Enter Diana to him.

What, the fair, wrong'd Diana's face in tears !
Can Anna Bullen's miseries attract
The noblest of compassion, pity from

A rival's breast ? Thou wonder of thy sex !
 How far more wretched mak'st thou Piercy still,
 When I behold how much thou dost deserve,
 And I so very little have to pay ?

Diana. What rocky heart could have refrain'd from
 pity,

'To see the sight that I did ? Any thing
 But man, most cruel mankind, would have griev'd ;
 Tygers and panthers would have wept to see her ;
 And her base judges, had they not been men,
 Would have bemoan'd her like departing babes.

Piercy. Is Rochford too condemn'd ?

Diana. Alas ! he is.

Rochford and Norris both receiv'd their sentence,
 And both behav'd themselves like gallant men——
 But for the Queen ! Ah, Piercy, such bright courage
 No thought can dictate, nor no tongue relate :
 When she was tax'd with that unnat'ral crime,
 Adult'ry with her brother ; ('tis a sin,
 That e'er it should be nam'd) at first she started,
 And soon an innocent, not guilty, red
 Adorn'd her face, and fainted it with tears ;
 But straight conceiving it a fault, she smil'd,
 Wip'd off the drops, and chid the blush away.

Piercy. When I am dead, may my sad tale be blest,
 And have no other tongue but thine to tell it.

Diana. Then with the meekness of a saint she stood ;
 With such amazing oratory, dazzled,
 And like the sun, darted quite thro' her judges,
 And sham'd their guilt, that none durst look upon her.
 But, oh ! what's destin'd in the blackest pit
 Of hell, what innocence can e'er withstand ?
 Whate'er she said, that angels could not finer,
 And shew'd a soul no crystal nigh so clear :
 Tho' all appear'd to be the plot of devils,
 Yet was she guilty found ; and, oh, sad Piercy !
 (May all eyes weep at it like thine and mine)
 Condemn'd to lose her head.

Piercy. Hell dare not think it.

Diana.

Diana. The cruel Duke of Norfolk, her relation,
As steward for the day, pronounc'd the sentence.

Piercy. And my hard-hearted father too was there.

Diana. My Lord! what said you? your hard-hearted
Father!

O, blotted let it be from all records,
And never be in England's annals read,
What I'm about to tell you: her own father,
The Earl of Wiltshire, sat amongst her judges.

Piercy. O monster damn'd! than cruel Titan worse,
That eat up his own issue as he got 'em.

Diana. Behold, the King! all knees are bent, all
hands,
All good mens eyes, lift up to heav'n and him,
To beg the life of her that glads the world.

Piercy. Make use of all thy woman's art to win him;
Let all petition him that share her blood,
Matrons, wives, virgins, all the charming sex.

Diana. Do you withdraw, you but incense the King—
I've yet a soft experiment to try,
Shall pierce his stubborn nature to the quick.

Piercy. That angel thou'rt inspir'd with, prosper thee.
[Exeunt.]

Enter King and Attendants.

King. Piercy! did I not charge he should be seiz'd?

[To the Guards, who go out to seize Piercy.]
Now by the sacred crown of England's monarchs,
Let none entreat me upon pain of death.

[To Petitioners.]
What's here? a list of base petitioners
For Norris' life! Hell and confusion seize 'em!
Have I not, like a rock against the seas,
And mountains 'gainst the winds, stood thus unshaken,
Deny'd all England's pray'rs, and tears of angels,
Nay, more, this heart, that pleads with mortal pangs
For my dear Anna Bullen's life? And shall I
Pardon a slave before I would my Queen?

Enter

Enter Northumberland, who kneels.

King. Why dost kneel ?

North. I met my son this most unlucky moment,
Just as the guards were ready to obey,
And execute your fatal orders on him ;
Who in despair, or rather in obedience,
Making a faint resemblance to resist,
As they were striving to put by his sword,
He on a sudden open'd wide his arms,
And on his breast receiv'd a wilful wound.
I kneel with humble pray'rs, that his disaster
Would mitigate your present and just fury :
And grant my son his freedom, till his hurt
Is cur'd, which is not mortal.

King. Be it so.

Enter Diana, leading the young Princess Elizabeth, with Women.

Diana. Pardon this bold intrusion in your presence :
Your daughter, Sir, this little princess here,
Possess'd with woman's rage, and far above
The little sparkling reason of a child,
Scream'd for her father : Where's my father, said she ?
And as we brought her to you, still she cry'd,
Unless she saw her father, she would die.

King. What would you have, my little Betty, say ?

Child. But will you promise me that you'll not frown
And cry aloud, Hough ? and then indeed I'll tell you.

King. I do : come let me take thee in my arms —

Child. No : but I'll kneel : for I must be a beggar ;
And I have learnt, that all who beg of you,
Must do it kneeling.

North. Prettiest innocence !

King. Well then, what is't, my little pratler, say ?

Child. I'm told that straight my mother is to die.
Yet I've heard you say, you lov'd her dearly :
And will you let her die, and me die too ?

King.

King. She must die, child: there is no harm in death:

Besides, the law has said it, and she must.

Child. Must! is the law a greater King than you?

King. O yes. But do not cry, my pretty Betty: For she'll be happier when she's dead, and go To heaven.

Child. Nay, I'm sure she'll go to heaven.

King. How art thou sure?

Child. Some body told me so Last night, when I was in my sleep.

King. Who was it?

Child. A fine old man, like my god-father Cranmer.

Card. Ay, there's the egg that hatch'd this cockatrice.

Child. Pray, father, what's that huge, tall, bloody man?

I ne'er saw him but once in all my life,
And then he frighted me. He look'd for all
The world just like the picture of the Pope.

King. Why, don't you love the Pope?

Child. No indeed don't I,
Nor never will.

King. Ay, but you must, my dear;
He is a fine old man too, if you saw him.

Card. Go, y'are a little heretick.

Child. A heretick!

Pray, father, what does that bold fellow call me?
What's that?

King. Why, that's one that forsakes the right,
And turns to a new, wrong religion.

Child. Then I'm no heretick: for I ne'er turn'd
In all my life. But you forget your child;
Dear father, will you save my mother's life?

King. You must not call me father; for they say,
You're not my daughter.

Child. Who's am I then?
Who told you so? that ugly, old bald priest?
He tells untruth. I'm sure you are my father.

King. How art?

Child.

Child. 'Cause I love none so well as you —
But, oh, you'll never hear me what I have to say,
As long as he, that devil there, stands by
Your elbow.

King. Ha! what devil?

Child. That red thing there.

King. Oh, child, he is no devil; he's a cardinal.

Child. Why does he wear that huge, long coat then,
Unless it be to hide his cloven feet?

Card. Sir, all's design'd by Cranmer for the Queen;
Of whom she's learnt this lesson like a parrot.

King. Take her away: I were a fool indeed,
If women's tears, and children's idle prattle,
Should change my fixt resolve, and cheat my justice —
Away with her.

Child. Oh, but they dare not:
Father, will you not let your Betty kiss you?
Why do you let 'em pull me from you so?
I ne'er did anger you:
Pray save my Mother, dear King-father, do;
And if you hate her, we will promise both,
That she and I will go a great huge way,
And never see you more.

King. Unloose her; hough!
Hence with her straight: I will not hear her prate
Another word. Go, y'are a naughty girl.

Child. Well, I'm resolv'd, when I'm grown a wo-
man,
I'll be reveng'd, and cry Hough too.

[*Ex. Diana, Princess, Women.*]

King. Ha! spirit!
Mount all the draw-bridges, and guard the gates,
Then bring the pris'ners forth to execution;
Norris and Rochford first, and then the Queen.
My Lord Northumberland, be it your task;
Dispatch my orders straight, and fetch the traitors —
What's this that gives my soul a sudden twitch,
And bids me not proceed? Ha! is't compassion!
Shall pity ever fond the breast of Harry!
'Tis but a slip of nature, and I'll on.

Think

Think on thy wrongs ; the wrongs her lust has done thee,

And sweep away this loath'd incestuous brood,
As heav'n would drive a plague from off the land :
Think thou shalt have thy Seymour in thy arms,
Who shall restore thy loss with double charms :
And tho' my Bullen sets this night, and dies,
Seymour, next morn, like a new sun, shall rise.

[*Ex. King, and Attendants.*]

North. With an unwilling heart I take this office ;

And heav'n, if Anna Bullen's innocent,
Forgive me, since it is my King's command :
My breast is sad, and tender for her, all ;
Tho' Piercy ne'er can rise but by her fall —————

Enter to him Rochford, Lieutenant, and Guards.

Roch. Will't not be granted, that I here may see
My sister ere I die, to part with her ?

Lieut. There's my Lord Northumberland, he'll tell you.

Roch. My Lord, you're come to see a wretched pair
Of Ormond's issue leave this fatal world :
Shall we not meet, and take our last farewell ?

North. Norris, my Lord, is now upon the scaffold ;

Then your turn follows : but before that time,
I guess the Queen will be prepar'd, and come.

Roch. Forgive me, heav'n, my passion, and my crime,

For nature's choice of a wrong, fatal object,
Loving too well, what in effect was ill.

O, all ye strict idolaters of beauty !

You fond, severe adorers of that sex,

Who think that all their vices cannot center

In one vile woman's breast ; see, and repent !

Behold 'em all together

In th' infernal Blunt ; in her they're fix'd.

Thus

Thus have they all been curst, and thus they all
Have been betray'd, that lov'd so well as I.

*Enter Queen going to Execution all in White; Diana, Women
in Mourning. Guards.*

Queen. Come, where are those must lead me to my
fate?

To a more happy marriage-bed,
And my eternal coronation day——
What, Piercy's father! must he do the office?
Still I can bear it all, and bear it bravely.

North. Madam! it is the King's severe command,
That I attend your Majesty to th'scaffold.

Queen. Enough, my Lord, you might have spar'd
that title:

Alas! I wish it ever had been spar'd——
I should have been, if malice had not reign'd,
Your Piercy's wife, the scope of my ambition:
I ne'er had then been mounted to a throne;
Then this unhappy hour had never been.

Rock. Mind this, you rocky world, and mourn in
chaos:

Such words as these the heav'ns must weep to hear,
And make yon marble roofs dissolve in tears.

Queen. What, do you weep to see your Mistress'
glory,

That shall straightway wipe off the stain on earth
She bears, with an unspotted fame in heav'n?
I charge you, by my hopes, and by your hopes,
When you are going where I soon shall go;
By the illustrious pomp I long to meet;
The sacred, just rewards of injur'd truth;
Acquaint this noble Lord, and all here present,
If e'er you saw in all my nights or days,
Or in my looser hours of mirth or humour,
The smallest sign of that most horrid guilt
That I'm condemn'd for——Why are you all
dumb?

If you are loth to tell it whilst I live,

Proclaim

Proclaim it when I'm dead to all the world,
That heav'n may bar the gates of bliss against me,
And throw me to the blackest of hell's dungeons,
Where all dissemblers at their death shall howl.

Wom. Alas! most glorious mistress, none can wish
Themselves more innocent for death, than you.

Queen. What dost thou weep, unhappy brother, too!
Oh, shew me not suspected, nor thyself
So guilty, by such softness—Learn of me!
This breast that's petrify'd by constant woes,
By all my wrongs, m'injustice, and my cause,
Who sees me weep, they shall be tears of joy.
Who grieves to leave the world, shall never come
Where I am going, where all sorrow's banish'd.

Roch. Tho' I am innocent, my fate is not;
'Tis that has been unjust to thee and me.

Queen. Tho' 'tis a common, 'tis a fatal sign;
We weep when we are born: but it was
More ominous, and much more fatal prov'd,
From these prophetick eyes there gush'd a show'r,
When Harry gave his faithless hand to me;
And on my coronation-day the like,
My boding heart another tribute rack'd;
Methought there sat a mountain on my head,
The curses of wrong'd Kath'rine weigh'd me down,
And made my crown indeed a massy crown.

Roch. Deny me not a little tender grief;
For ev'ry drop of blood that's to be shed,
Of that inestimable mass of thine,
My soul must rack a thousand years in hell.

Queen. Forbear such words—You have not injur'd
me;

I might as well tax Providence, as you;
For heav'n, that heard the perjury of villains,
Might, if it pleas'd, have choak'd 'em with its thunder,
Or sent them with a lightning-blast to hell!
But he has bent their rage another way,

[*One whispers North.*]

And on their malice we shall safely mount,
As on a cherubim, to heav'n.

North. My Lord,
You must prepare ; a messenger is come,
Who brings the news, that Norris is beheaded.

Queen. Alas ! unhappy Norris, art thou dead ?
Yet why do I such wrong to pity thee ?
Thou'rt happier by some moments now than I.

Roch. Come ! lead me to my rest, my rest from
wrongs.

Now, Anna Bullen, teach me all thy courage :
Thy innocence, that makes the heav'ns amaz'd,
And the more guilty angels blush to see ;
Help me to pass this Rubicon of parting,
This mid-way gulph, that hangs 'twixt earth and
sky !

Then that blest region all beyond is mine,
And Cæsar was not half so great as I.

Queen. Go ! be a lucky harbinger for me ;
Tell all the saints, and cherubims, and martyrs,
Tell all the wrong'd, that now are righted there,
Till it shall reach the high'st Imperial ear,
That Anna Bullen is a coming straight.

Roch. Wilt not embrace thy dying brother first ?
One father and one mother gave us birth ;
And one chaste, inn'cent nature's bed inclos'd us——
These are our parents arms, and so are thine.
Then all you saints above, and men below,
Bear witness, and I vow it on my death,
It is the greatest, first, and only favour
I e'er receiv'd from Anna Bullen's person.

Queen. In spite of scandal, malice, and the world ;
Nay, were the King and our vile judges by,
Since heav'n is satisfy'd it is no sin,
I will embrace thee, think I've in my arms,
Both father, mother, sister, brother, all ;
And envy cannot blame me now for this.

Roch. Thus, let my soul into thy bosom fly,
That I may feel the stroke of death for thee ;
And when the fatal axe hangs o'er thy head,
O, may it lull thee, and not strike thee dead !

Softer

Softer than infants dream, or with less pain
Than 'tis to sleep, or to be born again——

[*Ex. Roch. to Execution.*]

Queen. So, this is past and vanish'd ! But behold
A greater yet——Now I begin to dread——

Enter Diana, with the young Princess, and Women.

Ah, kind Diana, wonderful and good !
The pity that thou shew'st thy dying friend,
This little one, I hope, will live to pay.

Diana. Ah, Royal Mistress ! England's falling star ;
Best pattern that e'er earth receiv'd from heav'n——
I need not fear these eyes should see you die ;
For ere that time just grief shall strike me dead,
Or torrents of these tears will make me blind.

Queen. Come, lift her to my arms, and let me kiss
her ;

For 'tis the last kind office you will do me.
Now let me press thy little coral lips
With my dead pale ones now ! and, oh, let me
Infuse some of thy mother's latest breath
In blessings on thy tender, blooming soul——
What's this that tempts me with a mother's fondness !
To break my resolution, and upbraids me,
That I must leave thee to a father's rage,
And yet more cruel enemies to both ?
Leave thee a lamb 'mongst wolves ; for all who've
been

Thy mother's foes, will certainly be thine.

Diana. Tygers nor devils ! or, what's more inhu-
man,

Envy of mankind, cannot be so curst.

Queen. See, see, Diana ! by my wrongs it weeps ;
Weeps like a thing of sense, and not a child ;
Like one well understood in grief : the tears
Drop sensibly in order down its cheeks,
And drown its pretty speech in thoughtful sorrow.
Nothing could shoot infections thro' my breast

But this; and this has done it——

Why weeps my child? Ay, what a question's that!

Diana. Behold! how't strives; and, betwixt tears and throbs,

If it could form a language it would speak.

Queen. Strive not for words, my child; these little drops

Are far more eloquent than speech can be——

Be pitiful, my Lord; and thou, my kind

Diana, ever faithful to thy Queen:

When I am dead, as shortly I shall be,

Take this poor babe, and carry't to the King;

Its lips just pregnant with its mother's fondness,

Perhaps he'll take her then into his arms;

And, tho' the favour were to me deny'd,

Steal there a kiss of mine:

Say, 'tis the last request of Anna Bullen——

North. Remove the little Princess

To her apartment; where we straight will come,

And wait on her, as is the Queen's command.

Queen. Yet let me hold her but a moment longer,

And with this kiss, that now must be my last,

Unlock a secret which heav'n dictates to me.

If e'er there is a light that does transcend

Dark human knowledge in the breast of men,

Fate to foresee, there is a light at death,

And that now bids me speak. Thou, little child,

Shalt live to see thy mother's wrongs o'erpaid,

In many blessings on thy woman's state.

From this dark calumny, in which I set,

As in a cloud, thou like a star shalt rise,

And awe the Southern world: that holy tyrant,

Who binds all Europe with the yoke of conscience,

Holding his feet upon the necks of kings,

Thou shalt destroy, and quite unloose his bonds,

And lay the monster trembling at thy feet.

When this shall come to pass, the world shall see

Thy mother's innocence reviv'd in thee.

[*Ex. Women with the young Princess; Eliz.*

North.

North. Madam ! with greater pain to me than racks,
I'm forc'd to let you know your brother's dead ;
And that, alas ! you must prepare.

Queen. My Lord !

I thank you ; you mistake your noble office :
It is the voice of angels to wrong'd martyrs,
The sound of cherubs trumpeting from heav'n—
I've heard it said, amongst our many ends,
Beheading is the mildest death of any.
If it be so, I thank my gracious Lord,
For I was never us'd to pain—How say you ?

North. We cannot wish you less, since y'are to die.
And if the headsman do as he's commanded,
'Twill be no more than 'tis to drop asleep.

Queen. My Lord, I've but a little neck ;
Therefore I hope he'll not repeat his blow ;
But do it, like an artist, at one stroke.

North. There is no fear : he has particular order.

Queen. Then let me go ; heav'n chides my fond
delay——

But tell the King, I say it as I just
Am going to die ; I both forgive and bless him,
And thank him, as my kindest benefactor——
First from an humble maid he lifted me
To honour ; then he took me to his bed,
The highest state that I could be on earth ;
And now, as if he thought he ne'er could do
Enough for me, has mounted me to heav'n——

North. Mr. Lieutenant, on, and lead the way.

Queen. If 'tis no sin to skip one moment now,
Of what belongs to heav'n, let me remember
Poor Piercy once——Here, take this innocent kiss,
A token to you both——'Tis thine and his——
Farewel, Diana. Farewel to you all.

Diana. A long farewel to all our sex's glory.

Queen. Weep not for me ; but hear my dying sen-
tence :

Any that shall hereafter fall like me,
Falsly accus'd by wicked men and traitors ;

Tho' in this world y'are great, in virtue strong;
 Never blaspheme, and say, that heav'n does wrong:
 Nor think an undeserved death is hard;
 For innocence is still its own reward.
 And when th'Almighty makes a saint, sometimes
 He acts by contraries, and villains crimes:
 Whilst thus their malice always cheated is,
 And leads us but the nearest way to bliss.

*[Exit Queen to Execution, with Northumberland
 and Guards.]*

Enter Piercy alone.

Piercy. I dread the horrid deed is done, or now
 A doing; else what means this sudden gloom
 Clad o'er the morning-sky, and all mankind?
 All pass with horror by, with frightened looks and
 / voice
 Lift up to heav'n, who sees and hears in vain:
 Then shake their melancholy heads, like Time:
 A gen'ral consternation seizes all,
 As if the universal empress of the world,
 Nature itself, were fled with Anna Bullen——

*Enter a Gentleman with a Handkerchief stained with the
 Queen's Blood.*

Hast thou beheld this great eclipse of virtue?
 Speak, is the Queen beheaded? Hast thou done
 As I commanded?

Gent. Sir, when the fatal blow I saw perform'd,
 Swift, as a whirlwind, thro' the crowd I rush'd;
 And as the blood from their rich vessels drain'd,
 This linnen with the sacred crimson stain'd.

Piercy. Give't me! and leave me to myself a mo-
 ment.
 Now, sacred drops, now, heav'nly nectar, first

I'll

I'll kiss, then pledge you with a dying thirst—
 What's this! I feel my soul beat at my wound,
 And bid me remember now's the time,
 Now to let out life's navigable stream,
 And mix it with this most celestial flood:
 Thus, as kind rivers to their ocean run,
 First, I'll descend by just degrees to earth,
 Thus on my knees, and wing my soul to heav'n,

[Kneels.]

Where Anna Bullen waits her Piercy's coming;
 And with this bloody sign the pow'rs implore,
 Like a poor wretch shipwreck'd on some lone shore,
 Who spies a sail far off, waves 'em his hand,
 To come, and waft him from the barren land.

Enter Diana.

Behold the good *Diana*—by those tears,
 Something of horror 'tis thou hast to say.

Diana. Alas! my Lord, what have you done?
 Your wound does bleed afresh!
 Your looks are alter'd! all those masculine beauties,
 That shone in your illustrious face, and made
 The noblest brave epitome of mankind,
 Are vanish'd on a sudden; and you hang
 Like a pale carcase on my trembling arms—
 Ha! let me run and call for help—I'll fetch
 Your father; fetch the King. Quick, let me go—

Piercy. O bear me to some horrid desert rather,
 Where nought but tygers, wolves, and panthers breed;
 They are more merciful than King or parent.
 I feel, like the wrong'd patriarch, a desire
 To do some fatal mischief with my end.
 Stand by me, and correct me with thy virtue;
 Else I shall lose the duty of a son,
 And subject; do a rashness to be fam'd for,
 Pull down a show'r of curses on the heads
 Of this Philistine King, and cruel father.

Diana!

Diana. Still, still your looks grow paler, and your strength

Decays ! Oh, let me call some help : who's there ?

Piercy. Grief, like a subtle limbeck, by degrees,
With still diffusion quite dissolves my heart,
And steals by drops my blood and spirit away.

But, first, Diana, I'll be just to thee——

I doubt if I have strength to rise again——

[She raises him upon his Knees.]

My father made me vow to be your husband ;

If I here die——I kneel that you'd forgive me ;

But if I live, I'll keep my promise to you.

Diana. You faint, you sink, you die ; some creature help——

Piercy. Go, strive to lave the waters of the sea,
And quench the burning *Ætna*, 'tis in vain,
And so are *Æsculapius*' remedies to me——

Look, seest thou this ? As long as I have this,

[Shows the Handkerchief.]

This here, to waft me o'er death's dreadful main,

I need no sword, no poison, nor no pain.

Diana. What's that I see ? your blood ! your vital blood !

Piercy. Yes ! of a heart far dearer than my own.
Now, now, my blood, my crowd of spirits, all
Rush to behold, and with their standard fall.

Diana. Why stand I here, like marble made of woe,

And run not for the cure of both our lives ?

For should I stay, I shall betray my love,

In dying with him.

[Exit Diana running.]

Piercy. Thus, when the gen'rous lion sees the blood

Of his own Royal Master shed, like this,
Taking the lawn, stain'd with imperial gore,
At first he frowns, and then begins to roar ;
Lashes his sides, his fiery eye-balls roll,
And with his awful voice revenge he calls ;

Till,

Till, finding no relief, at length he's mute,
 And weeps, tears falling from the kingly brute ;
 'Then gently on it, as his death-bed, lies,
 And, with a groan, breaks his stout heart, and dies.

[Dies.]

Enter Northumberland, and Gentlemen.

Gent. He's dead ! alas, he's dead ! We're come too late !

North. Here let me fix, till my grey hairs shall root,
 Or turn to snakes, to plague this aged head ;
 And never more be look'd on to upbraid me !
 This is a punishment for what my eyes
 Unpitying saw ; and now I feel, dear Piercy,
 Thy father's curses on his own head turn,
 And thou art blest ; and I, alas ! forlorn.

Enter, King, Lords, Attendants, and Guards.

King. Whom mourn'st thou over ? Whose dead body's that ?

North. 'Tis Piercy's : you and all good men should weep ;
 For you have lost a faithful Queen, and I a son.

King. Thy tongue's too bold ! Are all the traitors dead ?

North. Norris and Rochford, and th'unhappy Queen,
 Were all beheaded in one fatal hour :
 Yet all the traitors are not dead.

King. What mean'st thou ?
 Say ! who has 'scap'd ?

North. The haughty Blunt, deck'd with
 Her proudest ornaments of gold and jewels,
 Came to behold their ends upon the scaffold,
 And saw 'em with a hellish cruelty ;
 Till Anna Bullen's head, lopp'd from her body,
 The brightest ornament of that person, fell

Upon

Upon that wretched woman's knees, as she
 Was sitting to behold that dismal sight :
 The trunkless head with darting eyes beheld her,
 Making a motion with its lips to speak,
 As if they meant t'upbraid her curst treason ;
 When straight the dreadful accident so struck her,
 Swift as a hind she gave a leap, and with
 A sudden shriek she started into madness,
 So fierce, that just and speedy death must follow ;
 Then utt'ring strange and horrid guilty speeches,
 In her distraction she accus'd herself,
 And Wolfsey ; talk'd that the Queen was innocent ;
 Saying, the letters found within her closet
 Were false, and plac'd by them to ruin her :
 For which, she said, her cruel ghost did haunt her.

King. Where is the traitor Wolfsey ?

North. Fled to Essex.

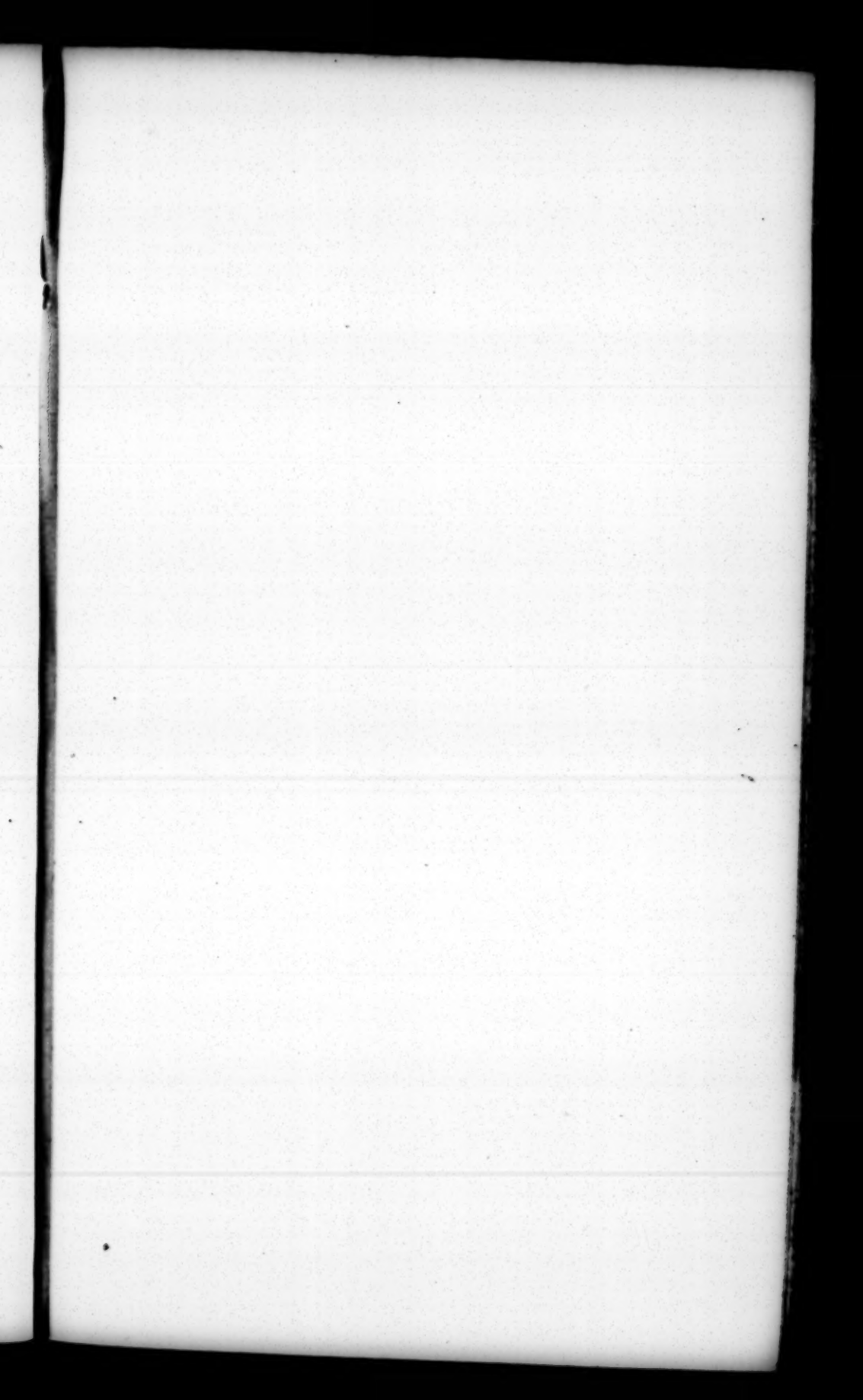
King. Go you in person, and secure the villain !
 Many foul causes claim his forfeit life ;
 But if I find him guilty in the least
 Of a contrivance with this curst woman,
 (Tho' the Queen justly merited her end)
 I'll rack his soul out with a thousand tortures.

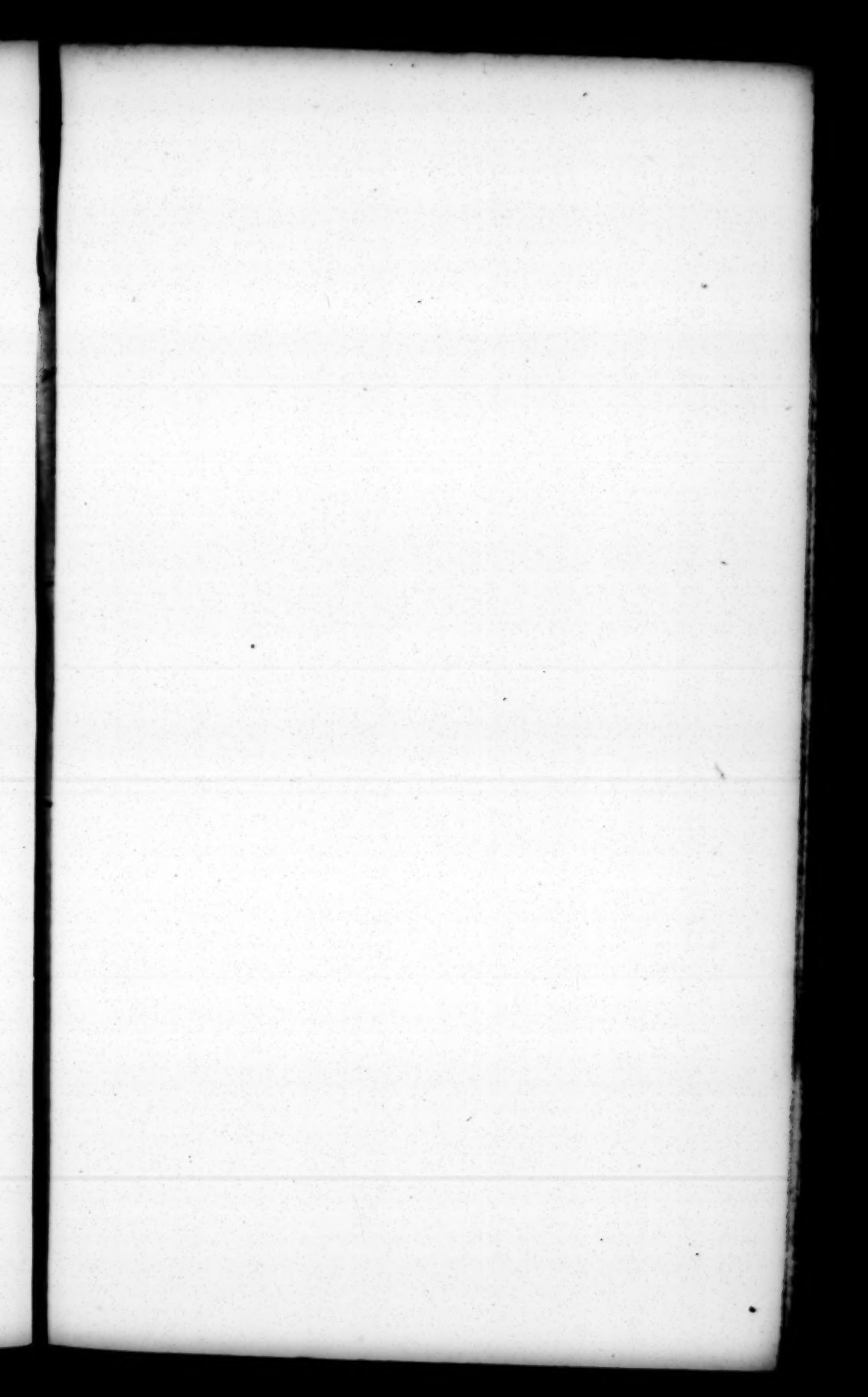
North. 'Twould be some joy to my revenge and
 Piercy's.

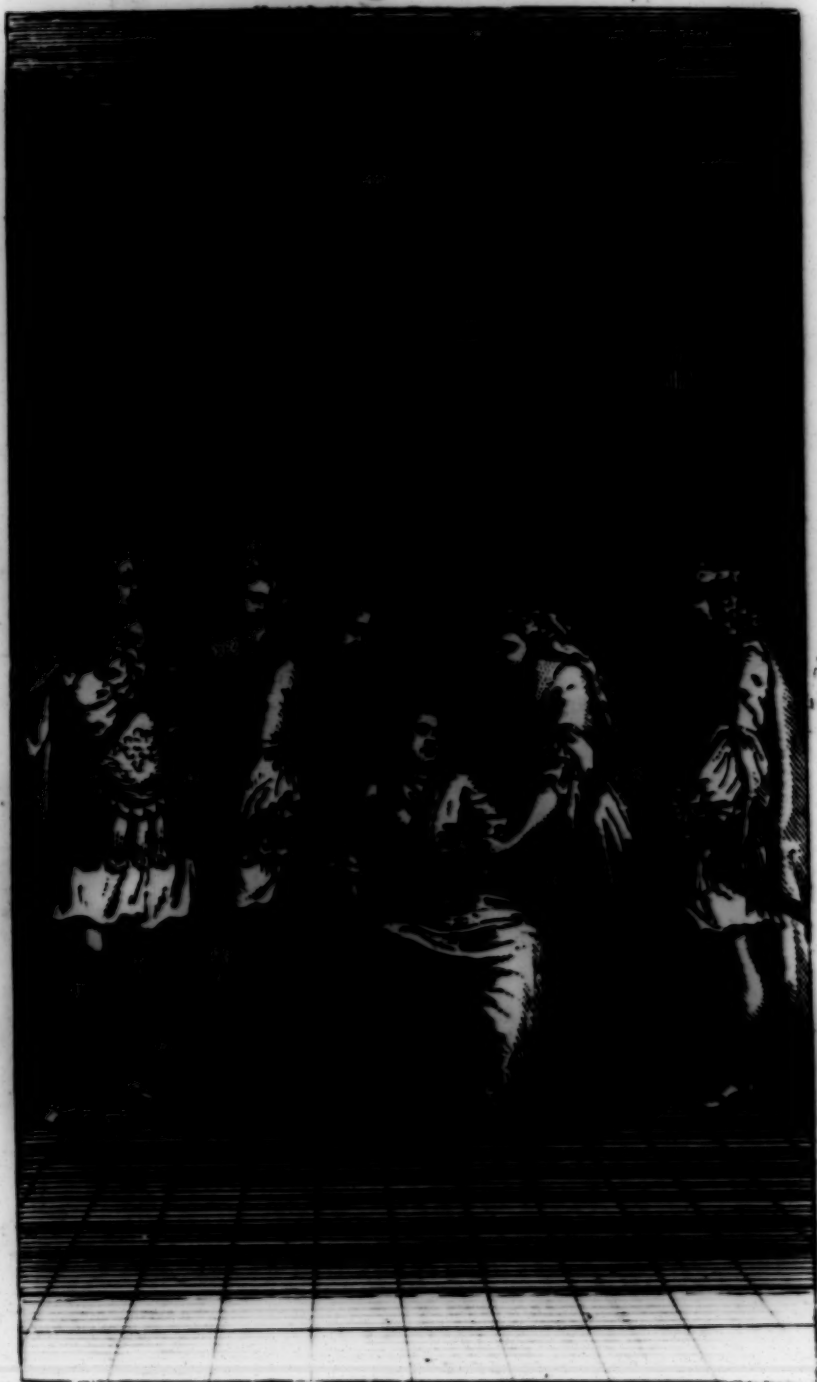
King. For thy son's death, thy King shall be a
 mourner ———

Now heav'n vouchsafe to pardon till this time,
 What I by sycophants advice have done ;
 I will be absolute, and reign alone :
 For where's a statesman fam'd for just and wise,
 But makes our failings still his aim to rise ?
 If subjects thus their monarchs wills restrain,
 'Tis they are Kings ; for them we idly reign :
 Then I'll first break the yoke ; this maxim still
 Shall be my guide, *A Prince can do no ill !*
 In spite of slaves, his genius let him trust ;
 For heav'n ne'er made a King, but made him just.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]







C A T O.

A

T R A G E D Y.

By Mr. A D D I S O N.

*Ecce Spectaculum dignum, ad quod respiciat, intentus
operi suo, Deus! Ecce par Deo dignum, vir fortis
cum malâ fortunâ compositus! Non video, inquam,
quid habeat in terris Jupiter pulchrius, si convertere
animum velit, quàm ut spectet Catonem, jam par-
tibus non semel fractis, nihilominus inter ruinas
publicas erectum.*

Sen. de Divin. Prov.



L O N D O N :

Printed for J. and R. T O N S O N in the Strand.

MDCCLXIII.





V E R S E S

To the AUTHOR of the T R A G E D Y of C A T O.

WHILE you the fierce divided Britons awe,
And Cato, with an equal Virtue, draw,
While Envy is it self in Wonder lost,
And Factions strive who shall applaud you most;
Forgive the fond Ambition of a Friend,
Who hopes himself, not you, to recommend;
And joins th' Applause which all the Learn'd bestow
On one, to whom a perfect Work they owe.
To my * light Scenes I once inscrib'd Your Name,
And impotently strove to borrow Fame;
Soon will that die, which adds thy Name to mine;
Let me, then, live, join'd to a Work of thine.

* Tender Husband, De-
dicated to Mr. Addison.

RICHARD STEELE.

THO' Cato shines in Virgil's Epic Song,
Prescribing Laws among th' Elysian Throng;
Tho' Lucan's Verse, exalted by his Name,
O'er Gods themselves has rais'd the Hero's fame;
The Roman Stage did ne'er his Image see,
Drawn at full Length; a Task reserv'd for Thee.
By thee we view the finish'd Figure rise,
And awful march before our ravish'd Eyes;
We hear his Voice, asserting Virtue's Cause;
His Fate renew'd our deep Attention draws,
Excites by Turns our various Hopes and Fears,
And all the Patriot in thy Scene appears.

On *Tiber's* Banks thy Thought was first inspir'd ;
 'Twas there, to some indulgent Grove retir'd,
Rome's ancient Fortunes rolling in thy Mind,
 Thy happy Muse this manly Work design'd :
 Or in a Dream thou saw'st *Rome's* Genius stand,
 And, leading *Cato* in his sacred Hand,
 Point out th' immortal Subject of thy Lays,
 And ask this Labour, to record his Praise.
 'Tis done—the Hero lives, and charms our Age !
 While nobler Morals grace the *British* Stage.
 Great *Shakespeare's* Ghost, the solemn Strain to hear,
 (Methinks I see the laurell'd Shade appear !)
 Will hover o'er the Scene, and wond'ring view
 His Fav'rite *Brutus* rivall'd thus by You.
 Such *Roman* Greatness in each Action shines,
 Such *Roman* Eloquence adorns your Lines,
 That sure the *Sibyls* Books this Year foretold,
 And in some mystick Leaf was seen inroll'd,
 * *Rome*, turn thy mournful Eyes from *Africk's* Shore,
 * Nor in her Sands thy *Cato's* Tomb explore !
 * When thrice Six hundred Times the circling Sun
 * His annual Race shall thro' the Zodiack run,
 * An Isle remote his Monument shall rear,
 * And ev'ry generous *Briton* pay a Tear.

J. HUGHES.

WHAT do we see ! is *Cato* then become,
 A greater Name in *Britain* than in *Rome* ?
 Does Mankind now admire his Virtues more,
 Tho' *Lucan*, *Horace*, *Virgil*, wrote before ?
 How will Posterity this Truth explain ?
 " *Cato* begins to live in *Anna's* Reign :
 The World's great Chiefs, in Council or in Arms,
 Rise in your Lines with more exalted Charms ;
 Illustrious Deeds in distant Nations wrought,
 And Virtues by departed Heroes taught ;
 Raise in your Soul a pure immortal Flame,
 Adorn your Life, and consecrate your Fame ;

To your Renown all Ages you subdue,
And *Cæsar* fought, and *Cato* bled for you.

All Soul's College,
Oxon.

EDWARD YOUNG.

'TIS nobly done thus to enrich the Stage,
And raise the Thoughts of a degen'rate Age,
To shew, how endless Joys from Freedom spring:
How Life in Bondage is a worthless Thing.
The inborn Greatness of your Soul we view,
You tread the Paths frequented by the Few,
With so much Strength you write, and so much Ease,
Virtue and Sense! how durst you hope to please?
Yet Crowds the Sentiments of ev'ry Line
Impartial clap'd, and own'd the Work divine.
Ev'n the sour Criticks, who malicious came,
Eager to censure, and resolv'd to blame,
Finding the Hero regularly rise,
Great while he lives, but greater, when he dies.
Sullen approv'd, too obstinate to melt,
And sicken'd with the Pleasures, which they felt.
Not so the *Fair* their Passions secret kept,
Silent they heard, but as they heard, they wept,
When gloriously the blooming *Marcus* dy'd,
And *Cato* told the Gods, *I'm satisfy'd*.

See! how your Lays the *British* Youth inflame!
They long to shoot, and ripen into Fame,
Applauding Theatres disturb their Rest,
And unborn *Cato's* heave in ev'ry Breast.
Their nightly Dreams, their daily Thoughts repeat,
And Pulses high with fancy'd Glories beat.
So, griev'd to view the *Marathonian* Spoils,
The young *Themistocles* vow'd equal Toils:
Did then his Schemes of future Honours draw
From the long Triumphs which with Tears he saw.

How shall I your unrival'd Worth proclaim,
Lost in the spreading Circle of your Fame!
We saw you the great *William's* Praise rehearse,
And paint *Britannia's* Joys in *Roman* Verse.

We heard at distance soft, enchanting Strains,
 From *blooming Mountains*, and *Italian Plains*.
Virgil began in *English* Dress to shine,
 His Voice, his Looks, his Grandeur still Divine :
 From him too soon unfriendly you withdrew,
 But brought the tuneful *Ovid* to our View.
 Then the delightful Theme of ev'ry Tongue,
 Th' immortal *Marlb'rough* was your darling Song.
 From Clime to Clime the mighty Victor flew,
 From Clime to Clime as swiftly you pursue.
 Still with the Hero's glow'd the Poet's Flame,
 Still with his Conquests you enlarg'd your Fame.
 With boundless Raptures here the Muse cou'd swell,
 And on your *Rosalind* for ever dwell ;
 There opening Sweets, and ev'ry fragrant Flow'r
 Luxuriant smile, a never fading Bow'r.
 Next human Follies kindly to expose,
 You change from Numbers, but not sink in Prose :
 Whether in visionary Scenes you Play,
 Refine our Tastes, or laugh our Crimes away,
 Now, by the buskin'd Muse you shine confess,
 The Patriot kindles in the Poet's Breast.
 Such Energy of Sense might Pleasure raise,
 Tho' unembellish'd with the Charms of Phrase :
 Such Charms of Phrase would with Success be crown'd,
 Tho' Nonsense flow'd in the melodious Sound.
 The chaste Virgin needs no Blushes fear,
 The Learn'd themselves, not uninstructed, hear.
 The Libertine, in Pleasures us'd to roul,
 And idly sport with an immortal Soul,
 Here comes, and by the virtuous Heathen taught,
 Turns pale, and trembles at the dreadful Thought.
 Whether you traverse vast *Numidia's* Plains,
 What sluggish *Briton* in his Isle remains ?
 When *Juba* seeks the Tiger with Delight,
 We beat the Thicket, and provoke the Fight.
 By the Description warm'd, we fondly sweat,
 And in the chilling East-Wind pant with Heat.
 What Eyes behold not, how the Stream refines,
 'Till by Degrees the floating Mirrour shines ?

While

While Hurricanes in circling Eddies play,
 Tear up the Sands, and sweep whole Plains away.
 We shrink with Horror, and confess our Fear,
 And all the sudden sounding Ruin hear.
 When purple Robes, distain'd with Blood, deceive,
 And make poor *Marcia* beautifully grieve.
 When she her secret Thoughts no more conceals,
 Forgets the Woman, and her Flame reveals,
 Well may the Prince exult with noble Pride,
 Not for his *Lybian* Crown, but *Roman* Bride.

But I in vain on single Features dwell,
 While all the Parts of the fair Piece excel.
 So rich the Store, so dubious is the Feast,
 We know not, which to pass, or which to taste.
 The shining Incidents so justly fall,
 We may the whole, new Scenes of Transport call.
 Thus Jewellers confound our wand'ring Eyes,
 And with Variety of Gems surprise.
 Here *Sapphires*, here the *Sardan Stone* is seen,
 The *Topaz* yellow, and the *Jasper* green.
 The costly *Brilliant* there, confus'dly bright,
 From num'rous Surfaces darts trembling Light.
 The different Colours ming'ling in a Blaze,
 Silent we stand, unable where to praise,
 In Pleasure sweetly lost ten thousand Ways.

Trinity-Colledge,
 Cambridge.

L. EUSDEN.

TOO long hath Love engross'd *Britannia's* Stage,
 And sunk to Softness all our Tragic Rage:
 By that alone did Empires fall or rise,
 And Fate depended on a fair One's Eyes:
 The sweet Infection, mixt with dang'rous Art,
 Debas'd our Manhood, while it sooth'd the Heart.
 You scorn to raise a Grief thy self must blame,
 Nor from our Weakness steal a vulgar Fame:
 A Patriot's Fall may justly melt the Mind,
 And Tears flow nobly, shed for all Mankind,

How do our Souls with gen'rous Pleasure glow !
 Our Hearts exulting, while our Eyes o'erflow,
 When thy firm Heroe stands beneath the Weight,
 Of all his Sufferings venerably Great ;
Rome's poor Remains still shelt'ring by his Side,
 With conscious Virtue, and becoming Pride.

The aged Oak thus rears his Head in Air,
 His Sap exhausted, and his Branches bare,
 'Midst Storms and Earthquakes, he maintains his State,
 Fixt deep in Earth, and fasten'd by his Weight :
 His naked Boughs still lend the Shepherd's Aid,
 And his old Trunk projects an awful Shade.

Amidst the Joys triumphant Peace bestows,
 Our Patriots sadden at his glorious Woes,
 Awhile they let the World's great Business wait,
 Anxious for *Rome*, and sigh for *Cato's* Fate.
 Here taught how ancient Heroes rose to Fame,
 Our *Britons* crowd, and catch the *Roman* Flame,
 Where States and Senates well might lend an Ear,
 And Kings and Priests without a Blush appear.

France boasts no more, but, fearful to engage,
 Now first pays Homage to her Rival's Stage,
 Hastes to learn thee, and learning shall submit,
 Alike to *British* Arms, and *British* Wit :
 No more she'll wonder, (forc'd to do us Right)
 Who Think like *Romans*, could like *Romans* Fight.

Thy *Oxford* smiles this glorious Work to see,
 And fondly triumphs in a Son like Thee.
 The Senates, Consuls, and the Gods of *Rome*,
 Like old Acquaintance at their Native Home,
 In Thee we find : Each Deed, each Word express'd,
 And ev'ry Thought that swell'd a *Roman* Breatth.
 We trace each Hint that could thy Soul inspire
 With *Virgil's* Judgment, and with *Lucan's* Fire ;
 We know thy Worth, and give us leave to boast,
 We most admire, because we know thee most.

Queen's College,
 Oxon.

THO. TICKELL.

S I R,

WHEN your gen'rous Labour first I view'd,
 And *Cato's* Hands in his own Blood imbru'd,
 That Scene of Death so terrible appears,
 My Soul could only thank you with her Tears.
 Yet with such wondrous Art your skilful Hand
 Does all the Passions of the Soul command,
 That ev'n my Grief to Praise and Wonder turn'd,
 And envy'd the great Death which first I mourn'd.

What Pen but yours cou'd draw the doubtful Strife,
 Of Honour struggling with the Love of Life?
 Describe the Patriot obstinately good,
 As hov'ring o'er Eternity he stood:
 The wide, th' unbounded Ocean lay before
 His piercing Sight, and Heav'n the distant Shore.
 Secure of endless Bliss, with fearless Eyes,
 He grasps the Dagger, and its Point defies,
 And rushes out of Life to snatch the glorious Prize. }

How would old *Rome* rejoice, to hear you tell
 How just her Patriot liv'd, how great he fell!
 Recount his wond'rous Probity and Truth,
 And form new *Juba's* in the *British* Youth.
 Their gen'rous Souls, when he resigns his Breath,
 Are pleas'd with Ruin, and in Love with Death;
 And when her conq'ring Sword *Britannia* draws,
 Resolve to Perish, or defend her Cause.
 Now first on *Albion's* Theatre we see,
 A perfect Image of what Man should be;
 The glorious Character is now express'd,
 Of Virtue dwelling in a human Breast,
 Drawn at full Length by your Immortal Lines,
 In *Cato's* Soul, as in her Heav'n, she shines.

All Soul's College,
 Oxon.

DIGBY COTES.

Left

Left with the Printer by an Unknown Hand.

NOW we may speak, since *Cato* speaks no more ;
 'Tis Praise at length 'twas Rapture all before ;
 When crouded Theatres with *Ios* rung
 Sent to the Skies, from whence thy Genius sprung ;
 Ev'n Civil Rage a while in thine was lost ;
 And Factions strove but to applaud thee most ;
 Nor could Enjoyment pall our longing Taste ;
 But ev'ry Night was dearer than the last.

As when old *Rome*, in a malignant Hour
 Depriv'd of some returning Conqueror,
 Her Debt of Triumph to the Dead discharg'd,
 For Fame, for Treasure, and her Bounds enlarg'd ;
 And, while his Godlike Figure mov'd along,
 Alternate Passions fir'd the adoring Throng ;
 Tears flow'd from ev'ry Eye, and Shouts from ev'ry
 Tongue ;

So in thy Pompous Lines has *Cato* far'd,
 Grac'd with an ample though a late Reward :
 A greater Victor we in him revere ;
 A nobler Triumph crowns his Image here.

With Wonder, as with Pleasure, we survey
 A Theme so scanty wrought into a Play ;
 So vast a Pile on such Foundations plac'd ;
 Like *Aunon's* Temple rear'd on *Libya's* Waste :
 Behold its glowing Paint ! its easy Weight !
 Its nice Proportions ! and stupendous Height !
 How chaste the Conduct ! how divine the Rage !
 A *Roman* Worthy on a *Grecian* Stage !

But where shall *Cato's* Praise begin or end ;
 Inclind to melt, and yet untaught to bend,
 The firmest Patriot, and the gentlest Friend ?
 How great his Genius when the Traitor Crowd
 Ready to strike the Blow their Fury vow'd ;
 Quell'd by his Look, and list'ning to his Lore,
 Learn, like his Passions, to rebel no more !

When

When, lavish of his boiling Blood, to prove
 The Cure of slavish Life, and slighted Love,
 Brave *Marcus* now in early Death appears,
 While *Cato* counts his Wounds, and not his Years;
 Who checking private Grief, the Publick mourns,
 Commands the Pity he so greatly scorns.

But when he strikes (to crown his gen'rous Part)
 That honest, staunch, impenetrable Heart;
 No Tears, no Sobs pursue his panting Breath;
 The dying *Roman* shames the Pomp of Death.

O sacred Freedom, which the Powers bestow
 To season Blessings, and to soften Woe;
 Plant of our Growth, and Aim of all our Cares,
 The Toil of Ages, and the Crown of Wars:
 If, taught by thee, the Poet's Wit has flow'd
 In Strains as precious as his Hero's Blood;
 Preserve those Strains, an everlasting Charm
 To keep that Blood, and thy Remembrance warm:
 Be this thy Guardian Image still secure
 In vain shall Force invade, or Fraud allure;
 Our great *Palladium* shall perform its Part,
 Fix'd and enshrined in ev'ry *British* Heart.

THE Mind to Virtue is by Verse subdu'd;
 And the True Poet is a Publick Good.
 This *Britain* feels, while, by your Lines inspir'd,
 Her Free-born Sons to glorious Thoughts are fir'd.
 In *Rome* had you espous'd the vanquish'd Cause,
 Inflam'd her Senate, and upheld her Laws;
 Your manly Scenes had Liberty restor'd,
 And giv'n the just Success to *Cato's* Sword:
 O'er *Cæsar's* Arms your Genius had prevail'd;
 And the Muse triumph'd, where the Patriot fail'd.

AMB. PHILIPS.

P R O-



PROLOGUE.

By Mr. P O P E.

Spoken by Mr. W I L K S.

TO wake the Soul by tender Strokes of Art,
To raise the Genius, and to mend the Heart,
To make Mankind in conscious Virtue bold,
Live o'er each Scene, and be what they behold:
For this the Tragick Muse first trod the Stage,
Commanding Tears to stream through every Age;
Tyrants no more their savage Nature kept,
And Foes to Virtue wonder'd how they wept.
Our Author shuns by vulgar Springs to move
The Hero's Glory, or the Virgin's Love;
In pitying Love we but our Weakness shew,
And wild Ambition well deserves its Woe.
Here Tears shall flow from a more gen'rous Cause,
Such Tears as Patriots shed for dying Laws:
He bids your Breasts with Ancient Ardour rise,
And calls forth Roman Drops from British Eyes.
Virtue confess'd in human Shape he draws,
What Plat. Thought, and God-like Cato Was:
No common Object to your Sight displays,
But what with Pleasure Heav'n itself surveys;
A brave Man struggling in the Storms of Fate,
And greatly falling with a falling State!
While Cato gives his little Senate Laws,
What Bosom beats not in his Country's Cause?
Who sees him act, but envies ev'ry Deed?
Who hears him groan, and does not wish to bleed?
Ev'n when proud Cæsar 'midst triumphal Cars,
The Spoils of Nations, and the Pomp of Wars,

Ignobly

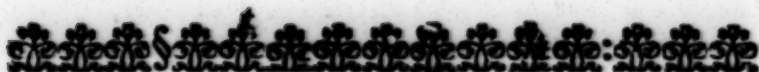
PROLOGUE.

*Ignobly vain, and impotently Great,
Shew'd Rome her Cato's Figure drawn in State,
As her dead Father's never'd Image past,
The Pomp was darken'd, and the Day o'ercast,
The Triumph ceas'd—Tears gush'd from ev'ry Eye,
The World's great Victor pass'd unheeded by;
Her Last good Man dejected Rome ador'd,
And honour'd Cæsar's less than Cato's Sword.*

*Britons attend: Be Worth like this approv'd
And show you have the Virtue to be mov'd.
With honest Scorn the first fam'd Cato view'd
Rome learning Arts from Greece, whom she subdu'd
Our Scene precariously subsists too long
On French Translation and Italian Song.
Dare to have Sense yourselves; Assert the Stage,
Be justly warm'd with your own native Rage,
Such Plays alone should please a British Ear,
As Cato's self had not disdain'd to bear.*



Dramatis



Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

C A T O.

Lucius, }
Sempronius, } *Senators.*

Juba, *a Prince of the Numidia.*

Syphax, *General of Numidians.*

Portius, }
Marcus, } *Sons of Cato.*

Decius, *Ambassador from Cæsar*

Mr. Booth.

Mr. Keen.

Mr. Mills.

Mr. Wilks.

Mr. Cibber.

Mr. Powell.

Mr. Rian.

Mr. Bowman.

Mutineers, Guards, &c.

W O M E N.

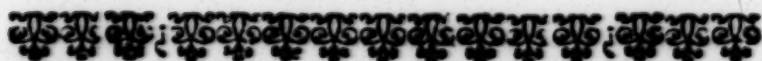
Marcia, *Daughter to Cato.*

Lucia, *Daughter to Lucius.*

Mrs. Oldfield.

Mrs. Porter.

SCENE, *A large Hall in the Governor's
Palace of Utica.*



C A T O.

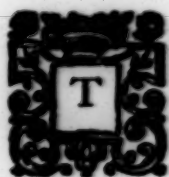


C A T O.

ACT I. SCENE I.

P O R T I U S, M A R C U S.

P O R T I U S.



THE Dawn is over-cast, the Morning
low'rs,
And heavily in Clouds brings on the
Day,
The great, th' important Day, big with
the Fate

Of *Cato* and of *Rome*——Our Father's Death
Would fill up all the Guilt of Civil War,
And close the Scene of Blood. Alas, *dy Caesar*
Has ravag'd more than half the Globe, and sees
Mankind grown thin by his destructive Sword :
Should he go further, Numbers would be wanting
To form new Battles, and support his Crimes.
Ye Gods, what Havock does Ambition make
Among your Works !

Marc. Thy steady Temper, *Portius*,
Can look on Guilt, Rebellion, Fraud, and *Caesar*,
In the calm Lights of mild Philosophy ;
I'm tortur'd, even to Madness, when I think
On the proud Victor : ev'ry Time he's nam'd
Pharsalia rises to my View !——I see
Th' insulting Tyrant prancing o'er the Field
Strow'd with *Rome's* Citizens, and drench'd in Slaughter,
His Horse's Hoofs wet with Patrician Blood !
Oh *Portius*, is there not some chosen Curse,
Some hidden Thunder in the Stores of Heav'n,
Red with uncommon Wrath, to blast the Man

Who

Who owes his Greatness to his Country's Ruin ?

Por. Believe me, *Marcus*, 'tis an impious Greatness,
And mix'd with too much Horror to be envy'd :
How does the Lustre of our Father's Actions,
Through the dark Cloud of Ills that cover him,
Break out, and burn with more triumphant Brightness !
His Suff'rings shine, and spread a Glory round him,
Greatly unfortunate, he fights the Cause
Of Honour, Virtue, Liberty, and *Rome*.
His Sword ne'er fell but on the Guilty Head ;
Oppression, Tyranny, and Pow'r usurp'd,
Draw all the Vengeance of his Arm upon 'em.

Marc. Who knows not this ? But what can *Cato* do
Against a World, a base degen'rate World,
That courts the Yoke, and bows the Neck to *Cæsar* ?
Pent up in *Utica* he vainly forms

A poor Epitome of *Roman* Greatness,
And, cover'd with *Numidian* Guards, directs
A feeble Army, and an empty Senate,
Remnants of mighty Battles fought in vain.
By Heav'n's, such Virtues, join'd with such Success,
Distract my very Soul : Our Father's Fortune
Would almost tempt us to renounce his Precepts.

Por. Remember what our Father oft has told us :
The Ways of Heav'n are dark and intricate ;
Puzzled in Mazes, and perplex'd with Errors ;
Our Understanding traces 'em in vain,
Lost and bewilder'd in the fruitless Search ;
Nor sees with how much Art the Windings run,
Nor where the regular Confusion ends.

Marc. These are Suggestions of a Mind at Ease :
Oh *Portius*, didst thou taste but half the Griefs
That wring my Soul, thou could'st not talk thus coldly,
Passion unpity'd, and successful Love,
Plant Daggers in my Heart, and aggravate
My other Griefs. Were but my *Lucia* kind !——

Por. Thou seest not that thy Brother is thy Rival :
But I must hide it, for I know thy Temper. [*Aside.*]

Now, *Marcus*, now, thy Virtue's on the Proof :
Put forth thy utmost Strength, work ev'ry Nerve,
And call up all thy Father in thy Soul :

To quell the Tyrant Love, and guard thy Heart
On this weak Side, where most our Nature fails,
Would be a Conquest worthy *Cato's* Son.

Marc. Portius, the Counsel which I cannot take,
Instead of Healing, but upbraids my Weakness.
Bid me for Honour plunge into a War
Of thickest Foes, and rush on certain Death,
Then shalt thou see that *Marcus* is not slow
To follow Glory, and confess his Father.
Love is not to be reason'd down, or lost
In high Ambition, and a Thirst of Greatness;
'Tis second Life, it grows into the Soul,
Warms ev'ry Vein, and beats in ev'ry Pulse,
I feel it here: My Resolution melts——

Por. Behold young *Juba*, the *Numidian* Prince!
With how much Care he forms himself to Glory,
And breaks the Fierceness of his Native Temper
To copy out our Father's bright Example.
He loves our Sister *Marcia*, greatly loves her,
His Eyes, his Looks, his Actions all betray it:
But still the smother'd Fondness burns within him.
When most it swells, and labours for a Vent,
The Sense of Honour and Desire of Fame
Drive the big Passion back into his Heart.
What! shall an *African*, shall *Juba's* Heir
Reproach great *Cato's* Son, and shew the World
A Virtue wanting in a *Roman* Soul?

Marc. Portius, no more! your Words leave Stings
behind 'em.

When-e'er did *Juba*, or did *Portius*, shew
A Virtue that has cast me at a Distance,
And thrown me out in the Pursuits of Honour!

Por. Marcus, I know thy gen'rous Temper well;
Fling but th' Appearance of Dishonour on it,
It straight takes Fire, and mounts into a Blaze.

Marc. A Brother's Suff'rings claim a Brother's Pity:

Por. Heav'n knows I pity thee: Behold my Eyes
Ev'n whilst I speak—Do they not swim in Tears?
Were but my Heart as naked to thy View,

Marcus would see it bleed in his Behalf.

Marc. Why then dost treat me with Rebukes, instead
Of

Of kind condoling Cares, and friendly Sorrow !

Por. O *Marcus*, did I know the Way to ease
Thy troubled Heart, and mitigate thy Pains,
Marcus, believe me, I could die to do it.

Marc. Thou best of Brothers, and thou best of
Friends !

Pardon a weak distemper'd Soul, that swells
With sudden Gusts, and sinks as soon in Calms,
The Sport of Passions: But *Sempronius* comes :
He must not find this Softness hanging on me. [Exit.

SCENE II.

Enter SEMPRONIUS.

Sempronius.

CONspiracies no sooner shou'd be form'd
Than executed. What means *Portius* here ?
I like not that cold Youth. I must dissemble,
And speak a Language foreign to my Heart. [Aside.

Sempronius, Portius.

Good Morrow, *Portius* ! let us once embrace,
Once more embrace ; whilst yet we both are free.
To-morrow shou'd we thus express our Friendship,
Each might receive a Slave into his Arms,
This Sun perhaps, this Morning Sun's the last,
That e'er shall rise on *Roman* Liberty.

Por. My Father has this Morning call'd together
To this poor Hall, his little *Roman* Senate,
(The Leavings of *Pharsalia*) to consult
If yet he can oppose the mighty Torrent
That bears down *Rome*, and all her Gods before it,
Or must at length give up the World to *Cæsar*.

Semp. Not all the Pomp and Majesty of *Rome*
Can raise her Senate more than *Cato's* Presence,
His Virtues render our Assembly awful,
They strike with something like religious Fear,
And make ev'n *Cæsar* tremble at the Head
Of Armies flush'd with Conquest. O my *Portius*,
Could I but call that wond'rous Man my Father,

Wou'd

C A T O.

21

Wou'd but thy Sister *Marcia* be propitious
To thy Friend's Vows, I might be blest indeed !

Por. Alas ! *Sempronius*, would'st thou talk of Love
To *Marcia*, whilst her Father's Life's in Danger ;
Thou might'st as well court the pale trembling Vestal,
When she beholds the Holy Flame expiring.

Semp. The more I see the Wonders of thy Race,
The more I'm charm'd, Thou must take heed, my
Portius !

The World has all its Eyes on *Cato's* Son,
Thy Father's Merit sets thee up to View,
And shews thee in the fairest Point of Light,
To make thy Virtues, or thy Faults, conspicuous.

Mor. Well dost thou seem to check my Lingring here
On this important Hour——I'll straight away,
And while the Fathers of the Senate meet
In close Debate to weigh the Events of War,
I'll animate the Soldier's drooping Courage,
With Love of Freedom, and Contempt of Life :
I'll thunder in their Ears their Country's Cause.
And try to rouse up all that's *Roman* in 'em,
'Tis not in Mortals to Command Success,
But we'll do more, *Sempronius*, we'll Deserve it. [Exit,

Sempronius solus.

Curse on the Stripling ! how he Ape's his Sire ?
Ambitiously sententious——But I wonder
Old *Syphax* comes not ; his *Numidian* Genius
Is well disposed to Mischief, were he prompt,
And eager on it ; but he must be spurr'd,
And ev'ry Moment quickned to the Course.
—— *Cato* has used me ill : He has refused
His Daughter *Marcia* to my ardent Vows.
Besides, his baffled Arms and ruin'd Cause
Are Bars to my Ambition. *Cæsar's* Favour,
That show'rs down Greatness on his Friends, will raise
me

To *Rome's* first Honours. If I give up *Cato*,
I claim in my Reward his Captive Daughter.
But *Syphax* comes ! ——

S C E N E

S C E N E III.

SYPHAX, SEMPRONIUS.

Syphax.

S*empronius*, all is ready,
 I've sound'd my *Numidians*, Man by Man,
 And find 'em ripe for a Revolt: They all
 Complain aloud of *Cato's* Discipline,
 And wait but the Command to change their Master.

Semp. Believe me, *Syphax*, there's no Time to waste;
 Even whilst we speak our Conqueror comes on,
 And gathers Ground upon us ev'ry Moment.
 Alas! thou know'st not *Cæsar's* active Soul,
 With what a dreadful Courie he rushes on
 From War to War? In vain has Nature form'd
 Mountains and Oceans to oppose his Passage;
 He bounds o'er all, victorious in his March;
 The *Alps* and *Cyreneans* sink before him,
 Through Winds and Waves, and Storms he works his
 Way,

Impatient for the Battle; One Day more
 Will set the Victor thund'ring at our Gates.
 But tell me, hast thou yet drawn o'er young *Juba*?
 That still would recommend thee more to *Cæsar*,
 And challenge better Terms.

Syph. Alas! he's lost.
 He's lost, *Sempronius*; all his Thoughts are full
 Of *Cato's* Virtues——But I'll try once more
 (For ev'ry Instant I expect him here,)
 If yet I can subdue those stubborn Principles
 Of Faith, of Honour, and I know not what,
 That have corrupted his *Numidian* Temper,
 And struck th'Infection into all his Soul.

Semp. Be sure to press upon him ev'ry Motive,
Juba's Surrender, since his Father's Death,
 Would give up *Africk* into *Cæsar's* Hands,
 And make him Lord of half the burning Zone.

Syph. But is it true, *Sempronius*, that your Senate
 Is call'd together? Gods! Thou must be cautious!

Cato

Cato has piercing Eyes, and will discern
Our Frauds, unless they're cover'd thick with Art.

Semp. Let me alone, good *Syphax*, I'll conceal
My Thoughts in Passion ('tis the surest Way ;)
I'll bellow out for *Rome*, and for my Country,
And mouth at *Caesar*, 'till I shake the Senate.
Your cold Hypocrisy's a stale Device,
A worn-out Trick: Would't thou be thought in Earnest?
Clothe thy feign'd Zeal in Rage, in Fire, in Fury!

Syph. In troth, thou'rt able to instruct Gray-hairs,
And teach the wily *African* Deceit!

Semp. Once more be sure, to try thy Skill on *Juba*.
Mean while I'll hasten to my *Roman* Soldiers,
Inflame the Mutiny, and underhand
Blow up their Discontents, till they break out
Unlook'd for, and discharge themselves on *Cato*.
Remember, *Syphax*, we must work in Haste :
O think what anxious Moments pass between
The Birth of Plots, and their last fatal Periods.
Oh ! 'tis a dreadful Interval of Time,
Fill'd up with Horror all, and big with Death !
Destruction hangs on ev'ry Word we speak,
On ev'ry Thought, 'till the concluding Stroke
Determines all, and closes our Design. [Exit.

Syphax solus.

I'll try if yet I can reduce to Reason
This headstrong Youth, and make him spurn at *Cato*.
The Time is short, *Caesar* comes' rushing on us ———
But hold ! young *Juba* sees me, and approaches.

SCENE IV.

J U B A, S Y P H A X.

Juba.

Syphax, I joy to meet thee thus alone.
I have observ'd of late thy Looks are fall'n,
O'ercast with gloomy Cares and Discontent ;
Then tell me, *Syphax*, I conjure thee tell me,
What are the Thoughts that knit thy Brow in Frowns,
And

And turn thine Eye thus coldly on thy Prince ?

Syph. 'Tis not my Talent to conceal my Thoughts;
Or carry Smiles and Sun-shine in my Face,
When Discontent sits heavy at my Heart.
I have not yet so much the *Roman* in me.

Jub. Why dost thou cast out such ungen'rous Terms
Against the Lords and Sov'reigns of the World ?
Dost thou not see Mankind fall down before them,
And own the Force of their superior Virtue ?
Is there a Nation in the Wilds of *Africk*,
Amidst our barren Rocks, and burning Sands,
That does not tremble at the *Roman* Name ?

Syph. Gods! where's the Worth that sets this People up
Above your own *Numidia's* tawny Sons !
Do they with tougher Sinews bend the Bow ?
Or flies the Jav'lin swifter to its Mark,
Launch'd from the Vigour of a *Roman* Arm ?
Who like our active *African* instructs
The fiery Steed, and trains him to his Hand ?
Or guides in Troops th'embattled Elephant,
Loaden with War ? These, these are Arts, my Prince,
In which your *Zama* does not stoop to *Rome*.

Jub. These all are Virtues of a meaner Rank,
Perfections that are plac'd in Bones and Nerves.
A *Roman* Soul is bent on higher Views :
To civilize the rude unpolish'd World,
To lay it under the Restraint of Laws ;
To make Man mild, and sociable to Man ;
To cultivate the wild licentious Savage
With Wisdom, Discipline, and lib'ral Arts ;
The Embellishments of Life: Virtues like these,
Make human Nature shine, reform the Soul,
And break our fierce Barbarians into Men.

Syph. Patience, kind Heav'ns !—Excuse an old Man's
Warmth

What are these wond'rous civilizing Arts,
This *Roman* Polish, and this smooth Behaviour,
That render Man thus tractable and tame ?
Are they not only to disguise our Passions,
To set our Looks at Variance with our Thoughts,
To check the Starts and Sallies of the Soul,

And

And break off all its Commerce with the Tongue ;
In short, to change us into other Creatures,
Than what our Nature and the Gods design'd us ?

Jub. To strike thee dumb : Turn up thy Eyes to *Cato* ?
There may'st thou see to what a God-like Height
The *Roman* Virtues lift up mortal Man,
While good, and just, and anxious for his Friends,
He's still severely bent against himself ;
Renouncing Sleep, and Rest, and Food, and Ease,
He strives with Thirst and Hunger, Toil and Heat,
And when his Fortune sets before him all
The Poms and Pleasures that his Soul can wish,
His rigid Virtue will accept of none.

Sypb. Believe me, Prince, there's not an *African*
That traverses our vast *Numidian* Desarts,
In quest of Prey, and lives upon his Bow,
But better practises these boasted Virtues.
Coarse are his Meals, the Fortune of the Chase,
Amidst the running Stream he flakes his Thirst,
Toils all the Day, and at th' Approach of Night
On the first friendly Bank he throws him down,
Or rests his Head upon a Rock 'till Morn :
Then rises fresh, pursues his wonted Game,
And if the following Day he chance to find
A new Repast, or an untasted Spring,
Blesses his Stars, and thinks it Luxury.

Jub. Thy Prejudices, *Sypbax*, won't discern
What Virtues grow from Ignorance and Choice,
Nor how the Hero differs from the Brute.
But grant that others cou'd with equal Glory
Look down on Pleasures, and the Baits of Sense ;
Where shall we find the Man that bears Affliction,
Great and Majestick in his Grievs, like *Cato* ?
Heav'ns ! with what Strength, what Steadiness of Mind,
He triumphs in the midst of ail his Suff'rings !
How does he rise against a Load of Woes.
And thank the Gods that throw the Weight upon
him !

Sypb. 'Tis Pride, rank Pride, and Haughtiness of Soul :
I think the *Romans* call it *Stoicism*.
Had not your Royal Father thought so highly

Of *Roman* Virtue, and of *Cato's* Cause,
 He had not fall'n by a Slave's Hand inglorious ;
 Nor would his slaughter'd Army now have lain
 On *Africk* Sands, disfigur'd with their Wounds,
 To gorge the Wolves and Vultures of *Numidia*.

Jub. Why didst thou call my Sorrows up afresh ?
 My Father's Name brings Tears into my Eyes.

Syph. Oh, that you'd profit by your Father's Ills !

Jub. What wouldst thou have me do ?

Syph. Abandon *Cato*.

Jub. *Syphax*, I shou'd be more than twice an Orphan
 By such a Loss.

Syph. Ay, there's the Tie that binds you !
 You long to call him Father. *Marcia's* Charms
 Work in your Heart unseen, and plead for *Cato*.
 No wonder you are deaf to all I say.

Jub. *Syphax*, your Zeal becomes importunate ;
 I've hitherto permitted it to rave,
 And talk at large ; but learn to keep it in,
 Lest it should take more Freedom than I'll give it.

Syph. Sir, your great Father never us'd me thus.
 Alas, he's dead ! But can you e'er forget
 The tender Sorrows, and the Pangs of Nature,
 The fond Embraces, and repeated Blessings,
 Which you drew from him in your last Farewel ?
 Still must I cherish the dear, sad, Remembrance,
 At once to torture, and to please my Soul.
 The good old King at parting wrung my Hand,
 (His Eyes brim full of Tears) then sighing cry'd,
 Pr'ythee be careful of my Son ! ——— his Grief
 Swell'd up so high he could not utter more.

Jub. Alas, the Story melts away my Soul.
 That best of Fathers ! how shall I discharge
 The Gratitude and Duty which I owe him !

Syph. By laying up his Counsels in your Heart.

Jub. His Counsels bade me yield to thy Directions :
 Then, *Syphax*, chide me in severest Terms.
 Vent all thy Passion, and I'll stand its Shock,
 Calm and unruffled as a Summer Sea,
 When not a Breath of Wind flies o'er its Surface.

Syph. Alas, my Prince, I'd guide you to your Safety.

Jub.

Jub. I do believe thou wou'dst; but tell me how?

Syph. Fly from the Fate that follows *Cæsar's* Foes.

Jub. My Father scorn'd to do it.

Syph. And therefore dy'd.

Jub. Better to die ten thousand thousand Deaths,
Than wound my Honour.

Syph. Rather say your Love.

Jub. Syphax, I've promis'd to preserve my Temper,
Why wilt thou urge me to confess a Flame,
I long have stifled, and would fain conceal?

Syph. Believe me Prince, tho' hard to conquer Love,
'Tis easy to divert and break its Force.
Absence might cure it, or a second Mistress
Light up another Flame, and put out this.
The glowing Dames of *Zama's* Royal Court
Have Faces flush'd with more exalted Charms;
The Sun that rolls his Chariot o'er their Heads,
Works up more Fire and Colour in their Cheeks;
Were you with these, my Prince, you'd soon forget
The pale, unripen'd Beauties of the *North*.

Jub. 'Tis not a Set of Features, or Complexion,
The Tincture of a Skin that I admire.
Beauty soon grows familiar to the Lover,
Fades in his Eye, and palls upon the Sense.
The virtuous *Marcia* tow'rs above her Sex:
True, she is fair, (Oh, how divinely fair!)
But still the lovely Maid improves her Charms,
With inward Greatness, unaffected Wisdom,
And Sanctity of Manners. *Cato's* Soul
Shines out in every Thing she acts or speaks,
While winning Mildness and unattractive Smiles
Dwell in her Looks, and with becoming Grace
Softens the Rigour of her Father's Virtues.

Syph. How does your Tongue grow wanton in her
Praise!

But on my Knees I beg you wou'd consider——

Enter Marcia and Lucia.

Jub. Hah! *Syphax*, is't not she—— She moves this
Way:

And with her *Lucia*, *Lucius's* fair Daughter.

My Heart beats thick—I pry'thee, *Syphax*, leave me.

Syph. Ten thousand Curses fasten on 'em both !

Now will this Woman with a single Glance

Undo what I've been lab'ring all this while. [Exit.

SCENE V.

JUBA, MARCIA, LUCIA.

Juba.

HAil, charming Maid ! how does thy Beauty smoothe
The Face of War, and make ev'n Horror smile !
At sight of thee my Heart shakes off its Sorrows ;
I feel a Dawn of Joy break in upon me,
And for a while forget th' Approach of *Cæsar*.

Mar. I shou'd be griev'd, young Prince, to think
my Presence

Unbent your Thoughts, and slacken'd 'em to Arms,
While warm with Slaughter, our victorious Foe
Threatens aloud, and calls you to the Field.

Jub. O *Marcia*, let me hope thy kind Concerns
And gentle Wishes follow me to Battle !

The Thought will give new Vigour to my Arms,
Add Strength and Weight to my descending Sword,
And drive it in a Tempest on the Foe

Marc. My Pray'rs and Wishes always shall attend
The Friends of *Rome*, the glorious Cause of Virtue,
And Men approv'd of by the Gods and *Cato*.

Jub. That *Juba* may deserve thy pious Cares,
I'll gaze for ever on thy God-like Father,
'Transplanting, one by one, into my Life,
His bright Perfections, 'till I shine like him.

Mar. My Father never at a Time like this
Wou'd lay out his great Soul in Words, and waste
Such precious Moments

Jub. Thy Reproofs are just,
Thou virtuous Maid ; I'll hasten to my Troops,
And fire their languid Souls with *Cato's* Virtue.
If e'er I lead them to the Field, when all

The

The War shall stand ranged in its just Array,
 And dreadful Pomp: Then will I think on thee!
 O lovely Maid! Then will I think on thee!
 And in the Shock of charging Hosts, remember
 What glorious Deeds shou'd grace the Man, who hopes
 For *Marcia's* Love. [Exit.]

S C E N E VI.

L U C I A, M A R C I A.

Lucia.

M *Arcia*, you're too severe:
 How cou'd you chide the young good-natured
 Prince,

And drive him from you with so stern an Air,
 A Prince that loves and dotes on you to Death?

Mar. 'Tis therefore, *Lucia*, that I chide him from me.
 His Air, his Voice, his Looks, his honest Soul
 Speak all so movingly in his Behalf,
 I dare not trust myself to hear him talk.

Luc. Why will you fight against so sweet a Passion,
 And steel your Heart to such a World of Charms?

Mar. How, *Lucia*, wou'dst thou have me sink away
 In pleasing Dreams, and lose myself in Love,
 When ev'ry Moment *Cato's* Life's at Stake?
Cæsar comes arm'd with Terror and Revenge,
 And aims his Thunder at my Father's Head:
 Shou'd not the sad Occasion swallow up
 My other Cares, and draw them all into it?

Luc. Why have not I this Constancy of Mind,
 Who have so many Grievs to try its Force?
 Sure, Nature form'd me of her softest Mould,
 Enfeebled all my Soul with tender Passions,
 And sunk me even be'ow mine own weak Sex:
 Pity and Love, by Turns, oppress my Heart.

Mar. *Lucia*, disburden all thy Cares on me,
 And let me share thy most retired Distress;
 Tell me who raises up this Conflict in thee?

Luc. I need not blush to name them, when I tell thee
They're *Marcia's* Brothers, and the Sons of *Cato*.

Mar. They both behold thee with their Sister's Eyes :
And often have reveal'd their Passion to me.
But tell me, whose Address thou fav'rest most ?
I long to know, and yet I dread to hear it.

Luc. Which is it *Martia* wishes for ?

Marc. For neither —————

And yet for both — The Youths have equal Share
In *Marcia's* Wishes, and divide their Sister :
But tell me, which of them is *Lucia's* Choice ?

Luc. *Marcia*, they both are high in my Esteem,
But in my Love — Why wilt thou make me name him !
Thou know'st it is a blind and foolish Passion,
Pleas'd and disgusted with it knows not what —————

Mar. O *Lucia*, I am perplex'd, O tell me which
I must hereafter call my happy Brother ?

Luc. Suppose 'twere *Portius*, could you blame my
Choice ?

—— O *Portius*, thou hast stol'n away my Soul !
With what a graceful Tenderness he loves !
And breathes the softest, the sincerest Vows !
Complacency, and Truth, and manly Sweetness
Dwell ever on his Tongue, and smooth his Thoughts.
Marcus is over-warm, his fond Complaints
Have so much Earnestness and Passion in them,
I hear him with a secret Kind of Horror,
And tremble at his Vehemence of Temper.

Mar. Alas, poor Youth ! how canst thou throw him
from thee ?

Lucia, thou know'st not half the Love he bears thee ?
Whene'er he speaks of thee, his Heart's in Flames,
He sends out all his Soul in ev'ry Word,
And thinks, and talks, and looks like one transported.
Unhappy Youth ! How will thy Coldness raise
Tempests and Storms in his afflicted Bosom !
I dread the Consequence.

Luc. You seem to plead
Against your Brother *Portius*.

Mar. Heav'n forbid !
Had *Portius* been the unsuccessful Lover,

The

The same Compassion wou'd have fall'n on him.

Luc. Was ever Virgin Love distress'd like mine!

Portius himself oft falls in Tears before me,
As if he mourn'd his Rival's ill Success,
Then bids me hide the Motions of my Heart,
Nor shew which way it turns. So much he fears
The sad Effects, that it would have on *Marcus*.

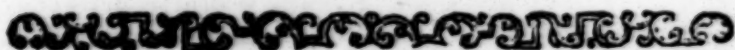
Mar. He knows too well how easily he's fired,
And wou'd not plunge his Brother in Despair,
But waits for happier Times, and kinder Moments.

Luc. Alas, too late I find myself involv'd
In endless Griefs, and Labyrinths of Woe,
Born to afflict my *Marcia's* Family,
And sow Dissension in the Hearts of Brothers,
Tormenting Thought! it cuts into my Soul.

Mar. Let us not, *Lucia*, aggravate our Sorrows,
But to the Gods permit th' Event of Things,
Our Lives, discolour'd with our present Woes,
May still grow bright, and smile with happier Hours.

So the pure limpid Stream, when foul with Stains
Of rushing Torrents, and descending Rains,
Works itself clear, and as it runs, refines,
'Till by Degrees, the floating Mirror shines,
Reflects each Flow'r that on the Border grows,
And a new Heav'n in its fair Bosom shews. [*Exeunt.*]

The End of the first Act.



ACT II. SCENE I.

The SENATE.

Sempronius.

OME still survives in this assembled Senate!
Let us remember we are *Cato's* Friends,
And act like Men who claim that glorious Title.
Luc. *Cato* will soon be here and open to us
Th' Occasion of our Meeting. Hark! he comes!

[*A Sound of Trumpets.*]

May all the Guardian Gods of *Rome* direct him!

Enter Cato.

Cato. Fathers, we once again are met in Council.
Cæsar's Approach has summon'd us together,
 And *Rome* attends her Fate from our Resolves :
 How shall we treat this bold aspiring Man ?
 Success still follows him, and backs his Crimes :
Pharsalia gave him *Rome*, *Egypt* has since
 Receiv'd his Yoke, and the whole *Nile* is *Cæsar's*.
 Why should I mention *Juba's* Overthrow,
 And *Scipio's* Death ? *Numidia's* burning Sands
 Still smoke with Blood. 'Tis time we should decree
 What Course to take. Our Foe advances on us,
 And envies us even *Libya's* sultry Desarts.
 Fathers, pronounce your Thoughts, are they still fixt
 To hold it out, and fight it to the last ?
 Or are your Hearts subdu'd at length, and wrought
 By Time, and ill Success, to a Submission ?
Antonius, speak.

Scip. My Voice is still for War.
 Gods, can a *Roman* Senate long debate
 Which of the two to choose, Slav'ry or Death !
 No, let us rise at once, gird on our Swords,
 And at the Head of our remaining Troops,
 Attack the Foe, break through the thick Array
 Of his throng'd Legions, and charge home upon him.
 Perhaps some Arm, more lucky than the rest,
 May reach his Heart, and free the World from Bondage.
 Rise, Fathers, rise ! 'tis *Rome* demands your Help :
 Rise, and revenge her slaughter'd Citizens,
 Or share their Fate ! The Corps of half her Senate
 Manure the Fields of *Thessaly*, while we
 Sit here delib'rating in cold Debates,
 If we should sacrifice our Lives to Honour,
 Or wear them out in Servitude and Chains.
 Rouse up for Shame ! our Brothers of *Pharsalia*
 Point at their Wounds, and cry aloud—To Battle !
 Great *Pompey's* Shade complains that we are slow,
 And *Scipio's* Ghost walks unrevenged amongst us !

Cato. Let not a Torrent of impetuous Zeal

Transf.

'Transport thee thus beyond the Bounds of Reason :
 True Fortitude is seen in great Exploits
 That Justice warrants, and that Wisdom guides,
 All else is tow'ring Frenzy and Distraction.
 Are not the Lives of those who draw the Sword
 In *Rome's* Defence intrusted to our Care ?
 Should we thus lead them to a Field of Slaughter,
 Might not th' impartial World with Reason say
 We lavish'd at our Deaths the Blood of Thousands,
 To grace our Fall, and make our Ruin glorious ?
Lucius, we next would know what's your Opinion.

Luc. My Thoughts I must confess are turn'd on Peace.
 Already have our Quarrels fill'd the World
 With Widows, and with Orphans : *Scythia* mourns
 Our guilty Wars, and Earth's remotest Regions
 Lie half unpeopled by the Feuds of *Rome* :
 'Tis Time to sheath the Sword, and spare Mankind.
 It is not *Cæsar*, but the Gods, my Fathers,
 The Gods declare against us, and repel
 Our vain Attempts. To urge the Foe to Battle,
 (Prompted by blind Revenge and wild Despair)
 Were to refuse th' Awards of Providence,
 And not to rest in Heav'n's Determination.
 Already have we shewn our Love to *Rome*,
 Now let us shew Submission to the Gods.
 We took up Arms, not to revenge ourselves,
 But free the Commonwealth ; when this End fails,
 Arms have no further Use : Our Country's Cause,
 That drew our Swords, now wrests 'em from our Hands,
 And bids us not delight in *Roman* Blood,
 Unprofitably shed : what Men could do,
 Is done already : Heav'n and Earth will witness,
 If *Rome* must fall, that we are Innocent.

Semp. This smooth Discourse, and mild Behaviour oft
 Conceal a Traitor — Something whispers me
 All is not right ——— *Cato*, beware of *Lucius*,

[*Aside to Cato.*]

Cato. Let us appear nor Rash nor Diffident :
 Immod'rate Valour swells into a Fault ;
 And Fear, admitted into publick Councils,
 Betrays like Treason. Let us shun 'em both.
 Fathers, I cannot see that our Affairs

Are grown thus desp'rate, we have Bulwarks round us :
 Within our Walls are Troops enured to Toil
 In *Africk's* Heat, and season'd to the Sun ;
Numidia's spacious Kingdom lies behind us,
 Ready to rise at its young Prince's Call.
 While there is Hope do not distrust the Gods :
 But wait at least 'till *Cæsar's* near Approach
 Force us to yield. 'Twill never be too late
 'To sue for Chains, and own a Conqueror.
 Why should *Rome* fall a Moment ere her 'Time ?
 No, let us draw her Term of Freedom out
 In its full Length, and spin it to the last,
 So shall we gain still one Day's Liberty ;
 And let me perish, but in *Cato's* Judgment,
 A Day, an Hour of virtuous Liberty,
 Is worth a whole Eternity in Bondage.

Enter Marcus.

Marc. Fathers, this Moment, as I watch'd the Gate,
 Lodg'd on my Post, a Herald is arriv'd
 From *Cæsar's* Camp, and with him comes old *Decius*,
 'The *Roman* Knight ; he carries in his Looks
 Impatience, and demands to speak with *Cato*.

Cato. By Permission, Fathers, bid him enter.

[Exit Marcus.]

Decius was once my Friend, but other Prospects
 Have loos'd those Ties, and bound him fast to *Cæsar*.
 His Message may determine our Resolves.

SCENE II.

DECIVS, CATO.

Decius.

Cæsar sends Health to *Cato*——

Cato. Cou'd he send it
 To *Cato's* slaughter'd Friends, it would be welcome.
 Are not your Orders to address the Senate ?

Dec. My Business is with *Cato* ; *Cæsar* sees
 The Straits to which you are driven ; and, as he knows
Cato's high Worth, is anxious for your Life.

Cato. My Life is grafted on the Fate of *Rome* :
 Wou'd he save *Cato* ? Bid him spare his Country.

Tell

Tell your Dictator this: And tell him, *Cato*
Disdains a Life, which he has Power to offer.

Dec. *Rome* and her Senators submit to *Cæsar*;
Her Gen'als and her Consuls are no more,
Who check'd his Conquests, and denied his Triumphs.
Why will not *Cato* be this *Cæsar*'s Friend?

Cato. Those very Reasons thou hast urged, forbid it.

Dec. *Cato*, I've Orders to expostulate,
And reason with you, as from Friend to Friend;
Think on the Storm that gathers o'er your Head,
And threatens ev'ry Hour to burst upon it;
Still may you stand high in your Country's Honours,
Do but comply, and make your Peace with *Cæsar*.
Rome will rejoice, and cast its Eyes on *Cato*,
As on the Second of Mankind.

Cato. No more:

I must not think of Life on such Conditions.

Dec. *Cæsar* is well acquainted with your Virtues,
And therefore sets this Value on your Life:
Let him but know the Price of *Cato*'s Friendship,
And name your Terms.

Cato. Bid him disband his Legions,
Restore the Commonwealth to Liberty,
Submit his Actions to the public Censure,
And stand the Judgment of a *Roman* Senate.
Bid him do this, and *Cato* is his Friend.

Dec. *Cato*, the World talks loudly of your Wisdom—

Cato. Nay more, tho' *Cato*'s Voice was ne'er employ'd
To clear the Guilty, and to varnish Crimes,
Myself will mount the *Rostrum* in his Favour,
And strive to gain his Pardon from the People.

Dec. A Stile, like this, becomes a Conqueror.

Cato. *Decius*, a Stile, like this, becomes a *Roman*.

Dec. What is a *Roman*, that is *Cæsar*'s Foe?

Cato. Greater than *Cæsar*: he's a Friend to Virtue.

Dec. Consider, *Cato*, you're in *Utica*,
And at the Head of your own little Senate;
You don't now thunder in the Capitol,
With all the Mouths of *Rome* to second you.

Cato. Let him consider That, who drives us hither?
'Tis *Cæsar*'s Sword has made *Rome*'s Senate Little,
And thinn'd its Ranks. Alas, thy dazzled Eye
Behold.

Beholds this Man in a false glaring Light,
 Which Conquest and Success have thrown upon him ;
 Did'st thou but view him right, thoud'st see him black
 With Murder, Sacrilege, and Crimes,
 That strike my Soul with Horror but to name 'em.
 I know thou look'st on me, as on a Wretch
 Beset with Ills, and cover'd with Misfortunes ;
 But, by the Gods I swear, Millions of Worlds
 Shou'd never buy me to be like that *Cæsar*.

Dec. Does *Cato* send this Answer back to *Cæsar*,
 For all his gen'rous Cares and proffer'd Friendship ?

Cato. His Cares for me are insolent and vain :
 Presumptuous Man ! The Gods take Care of *Cato*.
 Wou'd *Cæsar* shew the Greatness of his Soul ?
 Bid him employ his Care for these my Friends,
 And make good Use of his ill-gotten Pow'r,
 By sheltering Men much better than himself.

Dec. Your high unconquer'd Heart makes you forget
 You are a Man. You rush on your Destruction.
 But I have done. When I relate hereafter
 The Tale of this unhappy Embassy,
 All *Rome* will be in Tears. [Exit. *Decius*.

SCENE III.

SEMPRONIUS, LUCIUS, CATO.

Sempronius.

CATO, we thank thee.

The mighty Genius of Immortal *Rome*
 Speaks in thy Voice, thy Soul breathes Liberty.
Cæsar will shrink to hear the Words thou utter'st,
 And shudder in the midst of all his Conquests.

Luc. The Senate owns its Gratitude to *Cato*,
 Who with so great a Soul consults its Safety,
 And guards our Lives while he neglects his own.

Semp. *Sempronius* gives no Thanks on this Account.
Lucius seems fond of Life ; but what is Life ?
 'Tis not to stalk about, and draw fresh Air
 From Time to Time, or gaze upon the Sun ;
 'Tis to be free. When Liberty is gone,
 Life grows insipid, and has lost its Relish.
 O cou'd my dying Hand but lodge a Sword

In

In *Cæsar's* Bosom, and revenge my Country,
By Heav'n's I could enjoy the Pangs of Death,
And smile in Agony.

Luc. Others, perhaps,
May serve their Country with as warm a Zeal,
Tho' 'tis not kindled into so much Rage.

Semp. This sober Conduct is a mighty Virtue
In lukewarm Patriots.

Cato. Come! no more, *Sempronius*.
All here are Friends to *Rome*, and to each other.
Let us not weaken still the weaker Side
By our Divisions.

Semp. *Cato*, my Resentments
Are sacrificed to *Rome* — I stand reprov'd.

Cato. Fathers, 'tis Time you come to a Resolve.

Luc. *Cato*, we all go into your Opinion.
Cæsar's Behaviour has convinc'd the Senate
We ought to hold it out 'till Terms arrive.

Semp. We ought to hold it out 'till Death; but, *Cato*,
My private Voice is drown'd amidst the Senate's.

Cato. Then let us rise, my Friends, and strive to fill
This little Interval, this Pause of Life,
(While yet our Liberty and Fates are doubtful)
With Resolution, Friendship, *Roman* Bravery,
And all the Virtues we can crowd into it;
That Heav'n may say it ought to be prolong'd,
Fathers, farewell — The young *Numidian* Prince
Comes forward, and expects to know our Counsels.
[*Exeunt Senators.*]

S C E N E. IV.

C A T O, J U B A.

Cato.

JUBA, the *Roman* Senate has resolv'd,
'Till Time give better Prospects, still to keep
The Sword unsheath'd, and turn its Edge on *Cæsar*.

Juba. The Resolution fits a *Roman* Senate.
But, *Cato*, lend me for a while thy Patience,
And condescend to hear a young Man speak.
My Father, when some Days before his Death

He

He ordered me to march to *Utica*
 (Alas, I thought not then his Death so near!)
 Wept o'er me, prest me in his aged Arms,
 And, as his Grievs gave Way, my Son, said he,
 Whatever Fortune shall befall thy Father,
 Be *Cato's* Friend; he'll train thee up to Great
 And Virtuous Deeds: Do but observe him well,
 Thou'lt shun Misfortunes, or thou'lt learn to bear 'em.

Cato. *Juba*, thy Father was a worthy Prince,
 And merited, alas! a better Fate;
 But Heav'n thought otherwise.

Jub. My Father's Fate,
 In spite of all the Fortitude, that shines
 Before my Face, in *Cato's* great Example,
 Subdues my Soul, and fills my Eyes with Tears.

Cato. It is an honest Sorrow, and becomes thee.

Jub. My Father drew Respect from foreign Climes:
 'The Kings of *Africk* sought him for their Friend;
 Kings far remote, that rule, as Fame reports,
 Behind the hidden Sources of the *Nile*.
 In distant Worlds, on t'other side the Sun:
 Oft have their black Ambassadors appeared,
 Loaden with Gifts, and fill'd the Courts of *Zama*.

Cato. I am no Stranger to thy Father's Greatness!

Jub. I would not boast the Greatness of my Father,
 But point out new Alliances to *Cato*.
 Had we not better leave this *Utica*,
 To arm *Numidia* in our Cause, and court
 Th' Assistance of my Father's pow'rful Friends?
 Did they know *Cato*, our remotest Kings
 Wou'd pour embattled Multitudes about him;
 Their swarthy Hosts wou'd darken all our Plains,
 Doubling the native Horror of the War,
 And making Death more grim.

Cato. And canst thou think

Cato will fly before the Sword of *Cæsar*?
 Reduc'd like *Hannibal* to seek Relief
 From Court to Court, and wander up and down
 A Vagabond in *Africk*!

Jub. *Cato*, perhaps
 I'm too officious, but my forward Cares
 Wou'd fain preserve a Life of so much Value.

My Heart is wounded when I see such Virtue
Afflicted by the Weight of such Misfortunes.

Cato. Thy Nobleness of Soul obliges me
But know, young Prince, that Valour soars above
What the world calls Misfortune and Affliction.
These are not Ills; else wou'd they never fall
On Heav'n's first Fav'rites, and the best of Men:
The Gods, in Bounty, work up Storms about us,
That give Mankind occasion to exert
Their hidden Strength, and throw out into Practice
Virtues which shun the Day, and lie conceal'd
In the smooth Seasons and the Calms of Life.

Jub. I'm charm'd whene'er thou talk'st! I pant for
Virtue!

And all my Soul endeavours at Perfection. [Toils,

Cato. Dost thou love Watchings, Abstinence, and
Laborious Virtues all? Learn them from *Cato*:
Success and Fortune must thou learn from *Cæsar*.

Jub. The best good Fortune that can fall on *Juba*.
The whose Success, at which my Heart aspires,
Depends on *Cato*.

Cato. What does *Juba* say?
Thy Words confound me.

Jub. I would fain retract them.
Give 'em me back again. They aim'd at nothing.

Cato. Tell me thy Wish, young Prince; make not
my Ear

A Stranger to thy Thoughts

Jub. Oh, they're extravagant;
Still let me hide them.

Cato. What can *Juba* ask
That *Cato* will refuse!

Jub. I fear to name it.
Marcia—inherits all her Father's Virtues.

Cato. What wou'dst thou say?

Jub. *Cato*, thou hast a Daughter.

Cato. Adieu young Prince: I wou'd not hear a Word
Shou'd lessen thee in my Esteem: Remember
The Hand of Fate is over us, and Heav'n
Exacts Severity from all our Thoughts:
It is not now a Time to talk of ought
But Chains, or Conquest; Liberty, or Death. [Exit.

S C E N E. V.

SYPHAX, JUBA.

Syphax.

HOW's this, my Prince! What, cover'd with
Confusion?

You look as if yon stern Philosopher
Had just now chid you.

Jub. *Syphax*, I'm undone!

Syph. I know it well.

Jub. *Cato* thinks meanly of me.

Syph. And so will all Mankind.

Jub. I've opened to him

The Weakness of my Soul, my Love for *Marcia*.

Syph. *Cato's* a proper Person to intrust
A Love Tale with.

Jub. Oh, I could pierce my Heart,
My foolish Heart! Was ever Wretch like *Juba*!

Syph. Alas, my Prince, how are you chang'd of late!
I've known young *Juba* rise before the Sun,
To beat the Thicket where the Tiger slept,
Or seek the Lion in his dreadful Haunts:
How did the Colour mount into your Cheeks,
When first you rous'd him to the Chase! I've seen you,
Ev'n in the *Libyan* Dog-days, hunt him down,
Then charge him close, provoke him to the Rage
Of Fangs and Claws, and stooping from your Horse
Rivet the panting Savage to the Ground.

Jub. Pr'ythee, no more!

Syph. How would the old King smile
To see you weigh the Paws, when tipp'd with Gold,
And throw the shaggy Spoils about your Shoulders!

Jub. *Syphax*, this old Man's Talk (tho' Honey flow'd
In ev'ry Word) wou'd now lose all its Sweetness.
Cato's displeas'd, and *Marcia* lost for ever!

Syph. Young Prince, I yet cou'd give you good Advice,
Marcia might still be Yours.

Jub. What say'st thou, *Syphax*?
By Heav'ns thou turn'st me all into Attention.

Syph.

Syph. *Marcia* might still be Yours.

Jub. As how, Dear *Syphax*?

Syph. *Juba* commands *Numidia's* hardy Troops,
Mounted on Steeds, untused to the Restraint
Of Curbs or Bits, and fleetier than the Winds:
Give but the Word, we'll snatch this Damsel up,
And bear her off.

Jub. Can such dishonest Thoughts
Rise up in Man! wou'dst thou seduce my Youth
To do an Act that wou'd destroy my Honour?

Syph. Gods, I cou'd tear my Beard to hear you talk!
Honour's a fine imaginary Notion,
That draws in raw and unexperienced Men
To real Mischiefs, while they hunt a Shadow.

Jub. Would'st thou degrade thy Prince into a Russian?

Syph. The boasted Ancestors of these great Men,
Whose Virtues you admire, were all such Russians!
This Dread of Nations, this Almighty *Rome*,
That comprehends in her wide Empire's Bounds
All under Heav'n, was founded on a Rape,
Your *Scipio's*, *Cæsar's*, *Pompey's*, and your *Cato's*,
(These Gods on Earth) are all the spurious Brood
Of violated Maids, of ravish'd *Sabines*.

Jub. *Syphax*, I fear that hoary Head of thine
Abounds too much in our *Numidian* Wiles. [World.]

Syph. Indeed, my Prince, you want to know the
You have not read Mankind, your Youth admires
The Throws and Swellings of a *Roman* Soul,
Cato's bold Flights, th' Extravagance of Virtue.

Jub. If Knowledge of the World makes Man per-
fidious,
May *Juba* ever live in Ignorance!

Syph. Go, go, you're Young.

Jub. Gods, must I tamely bear
This Arrogance unanswer'd! Thou'rt a Traitor,
A false old Traitor.

Syph. I have gone too far.

[Aside.]

Jub. *Cato* shall know the Baseness of thy Soul.

Syph. I must appease this Storm, or perish in it. [Aside.]
Young Prince, behold these Locks that are grown white
Beneath a Helmet in your Father's Battles.

Juba.

Jub. Those Locks shall ne'er protect thy Insolence.

Syph. Must one rash Word, th' Infirmary of Age,
Throw down the Merit of my better Years?

This the Reward of a whole Life of Service!

—Curse on the Boy! how steadily he hears me! [*Aside.*]

Jub. Is it because the Throne of my Forefathers
Still stands unfill'd, and that *Numidia's* Crown
Hangs doubtful yet, whose Head it shall inclose,
Thou thus presumest to treat thy Prince with Scorn?

Syph. Why will you rive my Heart with such Ex-
pressions?

Does not old *Syphax* follow you to War?

What are his Aims? Why does he load with Darts

His trembling Hand, and crush beneath a Cask

His wrinkled Brows? What is it he aspires to?

Is it not this? to shed the slow Remains,

His last poor Ebb of Blood in your Defence!

Jub. *Syphax*, no more! I would not hear you talk.

Syph. Not hear me talk! What, when my Faith to *Juba*,
My Royal Master's Son, is call'd in question?

My Prince may strike me dead, and I'll be dumb:

But whilst I live I must not hold my Tongue,

And languish out old Age in his Displeasure.

Jub. Thou know'st the Way too well into my Heart,
I do believe thee loyal to thy Prince.

Syph. What greater Instance can I give! I've offer'd
To do an Action, which my Soul abhors,
And gain you whom you love at any Price.

Jub. Was this thy Motive? I've been too hasty.

Syph. And 'tis for this my Prince, you call'd me Traitor.
Nay further, threaten'd you'd complain to *Cato*.

Of what, my Prince, wou'd you complain to *Cato*?

That *Syphax* loves you, and wou'd sacrifice

His Life, nay more, his Honour in your Service.

Jub. *Syphax*, I know thou lov'st me; but indeed,
Thy Zeal for *Juba* carry'd thee too far.

Honour's a sacred Tie, the Law of Kings,

The noble Mind's distinguishing Perfection,

That aids, and strengthens Virtue, where it meets her,

And imitates her Actions, where she is not:

It ought not to be sported with.

Syph.

Syph. By Heav'n's

I'm ravish'd when you talk thus, tho' you chide me!

Alas, I've hitherto been used to think

A blind officious Zeal to serve my King.

'The ruling Principle, that ought to burn

And quench all others in a Subject's Heart.

Happy the People who preserve their Honour

By the same Duties that oblige their Prince!

Jub. Syphax, thou now begin'st to speak thyself,

Numidia's grown a Scorn among the Nations

For breach of public Vows. Our *Punick* Faith

Is infamous, and branded to a Proverb.

Syphax, we'll join our Cares, to purge away

Our Country's Crimes, and clear her Reputation.

Syph. Believe me, Prince, you make old *Syphax* weep;

'To hear you talk——but 'tis with Tears of Joy.

If e'er your Father's Crown adorn your Brows,

Numidia will be blest by *Cato's* Lectures.

Jub. Syphax, thy Hand! we'll mutually forget

The Warmth of Youth, and Frowardness of Age,

Thy Prince esteems thy Worth, and loves thy Person.

If e'er the Scepter comes into my Hand,

Syphax shall stand the second in my Kingdom.

Syph. Why will you overwhelm my Age with Kindness?

My Joy grows burdensome, I shan't support it.

Jub. Syphax, farewell. I'll hence, and try to find

Some blest Occasion that may set me right

In *Cato's* Thoughts. I'd rather have that Man

Approve my Deeds, than Worlds for my Admirers [*Exit.*

Syphax solus.

Young Men soon give, and soon forget Affronts.

Old Age is slow in both——A false old Traitor!

Those Words, rash Boy, may chance to cost thee dear.

My Heart had still some foolish Fondness for thee;

But hence! 'tis gone: I give it to the Winds:

Cæsar, I'm wholly thine.——

S C E N E

S C E N E VI.

SYPHAX, SEMPRONIUS.

Syphax.

ALL hail, *Sempronius* !
Well, *Cato's* Senate is resolv'd to wait
The Fury of a Siege before it yields.

Semp. *Syphax*, we both were on the Verge of Fate :
Lucius declared for Peace, and Terms were offer'd
To *Cato* by a Messenger from *Cæsar*.
Shou'd they submit ere our Designs are ripe,
We both must perish in the common Wreck,
Lost in a gen'ral undistinguish'd Ruin.

Syph. But how stands *Cato* ?

Semp. Thou hast seen Mount *Atlas* :
Whilst Storms and Tempests thunder on its Brows,
And Oceans break their Billows at its Feet,
It stands unmoved, and glories in its Height.
Such is that haughty Man ; his tow'ring Soul,
'Midst all the Shocks and Injuries of Fortune,
Rises superior, and looks down on *Cæsar*.

Syph. But what's this Messenger ?

Semp. I've practis'd with him,
And found a Means to let the Victor know
That *Syphax* and *Sempronius* are his Friends.
But let me now examine in my Turn :
Is *Juba* fixt ?

Syph. Yes — but it is to *Cato*.

I've try'd the Force of ev'ry Reason on him,
Sooth and caress'd, been angry, sooth'd again,
Laid Safety, Life, and Int'rest in his Sight.
But all are vain, he scorns them all for *Cato*.

Semp. Come, 'tis no matter, we shall do without him.
He'll make a pretty Figure in a Triumph,
And serve to trip before the Victor's Chariot.

Syphax. I now may hope thou hast forsook
Thy *Juba's* Cause, and wishest *Marcia* mine.

Syph. May she be thine as fast as thou would'st have her.

Semp. *Syphax*, I love that Woman ; tho' I curse

Her

Her and myself, yet spite of me, I love her.

Syph. Make *Cato* sure, and give up *Utica*,
Cesar will ne'er refuse thee such a Trifle.
 But are thy Troops prepar'd for a Revolt?
 Do's the Sedition catch from Man to Man,
 And run among their Ranks?

Semp. All, all is ready,
 The factious Leaders are our Friends, that spread
 Murmurs and Discontents among the Soldiers,
 They count their toilsome Marches, long Fatigues,
 Unusual Fastings, and will bear no more
 This Medley of Philosophy and War.
 Within an Hour they'll storm the Senate-House.

Syph. Mean while I'll draw my *Numidian* Troops
 Within the Square to exercise their Arms,
 And, as I see Occasion, favour thee.
 I laugh to think how your unshaken *Cato*
 Will look aghast, while unforeseen Destruction
 Pours in upon him thus from every Side.
 So, where our wide *Numidian* Wastes extend,
 Sudden, th'impetuous Hurricanes descend,
 Wheel through the Air, in circling Eddies play,
 Tear up the stands, and sweep whole Plains away,
 The helpless Traveller, with wild Surprise,
 Sees the dry Desert all around him rise,
 And smother'd in the dusty Whirlwind dies.

}

[*Exeunt.*]

The End of the Second Act.



A C T III. S C E N E I.

MARCUS and PORTIUS.

Marcus.

THanks to my Stars I have not ranged about
 The Wilds of Life, ere I could find a Friend;
 Nature first pointed out my *Portius* to me,
 And early taught me, by her secret Force,
 To love thy Person, ere I knew thy Merit:
 Till what was Instinct, grew up into Friendship.

Por. Marcus, the Friendships of the World are oft
 Confed'racies in Vice, or Leagues of Pleasure;
 Ours has severest Virtue for its Basis,
 And such a Friendship ends not but with Life.

Marc. Portius, thou know'st my Soul in all its
 Weakness,

Then pr'ythee spare me on its tender Side,
 Indulge me but in Love, my other Passions
 Shall rise and fall by Virtue's nicest Rules.

Por. When Love's well-timed, 'tis not a Fault to love.
 The Strong, the Brave, the Virtuous, and the Wise,
 Sink in the soft-Captivity together.
 I would not urge thee to dismiss thy Passion,
 (I know 'twere in vain) but to suppress its Force,
 Till better Times may make it look more graceful.

Marc. Alas! Thou talk'st like one who never felt
 Th'impatient Throbs and Longings of a Soul,
 That pants, and reaches after distant Good.
 A Lover does not live by vulgar Time:
 Believe me, *Portius*, in my *Lucia's* Absence,
 Life hangs upon me, and becomes a Burden;
 And yet, when I behold the charming Maid,
 I'm ten Times more undone; while Hope and Fear,
 And Grief, and Rage, and Love, rise up at once,
 And with Variety of Pain distract me.

Por. What can thy *Portius* do to give thee Help?

Marc. Portius, thou oft enjoy'st the Fair One's Pre-
 sence:

Then undertake my Cause, and plead it to her

With

With all the Strength and Heats of Eloquence,
 Fraternal Love and Friendship can inspire.
 Tell her thy Brother languishes to Death,
 And fades away, and withers in his Bloom;
 That he forgets his Sleep, and lothes his Food,
 That Youth, and Health, and War are joyless to him:
 Describe his anxious Days, and restless Nights,
 And all the Torments that thou see'st me suffer.

Por. Marcus, I beg thee give me not an Office
 That suits with me so ill. Thou know'st my Temper.

Marc. Wilt thou behold me sinking in my Woes?
 And wilt thou not reach out a friendly Arm,
 To raise me from amidst this Plunge of Sorrows?

Por. Marcus, thou can'st not ask what I'd refuse.
 But here believe me I've a thousand Reasons ———

Marc. I know thou'lt say my Passion's out of Season,
 That *Cato's* great Example and Misfortunes
 Should both conspire to drive it from my Thoughts,
 But what's all this to one who loves like me!
 Oh *Portius*, *Portius*, from my Soul I wish
 Thou did'st but know thyself what 'tis to love!
 Then would'st thou pity and assist thy Brother.

Por. What should I do! If I disclose my Passion
 Our Friendship's at an End: If I conceal it,
 The World will call me false to a Friend and Brother.

Marc. But see where *Lucia*, at her wonted Hour,
 Amid the Cool of yon high Marble Arch,
 Enjoys the Noon-day Breeze! Observe her, *Portius*!
 That Face, that Shape, those Eyes, that Heav'n of
 Beauty!

Observe her well, and blame me if thou can'st.

Por. She sees us and advances ———

Marc. I'll withdraw,
 And leave you for a while. Remember, *Portius*,
 Thy Brother's Life depends upon thy Tongue.

S C E N E II.

LUCIA, PORTIUS.

Lucia.

D I D not I see your Brother *Marcus* here !
Why did he fly the Place, and shun my Presence ?

Par. Oh, *Lucia*, Language is too faint to shew
His Rage of Love ; it preys upon his Life ;
He pines, he sickens, he despairs ; he dies :
His Passions and his Virtues lie confused,
And mixt together in so wild a Tumult,
That the whole Man is quite disfigured in him.
Heav'ns ! would one think 'twere possible for Love
To make such Ravage in a noble Soul !

Oh, *Lucia*, I'm distress'd ! my Heart bleeds for him :
Ev'n now, while thus I stand blest in thy Presence,
A secret Damp of Grief comes o'er my Thoughts,
And I'm unhappy, tho' thou smilest upon me.

Luc. How wilt thou guard thy Honour, in the Shock
Of Love and Friendship ! think betimes, my *Portius*,
Think how the Nuptial Tie, that might ensure
Our mutual Bliss, would raise to such a Height
The Brother's Grievs, as might perhaps destroy him.

Par. Alas, poor Youth ! what do'st thou think, my
Lucia ?

His gen'rous, open, undefining Heart
Has begg'd his Rival to solicit for him.
Then do not strike him dead with a Denial,
But hold him up in Life, and cheer his Soul
With the faint glimm'ring of a doubtful Hope :
Perhaps when we have pass'd these gloomy Hours,
And weather'd out the Storm that beats upon us —

Luc. No, *Portius*, no ! I see thy sister's Tears, —
Thy Father's Anguish, and thy Brother's Death,
In the Pursuit of our ill-fated Loves.

And, *Portius*, here I swear, to Heav'n I swear,
To Heav'n, and all the Pow'rs that judge Mankind,
Never to mix my plighted Hands with thine,
While such a Cloud of Mischiefs hangs about us,

But

But to forget our Loves, and drive thee out
From all my Thoughts, as far — as I am able.

Por. What hast thou said ! I'm thunder-struck —
Recal

Those hasty Words, or I am lost for ever.

Luc. Has not the Vow already pass'd my Lips ?
The Gods have heard it, and 'tis seal'd in Heav'n.
May all the Vengeance that was ever pour'd
On perjur'd Heads o'erwhelm me, if I break it.

[After a Pause.]

Por. Fix'd in Astonishment, I gaze upon thee ;
Like one just blasted by a Stroke from Heav'n,
Who pants for Breath, and stiffens, yet alive,
In dreadful Looks : A Monument of Wrath !

Luc. At length I've acted my severest Part,
I feel the Woman breaking in upon me,
And melt about my Heart ! my Tears will flow,
But Oh ! I'll think no more ! the Hand of Fate
Has torn thee from me, and I must forget thee.

Por. Hard-hearted, cruel Maid !

Luc. Oh ! stop those Sounds,
Those killing Sounds ! Why dost thou frown upon me ?
My Blood runs cold, my Heart forgets to heave,
And Life itself goes out at thy Displeasure.
The Gods forbid us to indulge our Loves,
But Oh ! I cannot bear thy Hate and live !

Por. Talk not of Love, thou never knew'st its Force.
I've been deluded, led into a Dream

Of fancied Bliss. O *Lucia*, cruel Maid !
Thy dreadful Vow, loaden with Death, still sounds
In my stunn'd Ears. What shall I say or do ?
Quick, let us part ! Perdition's in thy Presence,
And Horror dwells about thee ! — Ha ! she faints !
Wretch that I am ! what has my Rashness done !

Lucia, thou injur'd Innocence ! thou best
And lovely'st of thy Sex, awake, my *Lucia*,
Or *Portius* rushes on his Sword to join thee.

— Her Imprecations reach not to the Tomb,
They shut not out Society in Death —

But hoh ! She moves ! Life wanders up and down
Through all her Face, and lights up ev'ry Charm.

C

Luc.

Luc. O *Portius*, was this well! — to frown on her
 That lives upon thy Smiles! to call in Doubt
 The Faith of one expiring at thy Feet,
 That loves thee more than ever Woman lov'd!
 — What do I say? My half recover'd Sense
 Forgets the Vow in which my Soul is bound.
 Destruction stands betwixt us! We must part.

Por. Name not the Word, my frighted Thoughts run
 back,
 And startle into Madness at the Sound.

Luc. What would'st thou have me do? Consider well
 The Train of Ills our Love would draw behind it.
 Think, *Portius*, think thou seest thy dying Brother
 Stabb'd at his Heart, and all besmear'd with Blood,
 Storming at Heav'n and thee! Thy awful Sire
 Sternly demands the Cause, th'accursed Cause,
 That robs him of his Son! poor *Marcia* trembles,
 Then tears her Hair, and frantick in her Grievs
 Calls out on *Lucia*! what could *Lucia* answer,
 Or how stand up in such a Scene of Sorrow?

Por. To my Confusion, and eternal Grief,
 I must approve the Sentence that destroys me.
 The Mist, that hung about my Mind, clears up;
 And now, athwart the Terrors that thy Vow
 Has planted round thee, thou appear'st more fair,
 More amiable, and risest in thy Charms.
 Lovely'st of Women! Heav'n is in thy Soul,
 Beauty and Virtue shine for ever round thee,
 Bright'ning each other! Thou art all divine!

Luc. *Portius*, no more! thy Words shoot thro' my
 Heart,
 Melt my Resolves, and turn me all to Love.
 Why are those Tears of Fondness in thy Eyes?
 Why heaves thy Heart? why swells thy Soul with Sor-
 row?

It softens me too much—Farewel, my *Portius*,
 Farewel, tho' Death is in the Word; For-ever!

Por. Stay, *Lucia*, stay! What dost thou say? For-
 ever?

Luc. Have I not sworn? If, *Portius*, thy Success
 Must throw thy Brother on his Fate, Farewel,

Oh,

Oh, how shall I repeat the Word! For-ever!

Por. Thus o'er the dying Lamp th' unsteady Flame
Hangs quiv'ring on a Point, leaps off by Fits,
And falls again, as loth to quit its Hold:
—Thou must not go, my Soul still hovers o'er thee,
And can't get loose.

Luc. If the firm *Portius* shake
To hear of Parting, think what *Lucia* suffers!

Por. 'Tis true, unruffled and serene, I've met
The common Accidents of Life, but here
Such an unlook'd-for Storm of Ills falls on me,
It beats down all my Strength. I cannot bear it.
We must not part.

Luc. What dost thou say? Not part?
Hast thou forgot the Vow that I have made?
Are there not Heav'ns, and Gods, and Thunder o'er us?
—But see, thy Brother *Marcus* bends this Way!
I sicken at the Sight. Once more, Farewel,
Farewel, and know thou wrong'st me, If thou think'st
Ever was Love, or ever Grief, like mine. [Exit.]

S C E N E III.

MARCUS, PORTIUS.

Marcus.

P*ortius*, what Hopes? how stands She? Am I doom'd
To Life or Death?

Por. What would'st thou have me say?

Marc. What means this pensive Posture? thou appear'st

Like one amazed and terrified.

Por. I've Reason,

Marc. Thy down-cast Looks, and thy disorder'd
Thoughts

Tell me my Fate. I ask not the Success
My Cause has found.

Por. I'm griev'd I undertook it.

Marc. What? does the barbarous Maid insult my
Heart,

My aking Heart ! and triumph in my Pains ?
That I cou'd cast her from my Thoughts for ever ?

Por. Away, you're too suspicious in your Griefs ;
Lucia, though sworn never to think of Love,
Compassionates your Pains, and pities you !

Marc. Compassionates my Pains, and pities me !
What is Compassion when 'tis void of Love !
Fool that I was to choose so cold a Friend
To urge my Cause ! Compassionates my Pains !
Pr'ythee what Art, what Rhet'rick didst thou use
To gain this mighty Boon ? She pities me !
To one that asks the warm Returns of Love,
Compassion's Cruelty, 'tis Scorn, 'tis Death ———

Por. *Marcus*, no more ! have I deserv'd this Treatment ?

Marc. What have I said ! O *Portius*, O forgive me !
A Soul exasp'rated in Ills falls out
With ev'ry Thing, its Friend, itself — But hah !
What means that Shout, big with the Sounds of War ?
What new Alarm ?

Por. A second, louder yet,
Swells in the Winds, and comes more full upon us.

Marc. Oh, for some glorious Cause to fall in Battle.
Lucia, thou hast undone me ! thy Disdain
Has broke my Heart : 'tis Death must give me Ease.

Por. Quick, let us hence ; who knows if *Cato's* Life
Stand sure ? O *Marcus*, I am warm'd, my Heart
Leaps at the Trumpet's Voice, and burns for Glory.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.

Enter SEMPRONIUS with the Leaders of the Mutiny.

Sempronius.

AT length the Winds are rais'd, the Storm blows
high,
Be it your Care, my Friends, to keep it up
In its full Fury, and direct it right, Till

Till it has spent itself on *Cato's* Head.
 Mean-while I'll herd among his Friends, and seem
 One of the Number, that whate'er arrive,
 My Friends, and Fellow-Soldiers, may be safe. [*Exit.*
Lead. We all are safe, *Sempronius* is our Friend,
Sempronius is as brave a Man as *Cato*.
 But hark ! he enters. Bear up boldly to him ;
 Be sure you beat him down, and bind him fast,
 This Day will end our Toils, and give us Rest !
 Fear nothing, for *Sempronius* is our Friend.

S C E N E V.

*Enter CATO, SEMPRONIUS, LUCIUS,
 PORTIUS, and MARCUS.*

Cato.

WHERE are these bold intrepid Sons of War,
 That greatly turn their Backs upon the Foe,
 And to their General send a brave Defiance ?

Semp. Curse on their dastard Souls, they stand astonish'd. [*Aside.*

Cato. Perfidious Men ! and will you thus dishonour
 Your past Exploits, and sully all your Wars ?
 Do you confess 'twas not a Zeal for *Rome*,
 Nor Love of Liberty, nor Thirst of Honour,
 Drew you thus far ; but Hopes to share the Spoil
 Of conquer'd Towns, and plunder'd Provinces ?
 Fired with such Motives you do well to join
 With *Cato's* Foes, and follow *Cesar's* Banners.
 Why did I 'scape th' envenom'd Aspic's Rage,
 And all the fiery Monsters of the Desert,
 To see this Day ? Why could not *Cato* fall
 Without your Guilt ? Behold, ungrateful Men,
 Behold my Bosom naked to your Swords,
 And let the Man that's injur'd strike the Blow.
 Which of you all suspects that he is wrong'd,
 Or thinks he suffers greater Ills than *Cato* ?
 Am I distinguish'd from you but by Toils,
 Superior Toils, and heavier Weight of Cares ?

Painful Pre-eminence !

Semp. By Heav'ns they droop !
Confusion to the Villains ! All is lost ; [Aside.]

Cato. Have you forgotten *Libya's* burning Waste,
Its barren Rocks, parch'd Earth, and Hills of Sand,
Its tainted Air, and all its Broods of Poison ?
Who was the first to explore th' untrodden Path,
When Life was hazarded in ev'ry Step ?
Or, fainting in the long laborious March,
When on the Banks of an unlook'd for Stream
You sunk the River with repeated Draughts,
Who was the last in all your Host that thirsted ?

Semp. If some penurious Source by Chance appear'd,
Scanty of Waters, when you scoop'd it dry,
And offer'd the full Helmet up to *Cato* ?
Did he not dash th' untasted Moisture from him ?
Did not he lead you through the Mid-day Sun,
And Clouds of Dust ? Did not his Temples glow
In the same sultry Winds, and scorching Heats ?

Cato. Hence, worthless Men ! Hence ! and complain
to *Cæsar*,

You could not undergo the Toils of War,
Nor bear the Hardships that your Leader bore.

Luc. See, *Cato*, see th' unhappy Men ! they weep !
Fear and Remorse, and Sorrow for their Crime,
Appear in ev'ry Look, and plead for Mercy.

Cato. Learn to be honest Men, give up your Leaders,
And Pardon shall descend on a'l the rest.

Semp. *Cato* commit these Wretches to my Care.
First let 'em each be broken on the Rack,
Then, with what Life remains, impaled and left
To writhe at Leisure round the bloody Stake.
Then let 'em hang, and taint the Southern Wind.
The Partners of their Crime will learn Obedience,
When they look up and see their Fellow-Traitors
Stuck on a Fork, and black'ning in the Sun.

Luc. Sempronius, why, wilt thou urge the Fate
Of wretched Men ?

Semp. How ! would'st thou clear Rebellion !
Lucius (good Man) pities the poor Offenders
That would imbrue their Hands in *Cato's* Blood.

Cato. Forbear, *Sempronius* !—See they suffer Death,
But

But in their Deaths remember they are Men,
 Strain not the Laws to make their Tortures grievous.
Lucius, the base degen'rate Age requires
 Severity, and Justice in its Rigour :
 This awes an impious, bold, offending World,
 Commands Obedience, and gives Force to Laws.
 When by just Vengeance guilty Mortals perish,
 The Gods behold their Punishment with Pleasure,
 And lay th' uplifted Thunder-bolt aside.

Semp. *Cato*, I execute thy Will with Pleasure.

Cato. Mean-while we'll sacrifice to Liberty.
 Remember, O my Friends, the Laws, the Rights,
 The gen'rous Plan of Pow'r deliver'd down,
 From Age to Age, by your renown'd Forefathers.
 (So dearly bought, the Price of so much Blood)
 O let it never perish in your Hands !
 But piously transmit it to your Children.
 Do thou, great Liberty, inspire our Souls,
 And make our Lives in thy Possession happy,
 Or our Deaths glorious in thy just Defence.

[*Exeunt Cato, &c.*]

S C E N E VI.

SEMPRONIUS and the Leaders of the Mutiny.

1 *Leader*.

S *Sempronius*, you have acted like yourself
 One wou'd have thought you had been half in
 Earnest.

Semp. Villain, stand off, base grov'ling worthless
 Wretches,
 Mongrels in Faction, poor faint-hearted Traitors !

2 *Lead.* Nay, now you carry it too far, *Sempronius* :
 Throw off the Mask, there are none here but Friends.

Semp. Know, Villains, when such paltry Slaves
 presume
 To mix in Treason, if the Plot succeeds,
 They're thrown neglected by : But if it fails,
 They're sure to die like Dogs, as you shall do.
 Here, take these factious Monsters, drag 'em forth
 To sudden Death.

Enter Guards.

Lead. Nay, since it comes to this ———

Semp. Dispatch 'em quick, but first pluck out their
Tongues,

Left with their dying Breath they sow Sedition.

[Exeunt Guards with the Leaders.]

SCENE VII.

SYPHAX and SEMPRONIUS.

Syphax.

OUR first Design, my Friend, has prov'd abortive ;
Still there remains an After-game to play ;
My Troops are mounted ; their *Numidian* Steeds
Snuff up the Wind, and long to scour the Defart :
Let but *Sempronius* head us in the Flight,
We'll force the Gate where *Marcus* keeps his Guard,
And hew down all that would oppose our Passage.
A Day will bring us into *Cæsar's* Camp.

Semp. Confusion ! I have fail'd of half my Purpose :
Marcia, the charming *Marcia's* left behind !

Syph. How ? will *Sempronius* turn a Woman's Slave !

Semp. Think not thy Friend can ever feel the soft
Unmanly Warmth and Tendernefs of Love.

Syphax, I long to clasp that haughty Maid,
And bend her stubborn Virtue to my Passion :
When I have gone thus far, I'd cast her off.

Syph. Well said ! that's spoken like thyself, *Sempronius*.
What hinders then, but that thou find her out,
And hurry her away by manly Force ?

Semp. But how to gain Admission ? For Access
Is given to none but *Juba*, and her Brothers.

Syph. Thou shalt have *Juba's* Dress, and *Juba's*
Guards :

The Doors will open when *Numidia's* Prince
Seems to appear before the Slaves that watch them.

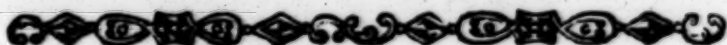
Semp. Heav'ns, what a Thought is there ! *Marcia's*
my own ?

How will my Bosom swell with anxious Joy,
When I behold her struggling in my Arms,
With glowing Beauty, and disorder'd Charms,

White

While Fear and Anger, with alternate Grace,
 Pant in her Breast, and vary in her Face!
 So *Pluto* seiz'd of *Proserpine*, convey'd
 To Hell's tremendous Gloom th'affrighted Maid,
 There grimly smil'd, pleas'd with the beauteous Prize,
 Nor envy'd *Jove* his Sun-shine and his Skies.

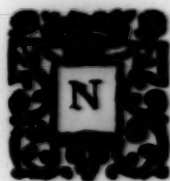
The End of the Third Act.



ACT IV. SCENE I.

LUCIA and MARCIA.

LUCIA.



OW tell me, *Marcia*, tell me from thy
 Soul,

If thou believ'st 'tis possible for Woman
 To suffer greater Ills than *Lucia* suffers?

Mar. O, *Lucia*, *Lucia*, might my big
 swoln Heart

Vent all its Griefs, and give a Loose to Sorrow;

Marcia could answer thee in Sighs, keep Pace

With all thy Woes, and count out Tear for Tear.

Luc. I know thou'rt doom'd alike to be belov'd
 By *Juba*, and thy Father's Friend *Sempronius*.

But which of these has Power to charm like *Portius*!

Marc. Still I must beg thee not to name *Sempronius*!

Lucia. I like not that loud boist'rous Man;

Juba to all the Brav'ry of a Hero

Adds softest Love, and more than Female Sweetness;

Juba might make the proudest of our Sex,

Any of Woman-kind, but *Marcia*, happy.

Luc. And why not, *Marcia*? Come, you strive in vain
 To hide your Thoughts from one who knows too well
 The inward Glowings of a Heart in Love.

Marc. While *Cato* lives, his Daughter has no Right
 To love or hate, but as his Choice directs.

Luc. But shou'd th's Father give you to *Sempronius*!

Marc. I dare not think he will: But if he should—
 Why wilt thou add to all the Griefs I suffer

Imaginary Ills, and fancy'd Tortures !
 I hear the Sound of Feet ! they march this Way !
 Let us retire, and try if we can drown
 Each softer Thought in Sense of present Danger,
 When Love once pleads Admission to our Hearts
 (In spite of all the Virtue we can boast)
 The Woman that deliberates is lost.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

*Enter SEMPRONIUS, dress'd like Juba, with
 Numidian Guards.*

Sempronius.

THE Deer is lodg'd, I've track'd her to her Cover.
 Be sure you mind the Word, and when I give it,
 Rush in at once, and seize upon your Prey.
 Let not her Cries or Tears have Force to move you.
 — How will the young *Numidian* rave to see
 His Mistress lost ? If ought could glad my Soul,
 Beyond th'Enjoyment of so bright a Prize,
 'Twould be to torture that young, gay, Barbarian.
 — But heark, what Noise ! Death to my Hopes ! 'tis he,
 'Tis *Juba's* self ! there is but one Way left —
 He must be murder'd, and a Passage cut
 'Through those his Guards — Hah, Dastards, do you
 tremble !
 Or act like Men, or by yon azure Heaven —

Enter Juba.

Jub. What do I see ? Who's this that dares usurp
 The Guards and Habit of *Numidia's* Prince ?

Semp. One that was born to scourge thy Arrogance,
 Presumptuous Youth !

Jub. What can this mean ? *Sempronius !*

Semp. My Sword shall answer thee. Have at thy Heart.

Jub. Nay, then beware thy own, proud, barbarous
 Man.

[*Semp. falls. His Guards surrender.*]

Semp. Curse on my Stars ! Am I then doom'd to fall
 By a Boy's Hand, disfigur'd in a vile
Numidian Dress, and for a worthless Woman ?
 Gods, I'm distracted ! This my Close of Life !
 O for a Peal of Thunder that would make

Earth,

Earth, Sea, and Air, and Heav'n, and *Cato* tremble! [*Dir.*

Jub. With what a Spring his furious Soul broke loose,
And left the Limbs still quiv'ring on the Ground!

Hence let us carry off those Slaves to *Cato*,

That we may there at length unravel all

This dark Design, this Mystery of Fate.

[*Exit Juba with Prisoners, &c.*

S C E N E III.

Enter LUCIA and MARCIA.

Lucia.

SURE 'twas the Clash of Swords; my troubled Heart
Is so cast down, and sunk amidst its Sorrows,
It throbs with Fear, and akes at every Sound.

O, *Marcia*, shou'd thy Brothers for my Sake! —

I die away with Horror at the Thought.

Marc. See, *Lucia*, see! here's Blood! here's Blood
and Murder!

Hah! a *Numidian*! Heav'n's preserve the Prince,

The Face lies muffled up within the Garment,

But hah! Death to my Sight! a Diadem,

And Purple Robes! O Gods! 'tis he, 'tis he!

Juba, the loveliest Youth that ever warm'd

A Virgin's Heart, *Juba* lies dead before us!

Luc. Now, *Marcia*, now call up to thy Assistance

Thy wonted Strength and Constancy of Mind;

Thou can'st not put it to a greater Trial.

Marc. *Lucia*, look there, and wonder at my Patience.

Have I not Cause to rave, and beat my Breast,

To rend my Heart with Grief, and run distracted!

Luc. What can I think or say to give thee Comfort?

Marc. Talk not of Comfort, 'tis for lighter Ills:

Behold a Sight that strikes all Comfort dead.

Enter Juba listening.

I will indulge my Sorrows, and give way

To all the Pangs and Fury of Despair,

That Man, that best of Men, deserv'd it from me.

Jub. What do I hear? and was the false *Sempronius*,

That best of Men? O had I fall'n like him,

And cou'd have thus been mourn'd, I had been happy.

Luc. Here will I stand, Companion in thy Woes,
And help thee with my Tears, when I behold
A Loss like thine, I half forget my own.

Marc. 'Tis not in Fate to ease my tortur'd Breast,
This empty World, to me a joyless Desert,
Has nothing left to make poor *Marcia* happy.

Jub. I'm on the Rack! Was he so near her Heart?

Marc. O he was all made up of Love and Charms?
Whatever Maid cou'd wish, or Man admire:
Delight of ev'ry Eye! when he appear'd,
A secret Pleasure gladdened all that saw him;
But when he talk'd, the proudest *Roman* blush'd
To hear his Virtues, and old Age grew wise.

Jub. I shall run mad——

Marc. O *Juba*! *Juba*! *Juba*!

Jub. What means that Voice? did she not call on *Juba*?

Marc. Why do I think on what he was! he's dead!
He's dead, and never knew how much I lov'd him.

Lucia, who knows but his poor bleeding Heart,
Amidst its Agonies, remember'd *Marcia*,
And the last Words he utter'd call'd me Cruel!
Alas, he knew not, hapless Youth, he knew not
Marcia's whole Soul was full of Love and *Juba*!

Jub. Where am I! do I live! or am indeed
What *Marcia* thinks! all is *Elysium* round me!

Marc. Ye dear Remains of the most lov'd of Men!
Nor Modesty nor Virtue here forbid
A last Embrace, while thus——

Jub. See *Marcia*, see [*Throwing himself before her.*]
The happy *Juba* lives! he lives to catch
That dear Embrace, and to return it too
With mutual Warmth and Eagerness of Love,

Marc. With Pleasure and Amaze I stand transported!
Sure 'tis a Dream! Dead and alive at once!
If thou art *Juba*, who lies there?

Jub. A Wretch,
Disguis'd like *Juba* on a curs'd Design.
The Tale is long, nor have I heard it out.
Thy Father knows it all. I could not bear
To leave thee in the Neighbourhood of Death,
But flew, in all the Haste of Love to find thee;
I found thee weeping, and confess this once,

Am wrapp'd with Joy to see my *Marcia's* Tears.

Marc. I've been surpris'd in an unguarded Hour,
But must not now go back : The Love that lay
Half smother'd in my Breast, has broke through all
Its weak Restraints, and burns in its full Lustre,
I cannot, if I would, conceal it from thee.

Jub. I'm lost in Ecstasy ! and dost thou love,
Thou charming Maid ? ———

Marc. And dost thou live to ask it ?

Jub. This, this is Life indeed ! Life worth preserving,
Such Life as *Juba* never felt 'till now ?

Marc. Believe me, Prince, before I thought thee dead,
I did not know myself how much I lov'd thee.

Jub. O fortunate Mistake !

Marc. O happy *Marcia* !

Jub. My Joy, my best Beloved ! my only Wish !
How shall I speak the Transport of my Soul !

Marc. *Lucia*, thy Arm ! Oh, let me rest upon it !
The vital Blood, that had forsok my Heart,
Returns again in such tumultuous Tides,
It quite o'ercomes me. Lead to my Apartment. ———
O Prince ! I blush to think what I have said,
But Fate has wrested the Confession from me ;
Go on, and prosper in the Paths of Honour.
Thy Virtue will excuse my Passion for thee,
And make the Gods propitious to our Love.

Exit. Marc. and Luc.

Jub. I am so blest, I fear 'tis all a Dream.
Fortune, thou now hast made amends for all
Thy past Unkindness, I absolve my Stars.
What tho' *Numidia* add her conquer'd Towns
And Provinces to swell the Victor's Triumph !

Juba will never at his Fate repine :

Let *Cæsar* have the World, if *Marcia's* mine. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

A March at a Distance.

Enter CATO and LUCIUS.

Lucius.

I Stand astonish'd ! What, the bold *Sampsonius* !
That still broke foremost through the Crowd of
Patriots, As

As with a Hurricane of Zeal transported,
And virtuous ev'n to Madness——

Cato. Trust me, *Lucius*,
Our civil Discords have produced such Crimes,
Such monstrous Crimes, I am surpris'd at nothing.
—O, *Lucius*, I am sick of this bad World!
The Day-light and the Sun grow painful to me.

Enter Portius.

But see where *Portius* comes! what means this Haste?
Why are thy Looks thus changed?

Por. My Heart is griev'd,
I bring such News as will afflict my Father.

Cato. Has *Cæsar* shed more Roman Blood?

Por. Not so.

The Traitor *Syphax*, as within the Square
He exercised his Troops, the Signal given,
Flew off at once with his *Numidian* Horse
To the South-Gate, where *Marcus* holds the Watch.
I saw, and call'd to stop him, but in vain,
He tost his Arm aloft, and proudly told me,
He would not stay, and perish like *Sempronius*.

Cato. Perfidious Men! but haste, my Son, and see
Thy Brother *Marcus* acts a Roman's Part. [*Exit Portius.*
—*Lucius*, the Torrent bears too hard upon me:
Justice gives Way to Force: the conquer'd World
Is *Cæsar's*! *Cato* has no Business in it.

Luc. While Pride, Oppression, and Injustice reign,
The World will still demand her *Cato's* Presence.
In Pity to Mankind, submit to *Cæsar*,
And reconcile thy mighty Soul to Life.

Cato. Would *Lucius* have me live to swell the Number
Of *Cæsar's* Slaves, or by a base Submission
Give up the Cause of *Rome*, and own a Tyrant?

Luc. The Victor never will impose on *Cato*
Ungen'rous Terms. His Enemies confess
The Virtues of Humanity are *Cæsar's*.

Cato. Curse on his Virtues! They've undone his
Country,

Such Popular Humanity is Treason——

But see young *Juba*; the good Youth appears
Full of the Guilt of his perfidious Subjects.

Luc. Alas, poor Prince! his Fate deserves Compassion.

Enter

Enter Juba.

Juba. I blush, and am confounded to appear
Before thy Presence, *Cato*.

Cato. What's thy Crime?

Jub. I'm a *Numidian*.

Cato. And a brave one too.
Thou hast a *Roman* Soul.

Jub. Hast thou not heard
Of my false Countrymen?

Cat. Alas, young Prince,
Falshood and Fraud shoot up in ev'ry Soil,
The Product of all Climes—*Rome* has its *Cæsar's*.

Jub. 'Tis generous thus to comfort the Distress'd.

Cato. 'Tis just to give Applause where 'tis deserv'd :
Thy Virtue, Prince, has stood the Test of Fortune,
Like purest Gold, that, tortur'd in the Furnace,
Comes out more bright, and brings forth all its Weight.

Jub. What shall I answer thee? my ravish'd Heart
O'erflows with secret Joy: I'd rather gain
Thy Praise, O *Cato*, than *Numidia's* Empire.

Re-enter Portius.

Por. Misfortune on Misfortune! Grief on Grief!
My Brother *Marcus*——

Cato. Hah! what has he done?
Has he forsook his Post? has he giv'n Way?
Did he look tamely on, and let 'em pass?

Por. Scarce had I left my Father, but I met him
Born on the Shields of his surviving Soldiers,
Breathless and pale, and cover'd o'er with Wounds.
Long, at the Head of his few faithful Friends,
He stood the Shock of a whole Host of Foes,
'Till obstinately brave, and bent on Death,
Opprest with Multitudes he greatly fell.

Cato. I'm satisfy'd.

Por. Nor did he fall before
His Sword had pierc'd through the false Heart of *Syphax*.
Yonder he lies. I saw the hoary Traitor
Grin in the Pangs of Death, and bite the Ground.

Cato. Thanks to the Gods! my Boy has done his Duty.

—— *Portius*, when I am dead, be sure thou place
His Urn near mine.

Por. Long may they keep asunder!

Luc.

Luc. O *Cato*, arm thy Soul with all its Patience ;
See where the Corps of thy dead Son approaches !
The Citizens and Senators, alarm'd,
Have gathered round it, and attend it weeping.

Cato meeting the Corps.

Cato. Welcome, my Son ! Here lay him down, my
Friends,

Full in my Sight, that I may view at leisure
The bloody Coarse, and count those glorious Wounds.
—How beautiful is Death, when earn'd by Virtue !
Who would not be that Youth ? What Pity is it
That we can die but once to serve our Country !
—Why fits this Sadness on your Brow, my Friends ?
I shou'd have blush'd if *Cato's* House had stood
Secure, and flourish'd in a Civil War.

—*Portius*, behold thy Brother, and remember
Thy Life is not thy own, when *Rome* demands it.

Jub. Was ever Man like this !

[*Afide.*

Cato. Alas, my Friends !

Why mourn you thus ! Let not a private Loss
Afflict your Hearts. 'Tis *Rome* requires our Tears.
The Mistress of the World, the Seat of Empire,
The Nurse of Heroes, the Delight of Gods,
That humbled the proud Tyrants of the Earth,
And set the Nations free, *Rome* is no more.
O Liberty ! O Virtue ! O my Country !

Jub. Behold that upright Man ! *Rome* fills his Eyes
With Tears, that flow'd not o'er his own dead Son. [*Afide.*

Cato. Whate'er the *Roman* Virtue had subdu'd,
The Sun's whole Course, the Day and Year are *Cæsar's*,
For him the self-devoted *Decii* dy'd,
The *Fabii* fell, and the great *Scipio's* conquer'd :
Ev'n *Pompey* fought for *Cæsar*. Oh, my Friends !
How is the Toil of Fate, the Work of Ages,
The *Roman* Empire fall'n ! O curst Ambition !
Fall'n into *Cæsar's* Hands ! Our great Forefathers
Had left him nought to conquer but his Country.

Jub. While *Cato* lives *Cæsar* will blush to see
Mankind enslaved, and be ashamed of Empire.

Cato. *Cæsar* ashamed ! Has not he seen *Pharsalia* !

Luc. *Cato*, 'tis Time thou save thyself and us.

Cato. Lose not a Thought on me, I'm out of Danger,
Heav'n will not leave me in the Victor's Hand.

Cæsar

Cæsar shall never say I conquer'd *Cato*.
 But Oh, my Friends, your Safety fills my Heart
 With anxious Thoughts : a thousand secret Terrors
 Rise in my Soul : How shall I save my Friends !
 'Tis now, O *Cæsar*, I begin to fear thee.

Luc. *Cæsar* has Mercy, if we ask it of him.

Cato. Then ask it, I conjure you ! let him know
 Whate'er was done against him, *Cato* did it.
 Add, if you please, that I request it of him,
 That I myself with Tears request it of him,
 The Virtue of my Friends may pass unpunish'd.
Juba, my Heart is troubled for thy Sake.

Shou'd I advise thee to regain *Numidia*,
 Or seek the Conqueror ? —

Jub. If I forsake thee
 Whilst I have Life, may Heav'n abandon *Juba* !

Cato. Thy Virtues, Prince, if I foresee aright,
 Will one Day make thee Great ; at *Rome* hereafter,
 'Twill be no Crime to have been *Cato's* Friend.

Portius, draw near ! My Son thou oft has seen
 Thy Sire engag'd in a corrupted State,
 Wrestling with Vice and Faction : Now thou see'st me
 Spent, overpower'd, despairing of Success ;
 Let me advise thee to retreat betimes
 To thy Paternal Seat, the *Sabine* Field,
 Where the great *Censor* toil'd with his own Hands,
 And all our frugal Ancestors were blest'd
 In humble Virtues, and a rural Life.
 There live retired, pray for the Peace of *Rome*.
 Content thyself to be obscurely good.

When Vice prevails, and impious Men bear Sway,
 The Post of Honour is a private Station.

Por. I hope my Father does not recommend
 A Life to *Portius*, that he scorns himself.

Cato. Farewel, my Friends ! if there be any of you
 Who dare not trust the Victor's Clemency,
 Know there are Ships prepar'd by my Command,
 (Their Sails already op'ning to the Winds)
 That shall convey you to the wish'd for Port.
 Is there aught else, my Friends, I can do for you ?
 The Conqueror draws near. Once more Farewel !
 If e'er we meet hereafter, we shall meet

In happier Climes, and on a safer Shore,
Where *Cæsar* never shall approach us more.

[*Pointing to his dead Son.*]

There the brave Youth, with Love of Virtue fired,
Who greatly in his Country's Cause expired,
Shall know he Conquer'd. The firm Patriot there
(Who made the Welfare of Mankind his Care)
Tho' still, by Faction, Vice, and Fortune crost,
Shall find the generous Labour was not lost.

The End of the Fourth Act.

ACT V. SCENE I.

CATO solus, *sitting in a thoughtful Posture: In his Hand
Plato's Book on the Immortality of the Soul. A drawn
Sword on the Table by him.*

IT must be so—*Plato*, thou reasonest well——
Else whence this pleasing Hope, this fond Desire,
This longing after Immortality?
Or whence this secret Dread, and inward Horror,
Of falling into Nought? Why shrinks the Soul
Back on herself, and startles at Destruction?
'Tis the Divinity that stirs within us;
'Tis Heav'n itself that points out an Hereafter,
And intimates Eternity to Man.
Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful Thought!
'Through what Variety of untry'd Being,
'Through what new Scenes and Changes must we pass!
The wide, th'unbounded Prospect lies before me;
But Shadows, Clouds, and Darkness rest upon it.
Here will I hold. If there's a Power above us,
(And that there is all Nature cries aloud
Through all her Works) He must delight in Virtue;
And that which he delights in, must be happy.
But when! or where—This World was made for *Cæsar*.
I'm weary of Conjectures—This must end 'em.

[*Laying his Hand on his Sword.*]

Thus am I doubly arm'd: My Death and Life,
My Bane and Antidote are both before me:
This in a Moment brings me to an End;
But this informs me I shall never die.
The Soul, secur'd in her Existence, smiles

At

At the drawn Dagger, and defies its Point.
 The Stars shall fade away, the Sun himself
 Grow dim with Age, and Nature sink in Years,
 But thou shalt flourish in immortal Youth,
 Unhurt amidst the War of Elements,
 The Wrecks of Matter, and the Crush of Worlds.

What means this Heaviness that hangs upon me?
 This Lethargy that creeps through all my Senses?
 Nature oppress'd, and harass'd out with Care,
 Sinks down to Rest. This once I'll favour her.
 That my awaken'd Soul may take her Flight,
 Renew'd in all her Strength, and fresh with Life,
 An Offering fit for Heav'n. Let Guilt of Fear
 Disturb Man's Rest; *Cato* knows neither of 'em,
 Indifferent in his Choice to sleep or die.

S C E N E II.

C A T O, P O R T I U S.

Cato.

BUT hah! how's this, my Son? Why this Intrusion?
 Were not my Orders that I would be private?
 Why am I disobey'd?

Por. Alas, my Father!

What means this Sword? this Instrument of Death?
 Let me convey it hence!

Cato. Rash Youth, forbear!

Por. O let the Pray'rs, th' Intreaties of your Friends,
 Their Tears, their common Danger, wrest it from you.

Cato. Wou'dst thou betray me? Wou'dst thou give
 A Slave, a Captive, into *Cæsar's* Hands [me up
 Retire, and learn Obedience to a Father,
 Or know, young Man! ———

Por. Look not thus sternly on me;
 You know I'd rather die than disobey you.

Cato. 'Tis well! again! I'm Master of myself.
 Now, *Cæsar*, let thy Troops beset our Gates,
 And bar each Avenue, thy gath'ring Fleets
 O'erspread the Sea, and stop up ev'ry Port:
Cato shall open to himself a Passage,
 And mock thy Hopes——

Por.

Por. O, Sir, forgive your Son,
 Whose Grief hangs heavy on him ! O my Father !
 How am I sure it is not the last Time
 I e'er shall call you so ! Be not displeased,
 O be not angry with me whilst I weep,
 And, in the Anguish of my Heart, beseech you
 To quit the dreadful Purpose of your Soul !

Cato. Thou hast been ever good and dutiful.

[*Embracing him.*]

Weep not, my Son, all will be well again,
 The righteous Gods, whom I have sought to please,
 Will succour *Cato*, and preserve his Children.

Por. Your Words give Comfort to my drooping Heart.

Cato. *Portius*, thou may'st rely upon my Conduct.
 Thy Father will not act what misbecomes him.
 But go, my Son, and see if aught be wanting
 Among thy Father's Friends ; see them embark'd ;
 And tell me if the Winds and Seas befriend them.
 My Soul is quite weighed down with Care, and asks
 The soft Refreshment of a Moment's Sleep. [*Exit.*]

Por. My Thoughts are more at Ease, my Heart revives.

S C E N E III.

P O R T I U S and M A R C I A.

Portius.

O *Marcia*, O my Sister, still there's Hope !
 Our Father will not cast away a Life
 So needful to us all, and to his Country.
 He is retired to Rest, and seems to cherish
 Thoughts full of Peace. He has dispatched me hence
 With Orders, that bespeak a Mind compos'd,
 And studious for the Safety of his Friends.

Marcia, take Care that none disturb his
 Slumbers.

[*Exit.*]

Marc. O ye immortal Powers, that guard the Just,
 Watch round his Couch, and soften his Repose,
 Banish his Sorrows, and becalm his Soul
 With easy Dreams ; remember all his Virtues !
 And shew Mankind that Goodness is your Care.

S C E N E

S C E N E IV.

LUCIA and MARCIA.

*Lucia.***W**Here is your Father, *Marcia*, where is *Cato*?*Mar.* *Lucia*, speak low, he is retir'd to Rest.*Lucia*, I feel a gentle dawning Hope
Rise in my Soul. We shall be happy still.*Luc.* Alas, I tremble when I think on *Cato*,
In every View, in every Thought I tremble!
Cato is stern, and awful as a God;
He knows not how to wink at human Frailty,
Or pardon Weakness, that he never felt.*Marc.* Though stern and awful to the Foes of *Rome*,
He is all Goodness, *Lucia*, always mild,
Compassionate and gentle to his Friends,
Fill'd with domestick Tenderness, the best,
The kindest Father I have ever found him,
Easy and good, and bounteous to my Wishes.*Luc.* 'Tis his Consent alone can make us blest'd.
Marcia, we both are equally invol'd

In the same intricate, perplex'd, Distress.

The cruel Hand of Fate that has destroy'd

Thy Brother *Marcus*, whom we both lament—*Marc.* And ever shall lament, unhappy Youth!*Luc.* Has set my Soul at large, and now I stand
Loose of my Vow. But who knows *Cato's* Thoughts?
Who knows how yet he may dispose of *Portius*,
Or how he has determin'd of thyself?*Marc.* Let him but live! commit the rest to Heav'n.*Enter Lucius.**Luc.* Sweet are the Slumbers of the virtuous Man!
O, *Marcia*, I have seen thy God-like Father,
Some Pow'r invisible, supports his Soul,
And bears it up in all its wonted Greatness.
A kind refreshing Sleep is fall'n upon him:
I saw him stretch'd at Ease, his Fancy lost
In pleasing Dreams; as I drew near his Couch,
He smiled, and cry'd, *Cæsar*, thou can'st not hurt me.*Mar.* His Mind still labours with some dreadful Thought.*Luc.* *Lucia*, why all this Grief, these Floods of Sorrow?
Dry

Dry up thy Tears, my Child, we all are safe
While *Cato* lives——His Presence will protect us.

Enter Juba.

Jub. *Lucius*, the Horsemen are returned from viewing
The Number, Strength, and Posture of our Foes,
Who now encamp within a short Hour's March.
On the high Point of yon bright Western Tower
We ken them from afar, the setting Sun
Plays on their shining Arms and burning Helmets,
And covers all the Field with Gleams of Fire.

Luc. Marcia, 'tis Time we should awake thy Father.
Cesar is still disposed to give us Terms,
And waits at Distance 'till he hears from *Cato*.

Enter Portius.

Portius, thy Looks speak somewhat of Importance.
What tidings dost thou bring? methinks I see
Unusual Gladness sparkling in thy Eyes.

Por. As I was hasting to the Port, where now
My Father's Friends, impatient for a Passage,
Accuse the ling'ring Winds, a Sail arrived
From *Pompey's* Son, who through the Realms of *Spain*
Calls out for Vengeance on his Father's Death,
And rouses the whole Nation up to Arms.
Were *Cato* at their Head, once more might *Rome*
Assert her Rights, and claim her Liberty.
But heark! what means that Groan! O give me Way,
And let me fly into my Father's Presence. *[Exit.]*

Luc. Cato, amidst his Slumbers think on *Rome*,
And in the wild Disorder of his Soul
Mourns o'er his Country; Hah! a second Groan——
Heav'n guard us all——

Marc. Alas, 'tis not the Voice
Of one who sleeps! 'tis agonizing Pain,
'Tis Death is in that Sound.——

Re-enter Portius.

Por. O Sight of Woe!
O, *Marcia*, what we fear'd is come to pass!
Cato is fall'n upon his Sword.——

Luc. O, Portius,
Hide all the Horrors of thy mournful Tale,
And let us guess the rest.

Por. I've rais'd him up.
And plac'd him in his Chair, where pale, and faint,
He

He gasps for Breath, and, as his Life flows from him,
Demands to see his Friends. His Servants weeping,
Obsequious to his Orders, bear him hither.

[The back Scene opens, and discovers Cato.

Marc. O Heav'n assist me in this dreadful Hour
To pay the last sad Duties to my Father.

Jub. These are thy Triumphs, thy Exploits, O Caesar!

Luc. Now is Rome fall'n indeed!

[Cato brought forward in his Chair.

Cato. Here set me down——

Portius, come near me—are my Friends embark'd?

Can any Thing be thought of for their Service?

Whilst I yet live, let me not live in vain.

—O, Lucius, art thou here?—Thou art too good——

Let this our Friendship live between our Children,

Make Portius happy in thy Daughter Lucia.

Alas, poor Man, he weeps!—Marcia, my Daughter—

O bend me forward!—Juba loves thee, Marcia.

A Senator of Rome, while Rome survived,

Wou'd not have match'd his Daughter with a King,

But Caesar's Arms have thrown down all Distinction;

Whoe'er is Brave and Virtuous, is a Roman——

—I'm sick to Death——O when shall I get loose

From this vain World, th' Abode of Guilt and Sorrow!—

—And yet methinks a Beam of Light breaks in

On my departing Soul. Alas, I fear

I've been too hasty. O ye Powers that search

The Heart of Man, and weigh his inmost Thoughts,

If I have done amiss, impute it not——!

The best may err, but you are good, and —Oh! [Dies.

Luc. There fled the greatest Soul that ever warm'd

A Roman Breast; O, Cato! O, my Friend!

Thy Will shall be religiously observ'd.

But let us bear this awful Corps to Caesar,

And lay it in his Sight, that it may stand

A Fence betwixt us and the Victor's Wrath;

Cato, tho' dead, shall still protect his Friends.

From hence, let fierce contending Nations know

What dire Effects from civil Discord flow.

'Tis this that shakes our Country with Alarms,

And gives up Rome a Prey to Roman Arms,

Produces Fraud, and Cruelty, and Strife,

And robs the Guilty World of Cato's Life. [Exeunt omnes.

EPILOGUE, by Dr. GARTH.

Spoken by Mrs. PORTER.

WHAT odd fantastick Things we Wamen do !
Who wou'd not listen when young Lovers woo ? }
But die a maid, yet have the Choice of Two !
Ladies are often cruel to their Cost ;
To give you Pain, themselves they punish most.
Vows of Virginity should well be weigh'd ;
Too oft they're cancell'd tho' in Convents made.
Wou'd you revenge such rash Resolves—you may }
Be spiteful—and believe the Thing we say,
We hate you when you're easily said Nay.
How needless, if you knew us, were our Fears ?
Let Love have Eyes, and Beauty will have Ears.
Our Hearts are form'd as you yourselves would chuse,
Too proud to ask, too humble to refuse :
We give to Merit, and to Wealth we sell :
He sighs with more Success that settles well.
The Woes of Wedlock with the Joys we mix :
'Tis best repenting in a Coach and Six.

Blame not our Conduct, since we but pursue
Those lively Lessons we have learn'd from you :
Your Breasts no more the Fire of Beauty warms,
But wicked Wealth usurps the Pow'r of Charms :
What Pains to get the gaudy Thing you hate,
To swell in Show, and be a Wretch in State.
At Plays you Ogle, at the Ring you Bow ;
E'en Churches are no Sanctuaries now ;
There, golden Idols all your Vows receive,
She is no Goddess that has nought to give.
Oh, may once more the happy Age appear,
When Words were artless, and the Thoughts sincere ;
When Gold and Grandeur were unenvy'd Things,
And Courts less coveted than Groves and Springs.
Love then shall only mourn when Truth complains,
And Constancy feel Transport in its Chains,
Sighs with Success their own soft Anguish tell,
And Eyes shall utter what the Lips conceal :
Virtue again to its bright Station climb,
And Beauty fear no Enemy but Time,
The Fair shall listen to Desert alone,
And ev'ry Lucia find a Cato's Son.

F I N I S.



V. Gucht.

C Æ S A R

IN

Æ G Y P T.

A

T R A G E D Y.

At it is Acted at the

Theatre-Royal in *Drury-Lane*,

By His MAJESTY'S Servants.

Written by Mr. CIBBER.

Aufer ab aspectu nostro funesta, satelles,

Regis dona tui: pejus de Casare vestrum

Quam de Pompeio meruit scelus. Unica belli

Pramia civilis, victis donare salutem,

Perdidimus. —————

Lucan, lib. 9.

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. Watts, and Sold by W. Feales at Rowe's
Head the Corner of *Effex-Street* in the Strand.

MDCCXXXVI.





PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. *WILKS*.

WHEN Roman Arms their Hostile Terrors hurl'd,
 And march'd in Triumph o'er the Conquer'd World;
 When Plunder'd Provinces in Ruins mourn'd,
 And Captive Kings the Victor's Carr adorn'd:
 When proud Patricians gave whole Realms away,
 And Crown'd their Vassals with Imperial Sway:
 No Wonder, then, the same Ambitious Lords,
 For Want of Foes, drew on themselves their Swords.

Pompey and Cæsar rul'd that World they won,
 'Till each determin'd to be Lord alone:
 Hence Flam'd that Fire, whose Civil Rage destroy'd
 The glorious Liberty their Sires enjoy'd:
 Pharsalia's Field at length decides the Day,
 And gave Mankind, to Cæsar's Arms, a Prey.

Thus stood their State, when vanquish'd Pompey fled
 From Cæsar's Sword, to ask Egyptian Aid.

—There starts our Play, and into Action draws
 What Fate beset the pity'd Pompey's Cause:
 A Charge well worthy of an abler Muse;
 But none, a Poet, for being too good, refuse!
 Warm'd by the Subject, and by Roman Fire,
 Our Bard gives all that Lucan cou'd inspire!
 Yet what avails his boasted Care and Pains,
 While Gothick Taste prefers, to labour'd Scenes,
 The mute Exploits of Motley Harlequins?
 Others, perhaps, in the Politer Throng,
 Might better have been pleas'd, had Cæsar Sung.

Far be 't from us to question your Delight!
 To be, at Pleasure, wrong, is English Right!
 In vain for boasted Freedom you declare,
 Unless you keep the Liberty——to Err!

—Since then rank Farce is grown a Taste so new,
 No wonder we exhibit Nonsense too!
 And tho' we are but Beginners there, we'll drudge,
 And entertain as low as Crouds can judge!

PROLOGUE.

*While plain Oſtober can ſecure their Votes,
Why ſhou'd we ſpill Champaign on vulgar Throats?
Howe'er, to-night (by ſuch groſs Scenes betray'd)
We call the Roman Julius to our Aid:
On You it lies to ſave the Cauſe of Verſe,
And give the Palm to Tragedy or Farce.*

Dramatis Perſonæ.

M E N.

<i>Julius Cæſar.</i>		<i>Mr. Booth.</i>
<i>Antony,</i>	{ <i>Cæſar's Lieutenants.</i>	<i>Mr. Wilks.</i>
<i>Decius,</i>		<i>Mr. Williams.</i>
<i>Ptolomey, King of Ægypt.</i>		<i>Mr. Cibber, Jun.</i>
<i>Photinus,</i>	{ <i>His Counſellers.</i>	<i>Mr. Mills.</i>
<i>Achillas,</i>		<i>Mr. Mills, Jun.</i>
<i>Septimius,</i>		<i>Mr. Bridgwater.</i>
<i>Achoreus,</i>		<i>Mr. Cibber, Sen.</i>
<i>First</i>	{ <i>Centurions.</i>	<i>Mr. Roberts.</i>
<i>Second</i>		<i>Mr. Thurmond.</i>

W O M E N.

<i>Cornelia, the Relict of Pompey.</i>	<i>Mrs. Porter.</i>
<i>Cleopatra, Siſter to Ptolomey.</i>	<i>Mrs. Oldfield.</i>
<i>Charmion, her Attendant.</i>	<i>Mrs. Williams.</i>
<i>Centurions, Mutineers, Guards and Attendants.</i>	

SCENE, ALEXANDRIA in Ægypt.

CÆSAR



CÆSAR in ÆGYPT.

Nulla fides unquam miseros elegit amicos. Luc. lib. 8.

A C T I.

PHOTINUS, ACHILLAS.

PHOTINUS.



OUR fertile *Ægypt*, now, no more shall
groan,

Beneath the Ravage of intestine War;
Nor, from the Contests of divided Sway,
Rebellion have th' Excuse of Anarchy.
Our plenteous *Nile*, now flows for
Ptolomey!

While *Cleopatra*, by his Arms reduc'd,
Perceives her Empire bounded, by this Palace;
There, like a Criminal of State, confin'd,
She stoops for Favours, where she once bestow'd them.

Achil. And yet so equal, so unchang'd her Spirit,
She seems not to desire, or not t'have lost
A Throne: The same majestick gracious Smile
Plays in her Eye, insensible of Foes,
Or seeming not to know them.

Pho. All dissembled!

Train'd up in Courts, she knows to mask her Malice;

But were she loose again to Power, this Head,
That honestly projected her Confinement,
Wou'd be the earliest Victim of her Vengeance.

Achil. 'Tis true, my Lord; and that one Point
consider'd,

Why is her Verge of Liberty so large?
Why is she suffer'd still to train along
This lofty Palace, with her Crouds attending?
To revel in the bow'ry Shades, to range
The sportive Forest, and command its Pleasures?
To spread her silken Toils beneath the Stream?
With tow'ring Falcons to distress the Dove?
Or like *Diana*, with her Wood-nymphs grac'd,
To mount the breathing Hills, and sweep the Vale,
Chacing with cheerful Horn, the Stag, the Boar?

Pho. Thou know'st, *Achillas*, she's the People's
Idol;

Over whose Hearts, her Eyes usurp an Empire!
Conscious of Beauty, she delights to please,
And when in publick View she moves,
Her radiant Charms attract their Adoration!
Then from her Speech, such melting Musick flows,
Nor more her Words, than tuneful Voice persuade.
Therefore too close Restraint were dangerous:
This Shew of Freedom will amuse the Commons,
Who pierce not to th' Abridgment of her Sway;
But were they utterly refus'd her Sight,
Or but her lovely Person hardly treated,
The Force of Ægypt wou'd not curb their Rage,
Nor *Ptolomey* were safe upon his Throne.

Achil. 'Tis not the murm'ring Multitude I fear,
But powerful *Rome's* Resentment wakes my Thought;
How may the jealous Senate bear this Change?
Whose awful Voices have decreed, that both
Sister and Brother, as the late King's Will
Bequeath'd, should equal hold the Reins of Empire?
Nor will, I fear, great *Pompey* brook her Treatment,
Who stands alike the Guardian: of them both.

Pho.

CÆSAR in Ægypt. 9

Pbo. Pompey and Rome have weightier Cares at Home.

The Storm of civil War, now rais'd by *Cæsar*,
Withdraws their Insolence from foreign Realms,
To waste their Valour on their proper Subjects!
Their distant Care of us, is but their Pride,
And Wantonness of Power; intestine Jars
May humble them to Justice, and reduce
Their Empire to its old *Italian* Bounds.
Or say, that on *Pharsalia's* dreadful Plain,
(Where now these rival Lions hourly watch
Each other as their Prey) Conquest shou'd give
The *Roman* World to Pompey, or to *Cæsar*;
'Twill then be Time enough, when we are sure
Whose Nod we must obey, to change our Measures.
Achil. Behold the King! and in his youthful Eye
Some Joy unusual sparkles into Triumph.

*Enter Ptolomey with an open Letter. Septimius,
Achoreus following.*

Ptol. O *Photinus!* *Osiris* now has heard
Our Vows! at length this Mistress of the Earth,
Imperious *Rome*, has lost her Liberty!
This haughty Dame that gave her Laws to Monarchs,
Whose private Citizens durst proudly vaunt
Their Scorn of Crowns, and boast of scepter'd Vassals;
This wanton *Rome*, impregnated with Power,
By civil Discord, teems her own Destruction:
Pharsalia's Field has given the World to *Cæsar*:
And Pompey is a Fugitive in *Ægypt*.
All his late Triumphs, Lawrels, and Renown,
Are now the Spoils, and grace the Brows of *Cæsar*.
Cæsar, who warm with Injuries, and Conquest,
Will well avenge the Cause of slighted Kings,
And bend the Neck of *Rome* to one victorious Lord.

Pbo. When our Oppressors feel the Fetters they
impos'd,
Our Chains are lightned by the Loads they bear.

Ptol. We who are doom'd to wear precarious
Crowns,
With less Regret, shall pay our Homage to
A King, than an inferior proud Republick!

Pho. But you were speaking, Sir, of *Pompey's*
Flight,
And, as I think, of his Arrival here?

Ptol. The Remnant of his Fleet, three shatter'd
Barks,

Now anchor in our Port; where with his fair,
His sad *Cornelia*, and some few Dependents,
Who share the hopeless Fortunes of *Pharsalia*,
He waits upon our Will; having first sent
On Shore a Friend, with this Address to ask
Protection, and if possible our Aid to check
The Course of *Cæsar*, and inforce the War.
There, more at large you'll read, how unsecure

[*Gives them the Letter.*]

Is all the tow'ring Strength of human Glory.

Acho. He tells us here, that *Parthia's* warlike
King

(Whose Conquest over *Crassus* is so fam'd,)
Had offer'd to receive him; but himself
Assur'd his Fortunes more Relief in *Egypt*,
Where his late Service to your royal Father,
He knows, will be remember'd in his Welcome.

Ptol. 'Tis true, when bold Rebellion press'd my
Father,

Pompey procur'd the Senate's timely Aid,
Which crush'd the Tumult, and confirm'd his Throne;
And Benefits conferr'd on Dignity distress,
Entail their Obligation on its Heirs.

But *Pompey*, in that utmost Exigence,
Tho' generous, was not more a Friend than *Cæsar*;
Whose thousand Talents from his private Store,
Advanc'd, gave Life, and Sinews to our Cause!
Thus stands my doubtful Gratitude divided:
Pompey's Misfortunes plead for our Relief;

But

But *Cæsar's* Greatness warns us to abjure him:
To make a Foe of *Cæsar* now——were frantick
Virtue;

And to desert a Friend's Distress——ignoble.
Hard-fated Choice! must I, to save my Crown,
Yield up this hunted *Pompey's* Head to *Cæsar*?
Or (saving *Pompey*) make my Crown his Prey?
What then can guard me, but your riper Wisdom?
Your Counsel, Lords, is now my last Resource,
To shield your Prince from Ruin, or Dishonour.

Acho. To guard your Crown, Sir, is our eldest Duty:
But what are Crowns that are not worn with Honour?
We grant, the Obligations of your State
To *Pompey*, and to *Cæsar's* Friendship, equal;
Yet, as one only begs immediate Payment,
Pompey's Distress seems here to turn the Scale,
And weighs up conscious Honour to relieve him.
Cæsar makes no Demand upon your Crown;
His prosperous Arms not ask, but give Support:
A worst, his thousand Talents might be paid;
Then are you unconfin'd, in Gratitude;
Then Sir, what's due to *Pompey*, bears no Question.
If 'tis objected, *Cæsar* may resent
Your Favours to his mortal Foe; 'tis true,
If so——my Counsel were most hazardous:
But who, what Enemy can say of *Cæsar*,
That he provok'd him, by an Act of Honour?
How is he fam'd for Mercy to his Foes?
Then will he not forgive a friendly Error,
Whose Motive has th' Excuse of Gratitude?
But shou'd you offer Violence to *Pompey*,
How may great *Cæsar* take Advantage of
Your Crime, and build his Fame upon your Ruin?
Therefore my Thoughts advise you, Sir, be grateful,
Supply the Wants of *Pompey*, and protect him:
Appeal to *Cæsar's* Honour, and you gain him;
But *Pompey's* injur'd Life were such an Act,
As neither Gods would bear, nor *Cæsar* pardon.

Ptol. Achoreus has our Thanks——your Thoughts,
Achillas

Achil. Athoreus, Sir, has spoke, as well becomes
His holy Function, and a faithful Subject :
But yet how far the Laws of Policy
May warrant what his Wisdom has advanc'd,
I own, with me, as yet, is undetermin'd.
Cæsar has Virtue but he wants not Art :
And tho' no doubt he wishes *Pompey* dead,
Nay, in his Heart, wou'd bless the Hand that smote
him ;

Yet these are Thoughts his Glory must conceal.
Therefore who knows, but *Pompey's* Death reveng'd,
Might be the Mask his Joy wou'd chuse to wear ?
If so, the Death of *Pompey* might undo us :
But when again we weigh it, as the End,
The Summit, and the Crown of *Cæsar's* Conquests :
When we reflect, that they who give Repose,
And full Security to *Cæsar's* Power,
Can never be themselves unsafe——then, Sir,
The Death of *Pompey* is the Life of *Ægypt*.

Ptol. Your Sentiments, *Septimius* ?

Sept. Sir, my Sword
Speaks me, I am unfit for grave Debates ;
A Roman born, my Science has been War :
My Services, by *Pompey's* Scorn o'erlook'd,
Have chang'd my thankless native Soil for *Ægypt*,
Whose Interests now my Heart's last Blood shall serve.
If *Ægypt* then is lost, *Septimius* is an Exile ;
And what can *Ægypt* save, but *Cæsar's* Friendship ?
What gain that Friendship, but your Hate to *Pompey* ?
What prove that Hatred real, but his Head ?
Which trembling on a Spear, to *Cæsar's* View,
Crowns all his Toils, for, then, unrivall'd Empire.
Cæsar knows Men, and bears no lukewarm Friend ;
With him, who stands suspected, is condemn'd :
Be cautious, Sir, he is not serv'd by halves !
As then Sincerity must gain his Heart ;

So must we strike our Daggers home, to *Pompey's*.
 If your *Ægyptian* Resolution faints,
 I have a *Roman* Arm, that wants Employment;
 The Blame, or Merit of the Deed be mine;
 And while 'tis mine alone, Fame shall confess,
Pompey, like *Rome* her self, cou'd only fall
 By *Romans*.

Acho. *Isis* and *Osiris* guard us!

Ptol. Your Voice, *Photinus*, now concludes our
 Measures!

Shall *Ægypt* league with *Pompey*, or with *Cæsar*?

Pbo. I grant your Kingdom, Sir, to each indebted:
Pompey begs for Payment: *Cæsar* expects it.
 If you fail *Pompey*, *Pompey* may reproach you.
 If you slight *Cæsar*, *Cæsar* can revenge it.
Pompey's Relief demands your certain Ruin!
Cæsar's Ambition will expect his Head.
 To talk of Obligations, Gratitude,
 And Honour balanc'd with a Nations Safety,
 Better befits the dreaming Sanctity
 Of Anchorets, than Vigilance of Monarchs!
 When Empires are at Stake, nothing is Just,
 Or Great, but what implicitly maintains 'em.
Pompey is routed——and in Compliment
 Invites us to partake his Ruin. Gods!
 Because he sav'd us once, does he conclude
 He therefore has a Right to our Destruction?
 For now to aid him, 'gainst the Arms of *Cæsar*,
 Were to renew the Giants' War with Heaven.
 What Laws of Nations, Justice, or of Honour,
 What Contracts, Leagues, or Treaties bind us down,
 To prop this falling *Pompey* with our Bones,
 To be by *Cæsar* crush'd, and trampled into Ashes?
 No, Sir, the Ruin *Pompey* brings, repel
 Upon his Head! joyn you the Cause, the Gods
 Have own'd, and turn your Sword on *Cæsar's* Foes!
 One Blow secures his Friendship, and your Crown!
 If not for *Ægypt*, strike for *Ptolomey*.

Consider

Consider your divided Title, Sir,
 Your Royal Sister's Claim, her Provocations!
 Her Arts! her female Spleen, and Beauty!
 Dressing her Wrongs in Tears, and *Cæsar* amorous?
 Her soft Complainings blowing him to Flames!
 Will he refuse to right so fair a Suitress?
 At least, Sir, give him not Pretence t' inforce
 Your Father's Will, or what were worse,
 T' invest her solely with the sov'reign Pow'r,
 And veil his Veng'ance in an Act of Justice.

Ptol. No more! that Thought embitters all Remorse.
 Were *Pompey* dearer to my Heart than Life;
 Rather than serve my Sister's haughty Pride,
 My Rage, like Thunder, in the Port shou'd sink him!
Achillas, and *Septimius*, you obey
 The Orders of *Photinus*—— hark, your Ear!

[*Whispering apart.*]

Acho. Nay, then the horrid Resolution's fix'd!
 My farther Counsel will be useless here!
 Hence then, to Royal *Cleopatra* haste,
 With *Pompey's* Fate alarm her nobler Soul,
 And try what Terrors may be form'd, to save him.

[*Aside.*] Exit.

Pho. Delay may give him Doubts of his Reception;
 He may retreat, and hoist his Sails for *Asia*,
 The present Hour's too precious to be lost;
 In Execution of distressful Measures,
 'Tis Expedition gives them Life and Lustre.

Pto. You then *Achillas* and *Septimius* haste,
 Take to your Aid the Parties you have nam'd;
 Rush on the Instant, to a deathless Fame,
 And give Repose to *Ægypt*.

Sept. And to *Pompey*. [Exeunt *Achil.* and *Sept.*]

Ptol. The Resolution fix'd recalls my Spirit!
 I am again my self! set free! I reign!
 Conclude we then that *Pompey* is no more,
 And that his Death buries my Sister's Claim:

For

For howsoe'er on *Cæsar* she relies,
Her Right had stronger Hope from *Pompey's* Aid,
Whose Friendship to my Father was so firm,
He undertook, as Warden of his Will,
To place my Sister on the Throne, my Equal!
But now ———

Pho. Those Glories with her Champion perish!
Whose Head secures you in the Heart of *Cæsar*.

Ptol. But see my Sister; in her Look, Surprise,
And wild Emotion eager to be heard.

Enter Cleopatra.

Cleo. Sir, I'm inform'd, great *Pompey* is arriv'd,
And that your Council pauses to receive him.

Ptol. Your Voice and Gesture, Madam, speak Re-
proach;
Which neither fits your State to give, or mine
To bear: Kings are accountable to none.

Cleo. To more than Subjects, by the Laws of Ho-
nour:

Their Lustre stands on Eminencies fixt,
That the inferior World may gaze, and censure!
How vain is Glory, when it gives not Wonder!
How mean is Majesty, that dares be thankless!

Ptol. Your Cares for *Pompey* are at my Expence.
Your Bounty's great, for want of Pow'r to give:
Were *Ægypt* yours, your Virtue wou'd have Bounds.

Cleo. Were not your Virtue limited, my Pow'r
And Right in *Ægypt* wou'd to yours be equal.
I send, at least, to *Pompey's* Aid, my Wishes,
And that's a Merit which your Greatness wants.
Why go you not in Person to receive him?

Ptol. I know my self, and know the State of *Pompey*.
Septimius and *Achillas* have their Orders.

Cleo. Are those fit Agents for your Gratitude?
Owe you not your Crown to *Pompey's* Favour?

Ptol. Be due, what may, to him; now *Cæsar* claims it.

Cleo. Can you forget such godlike Benefits?

Ptol.

Ptol. Was *Cæsar's* Gold out-weigh'd by *Pompey's* Speeches?

Has *Cæsar* less Demands on Gratitude,
Because he can confirm the Crown he sav'd?

Cleo. But hapless *Pompey*, not reliev'd, must perish!

Ptol. And if reliev'd, you'll make my Peace with *Cæsar*!

Fair Sister, you may spare your Intercessions,
They're lost on one, that knows their Motive!
You live in Hope, that *Pompey's* Fortunes may
Retrieve your own; you think him bound t'enforce
My Father's Will, and therefore wish him Pow'r;
This is the thin Disguise your Virtue wears!
Hence flows this Torrent of Benevolence!

But, Madam, know, the Wiles of your Ambition,
With *Pompey's* Hopes, may perish in the Port!

Cleo. Immortal Gods! and dare you own the Treason?

Ptol. I glory in the Deed, that guards my Crown,
And levels your Presumption to Obedience.

Cleo. Obedience to Superiors must be due;
And who, in *Ægypt*, is the Queen's Superior?
The Force, and Fortune of injurious Arms,
'Tis true, have robb'd me of my Regal Power:
But my Soul's Empire is in Me alone.
That soars above the Reach of Violence,
And from its Height, with Scorn regards your
Triumph.

Ptol. Be, then, that mighty Monarch of your Mind;
Rage on, and shew how ill you govern there,
While I content my self with ruling *Ægypt*.

Cleo. First, Sir, redeem your self from Slavery!
From the pernicious Counsellors that sway you!
That, thro' the Heart of *Pompey* strike at me:
That with false Politicks mislead your Youth,
To brand our *Ægypt* with eternal Infamy!

Pho. *Photinus*, Madam, dares avow the Counsel.

Cleo. I spoke, Sir, to the King; when I descend

To you, then take with me that Liberty.

Ptol. Pass it, my Friend; the Insult is to me.

Pho. Therefore a Subject less might bear it, Sir.

Ptol. I grant, her earlier Birth shou'd give Example;
But female Imperfections must be born.

She finds her Hopes of Empire lost with *Pompey*.

Cleo. I scorn the Thought. If Interest were my
View,

I shou'd not plead for *Pompey*, but for *Cæsar*!

Ptol. Your secret Views are to your self best known.
To me they seem perplext, and intricate.

Cleo. Since you provoke me then, receive a Secret,
That will, at once, confound your barb'rous Counsels,
And make your Merit in lost *Pompey's* Blood,
Hateful to *Cæsar*, as to Gods, and me.

Ptol. Discharge this Thunder then; I stand pre-
par'd,

And ready for the Bolt.

Cleo. Attend, and tremble.

When rude Rebellion seiz'd on Royal Pow'r,
And drove our exil'd Father from his Throne;
To *Rome*, as to his only Hope, (as now
Pompey to *Ægypt* flies) he fled for Succour;
And to incite the Senate's nobler Piry,
My self and you attended his Distresses.

Your Age was unsusceptible of Care,
But mine (or Flattery deceiv'd me well)
Bloom'd in full Beauty, and attract'd Hearts:
Yet of my Conquests I shall boast but one:
Cæsar pretended Love: ' urg'd him to a Proof:
He gave the noblest: he restor'd our *Ægypt*.
Pompey was then his Friend; him *Cæsar* wrought
At my Desire, t'engage the Senate's Aid;
The Eloquence of *Pompey* had Success:
This gen'rous Deed! (O dreadful piteous Thought!)
Was the last Product of their fading Friendship.
But *Cæsar* stopt not there! the Senate's Aid
Was but a publick Act; his opening Heart

Pour'd

18 CÆSAR in Ægypt.

Pour'd out his private Treasure with his Love,
And from the Bounty of that secret Flame,
We reap'd the Profit of suppress'd Rebellion.
My conscious Father, on this Truth reflecting,
Thought Half, at least, was due to her that sav'd
The Whole, and therefore at his Death bequeath'd
Me equal Sway, Coheiress of his Throne:
While you, unknowing of his noble Motive,
Reproach his Memory with partial Care,
And make my Right, by Force of Arms, your Spoil.

Ptol. How plausible soe'er this Tale may seem,
Yet, Madam, in my Sense, it ill agrees
With *Cæsar's* Love, and your Concern for *Pompey*.

Cleo. Of that, be *Cæsar* Judge. To you at least
It proves, that I prefer my Fame to Empire.
But since your Tutors, Sir, have humbler Views,
Pursue the Ruin I have warn'd you of.
Send your Assassins forth on *Cæsar's* Foes,
And buy his Friendship with an Act of Horror!
While for the Pity I avow for *Pompey*,
On me fall all the Bolts of *Cæsar's* Rage!

Boast you your Merit, and of me complain,
Then see, from what great *Cæsar* shall ordain,
Which most deserves, the King or Queen, to reign. }

[*Exit.*]

Ptol. Was ever form'd so fierce, untam'd a Spirit?

Phot. Confusion and Amazement seize my Sense!
It must be Fiction all! is she not Woman?
Her Spleen has forg'd this Secret: for if true,
How cou'd her Sex's Pride so long conceal it?

Ptol. And yet---what Profit cou'd the Fiction yield?

Phot. That answers all! it has Foundation!

'Tis well we've Time to arm against her Pow'r.

Ptol. Suppose the Fate of *Pompey* were deferr'd?

Phot. If that were Merit, it will now be hers!
Nor cou'd your Crown be sure from her Reward!
Ambition is the only Power that combats Love.
And since, howe'er we're dazzl'd with his Virtue,

Pompey's

C Æ S A R in Ægypt. 19

Pompey's sure Death is *Cæsar's* warmer Will:
With *Pompey's* Head, we must supplant her Beauty.

Ptol. It must-----Necessity will have it so!

Or *Pompey*, now, or *Ægypt* is no more:
My Kingdom, like a Bark distress'd at Sea,
Must, in the common Danger, know no Right,
Value, or Property, in cumbrous Treasure.

But when the Freight destroy'd a People saves,
We undistinguish'd plunge it in the Waves.



ACT



CÆSAR in ÆGYPT.

Victoribus ipsi
Dedecus, & nunquam superam caritura pudore
Fabula. *Lucan. lib. 8.*

A C T II.

Cleopatra, Charmion; and Photinus meeting them.

CLEOPATRA.

SINCE when, was this Enlargement of
your Power?
To seize a Slave, you knew employ'd
by me?
Have you your Master's Order, for this
Treatment?

Phot. I need no special Order for my Duty;
What I have done, I'll answer to the King:
In Times of Danger, safety is our Law:
Were Treasons only to be crush'd in Form,
Traytors wou'd soon defy their Punishment.

Cleo. Traytors!

Phot. Madam, I call that Slave a Traytor,
That durst betray the Counsels of his Prince!
I knew you restless, in the Cause of *Pompey*,
And therefore had my Eye upon your Conduct.

I knew, if *Pompey* had Advice to fly,
You only durst attempt to give it him :
This Letter intercepted, proves my Fears
Were justly grounded : *Cæsar* and the King
Will judge, by this, how much you serve their Int'rests,

Cleo. I tell thee, Slave, if thou art judg'd by *Cæsar*,
Thy Head stands forfeit to thy Insolence——

Phot. *Cæsar* admits no female Counsellors.

Cleo. Dares then thy scurril Tongue——avoid my
Presence [Exit *Phot.*

Char. Excuse a Heart concern'd for your Repose.
But since depriv'd of Power t'avenge your Wrongs,
Why shou'd your vain Resentment urge your Foes,
To offer more ? This Scorn you shew *Photinus*,
Who, at his Pleasure, sways the ductile King,
Will but incense him to abuse that Influence,
And add by fresher Insults to his Triumph.

Cleo. I mock the short-liv'd Power, that dares in-
sult me!

For know, my *Charmion*, *Cæsar*'s on our Coasts!
Spite of their Spies, and Vigilance of State,
From his own Hand, this Morn have I receiv'd
Advice, he brings his Legions into Ægypt!
That his indulgent Stars, by *Pompey*'s Flight,
Now lead him, where his first Ambition calls,
To crown his Conquests, by a Wreath from me.
I weigh not, whether true, or feign'd his Flame;
Me it suffices, 'tis the Style of Love.
Make him, ye Gods! but capable of Passion,
And leave the forming of his Heart to me!

Char. Still more amazing! can you ever hope,
That *Cæsar* will be won, by your Defiance?
Your open and avow'd Concern for *Pompey*!
Which now this Letter, will, produc'd, confirm.
Will *Cæsar* make a Mistress of his Foe?
Of one that wou'd arm Ægypt to oppose him,
And, by the Aid of *Pompey*, blast his Lawrels?

Cleo. Alas, my *Charmion*, thou'rt unskill'd in Heroes!

Love

Love there is born, but from superior Virtue!
 Think'st thou, a *Cæsar's* Soul can e'er be mov'd,
 But by a Heart, ambitious as his own?
 As jealous, as tenacious of its Glory?
 Shou'd I, to serve his Interests, injure *Pompey*;
 His sword might spare, but Honour wou'd despise me,
 No! to deserve him, he shall find me grateful.
 My just Concern for *Pompey*, though his Foe,
 Demands his Admiration, not Resentment.
 Soon is the Lover lost, we fear to lose;
 But while, for *Pompey's* Sake, I brave that Danger,
Cæsar will envy, what a lower Mind
 Wou'd hate. But see, the holy Priest returns;
 I sent him to enquire of *Pompey's* Doom.

Enter Achoreus.

O speak, *Achoreus*, what thy Looks presage!
 How have the Gods dispos'd of hapless *Pompey*?

Acho. O! that my Age had never seen this Day!
 Or that *Pharsalia's* Field had left no Blood
 In *Cæsar's* Foes, to stain the Shores of Ægypt!

Cleo. Give me the whole, and blend my Tears with
 thine.

Acho. Hear then the Fate of *Pompey*, and deplore!
 When, from his Ships, he saw the spacious Beach
 Cover'd with gazing Crowds, and at their Front,
 Our shining Troops, in stately Order rang'd;
 The martial Musick sounding from our Gallies,
 With gaudy Streamers making from the Port;
 His quickning Eye confess'd a new-born Joy!
 Concluding that our grateful King design'd,
 In Person, and with Honours, to receive him.
 But when, at length, he found but one poor Boat
 Sent forth, fill'd only with a chosen Guard;
 And those without the King, to grace his Welcome;
 His Fate he saw, yet wou'd not seem to see;
 Silent he stood, with Eyes resign'd, and dauntless;
 Or anxious only for *Cornelia's* Fears;
 Turning to whom, in Care-concealing Smiles,

“ Compose

“ Compose thy Heart, he cry'd; my self alone
 “ Will tempt the doubtful Gratitude of *Ægypt*;
 “ Where, if I fall, thy Flight may yet revenge me;
 “ In *Africk*, still, our firm Allies make head,
 “ Thy Father, and my Sons, enforc'd by *Juba*:
 “ There will thy Fortune find a kinder Welcome!
 “ Or if the Gods refuse their Arms Success,
 “ *Cato* will own our Cause, tho' Gods forsake it.
Cleo. O! thou hast giv'n *Cornelia's* Pangs to me!

Acho. During this Conflict of their mighty Hearts,
 The Skiff, that bore the bloody Crew, drew near;
 From whence, *Septimius*, to disguise their Purpose,
 I'th' *Roman* Language hail'd him Emperor.

“ Descend, Great Sir, he cry'd; this shallow Bark
 “ Avoids the Sands, that bar our larger Vessels;
 “ This, Sir, secure will waft you to the King,
 “ Who waits impatient on the Beach t' embrace you;
 The destin'd Heroe of this vile Abuse
 Tho' conscious, saw, 'twas now no Time to parley.
 When taking, from his Friends, and mournful Wife,
 A short Farewel; with that majestick Air,
 Went forward to his Fate,, as when the Car
 Triumphant bore him through the Streets of *Rome*.

Cleo. Were there no Friends attended him to Shore?

Acho. But one-- the Bark too narrow for his Train,
 His Freed-man *Philip* follow'd him.
 Of what I speak, by him was I inform'd,
 The faithful Witness of his Fate-- At length,
 The Crew, secure of their deluded Prey,
 Now change their Looks, and sullen ply their Oars,
 As if some Criminal condemn'd they bore;
 Nor on the Way vouchsafe his Cares a Word.
 Observing this, he drew his Tablets forth,
 Perusing there some Notes of an Oration,
 Which for his Royal Audience he had form'd:
 Anon, o'er-charg'd with Sighs, he turn'd his Eyes,
 Throwing a last long Look to sad *Cornelia*.
 Then to himself, or but to *Philip's* Ear,

From

From *Sophocles*, this Fragment he repeated :

“ The Great and Free, when Fugitives, are Slaves,
 “ And where they seek Protection, find their Graves.
 O spare the rest.

Cleo. Proceed ! my Eyes are full.

Acho. The Shore now gain'd, they warn him to
 disembark.

And while, to raise him, *Philip* reach'd his Arm,
Achillas, from behind, the bloody Signal gave,
 At which *Septimius*, with his Russian *Romans*,
 Bury'd at once their Daggers in his Breast !
 At their repeated Blows, one deep Groan he gave,
 When covering with his Robe his closing Eyes,
 At his Assassins Feet, the Great ——— the Murder'd
Pompey fell.

Cleo. Ye Gods ! who give up Nations to the Sword,
 When this flagitious Deed your Boks shall punish,
 Charge not the Place, but Persons with the Crime !
 The Blood of *Pompey* was by *Romans* shed !
 Let o'er *Ægyptian* Roofs your Vengeance pass,
 And hurl your Thunder on the Tow'rs of *Rome*.

Acho. Nor ends, in Death, th' unhospitable Deed :
 Living, and dead, is *Pompey* still mis-us'd !
 His Head, by fierce *Septimius*, from the Neck
 Divided, on *Achillas*' Spear is born,
 In Triumph thro' the Crowd, to *Ptolemy*;
 As if some Captive Pirate they had slain,
 Or, as their braver Swords had conquer'd *Pompey* !
 His mangled Corps committed to the Waves,
 Like a wreckt Vessel bulges on the Sands,
 And stains, with crimson Infamy, our Shores ;
 While, at the dreadful Sight, *Cornelia*'s Cries
 E'en to the Beach are heard, and pierce the Heav'ns
 in vain.

Cleo. Heart-breaking Woe ! what Virtue can sup-
 port it !

Acho. What Fate attends her, to the Gods is known.
 For on the Instant we perceiv'd her Sails

Un-

Unfurld, and making to the Seas for Flight.
On which, *Septimius*, to compleat his Crime,
With six large Vessels labours her Pursuit.

Cleo. Arise ye sudden Shades of Night! black
Storms,

Or kinder Tempests, shield her from his Power.

Acho. And now our Troops retreating to the Pa-
lace,

In solemn March precede the trunkless Head,
On which the shudd'ring Crowd with Horror gaze:
Some hear it thunder! these an Earthquake feel!
Dreading the Wreck of Nature for the Crime!
The faithful *Philip*, tho' o'er-whelm'd with Grief,
Bears, from the Waves, his Master's sad Remains,
And tho' a mean, a pious funeral Pile,
And for his Ashes, a poor Urn prepares.

Cleo. Which conqu'ring *Cæsar* might behold with
Tears.

Acho. Confirm the Omen, *Isis*, for he comes!

These Winds that blow, shall waft him to our Shores.

Cleo. What means thy Transport? ought of *Cæsar*?
say,

And dissipate the Sadness thou hast rais'd.

Acho. While pensive on *Cornelia's* Flight we gaze,
From Ear to Ear a joyous Murmur flies,
Bursting anon to Shouts! Lo! *Cæsar* comes!
At this all Eyes are turn'd to seize the Sight!
When from behind the swelling Ocean's Hill,
Behold, a naval City climbing to the View;
Their Sails, all gilded by the glaring Sun,
Confound the Curious, that would count the Num-
bers.

Cleo. It is! it must! it can be only He!
Tremble, ye Tyrants, for your impious Power!
The Gods are just, and send their *Cæsar's* Arms,
To avenge the Injur'd, on the guilty Head!

Acho. Behold the King! Incens'd he seems! Per-
haps

26 CÆSAR in Ægypt.

The Sight of me offends! for since my Voice
Declar'd for *Pompey*, I have lost his Smiles:
Permit me, gracious Madam, to retire.

[*Exit.*

Enter Ptolomey.

Ptol. Achilles! yet a Moment stay the Guard!
First will I prove, if she avow the Treason.
Madam, my Converse with you now is short!
Examine well this Character.

Cleo. 'Tis mine.

Ptol. 'Tis well---now say that you were *Ptolomey*,
And I your Captive had betray'd your Counsels,
What Treatment had this Treason merited?

Cleo. Had I been King, that Treason had been
Counsel,
And to the Blood of *Pompey*, *Cæsar's* Hate
Preferr'd.

Ptol. Your own Confession has condemn'd you,
And *Cæsar* shall himself approve my Justice.

Cleo. Must that then prove me criminal to *Cæsar*?

Ptol. The Proof is fair, as is the Fact notorious!
Was not th' Attempt to save the-Foe of *Cæsar*,
And keep his Title to the World disputed?

Cleo. You speak, as if my Crimes, like yours, were
writ
In Blood. Once more, I warn you of your Fate;
Provoke not *Cæsar*, by new Wrongs to me.

Ptol. Fear not, your Conduct shall have all its
Merit!

Cæsar shall know the Charms you use t'engage him,
Shall fairly see his Friends, from Enemies.

Achillas, ho!

Enter Achilles with Guards.

Obeys your Orders! Madam,
Your own Apartment bounds your Liberty.

Cleo. Me to restrain, there needed not your Guards;
Tho' *Cæsar's* at our Gates, I shou'd not, Sir,
Have flown to meet him: no, my Sex's Pride

Had

Had been a Bar sufficient, for your Fears :
Yet for your own Sake, name not my Confinement,
No ! rather, let him think my Absence, Choice.

Tho' of my Crown depriv'd, the World shall see
I guard its Honour, in Captivity.

While you, to *Cæsar's* Feet, your Scepter bear,
He'll know the Queen expects his Homage here.
And while his Frown your proffer'd Crown disdains,
A Smile-----shall lead this Master of the World in
Chains. [Exit with Guards.]

Enter Photinus.

Phot. Some Officers, Express, from *Cæsar's* Fleet,
(His fam'd Lieutenants, *Antony* and *Decius*,)
Intreat immediate Audience.

Ptol. Give them Entrance.

Enter Antony, Decius, and Guards

Dec. From the great *Julius*, Health to *Ptolomey*.

Ptol. Permit me, *Romans*, to embrace the Heroes,
That grace our *Ægypt*, with Commands from *Cæsar*.

Ant. My separate Duty, Sir, attends the Queen
In private Audience---yet I see her not !

The fair Co-Regent ! your Colleague in Power !

Ptol. Let me, with Grief, impeach a Sister's Virtue !
But Sir, her Actions ill deserve that Title :

Her Claim to Empire, as a Foe to *Cæsar*,
Stands forfeit to his Mercy, and the State.

And therefore are these Palace Walls her Prison.

Ant. I come not, Sir, to hear her Crimes recounted ;
Of those our General himself will judge !

To him your Accusation must appeal.

My plain Commission asks a personal Audience ;
Which *Cæsar's* Will, by me, once more demands.

Ptol. The Will of *Cæsar* be obey'd --*Photinus*,
Let *Antony* have Audience of the Queen.

[Exe. *Ant.* and *Phot.*

Now Sir, *Cæsar's* Commands to *Ptolomey* ?

Dec. Short is my Message, and from *Cæsar*, thus.
 To know if Royal *Ptolomey* is leagu'd
 In Arms with *Pompey*, or adheres to *Cæsar*!
 If *Cæsar* is oppos'd, he knows his Course,
 'Tis forward, thro' your Walls, with wasteful War:
 But if your due Submission owns his Power,
 His Veterans, like jocund Hinds from Labour,
 Shall pour, this Instant, on your Shores,
 To greet as Friends, and give your Crown Protection.
 Thus says the *Roman Emperor*---Now Sir,
 Our Signal to his Fleet, attends your Answer.

Ptol. Thus then, to mighty *Cæsar*, *Ptolomey* :
 Tho' *Ægypt* long has been to *Rome* a Province,
 Yet since *Pharsalia* gives to *Rome* a Master,
 Who but that Master can demand our Homage?
 Pass then the Arms of *Cæsar* thro' our Gates.
 And, Sir, to ratify our firm Adherence,
 To bury ev'n Suspicion of Resistance,
 This instant shall our private Troops retire,
 And Southward from the City form their Camp,
 'Till *Cæsar's* Service, or his Will, recall them.

Dec. *Cæsar* shall know the Speed of your Compliance :
 But how, Sir, has your Power dispos'd of *Pompey*?

Pt. l. As Heav'n had mark'd him, for the Foe of *Cæsar*.
 Whose Cause the Gods so gloriously have own'd :
 And as the Sword, in *Pompey's* Hand, but serv'd
 To make the Streams of *Roman* Blood perpetual ;
 Our Councils have disarm'd, and seiz'd on *Pompey*;
 To grace th' Arrival of victorious *Cæsar*.

Dec. A Prince so young, and careful for his State,
 Merits as well our Wonder, as Protection.

Ptol. My Merit is my Zeal, for *Cæsar's* Glory.

Dec. Hail *Quintius* ! from the Northern Tower,
 let fly

The Eagle, Signal of our Amity.

How will the Heart of Godlike *Cæsar* glow,
 Folding his Arms around the vanquish'd *Pompey* !

[*Apart and Exit.*

Ptol.

CÆSAR in Ægypt. 29

Prot. These *Romans*, who contemn the Thrones of Kings,

By this their Insolence to Majesty,
Betray the Rancour of their vain Ambition.
'Tis not the King they hate, but Kingly Right.
They scorn our Crowns, from want of Birth to wear them:

There's what recoils against their secret Wishes,
And turns desponding Envy, into Virtue.

Enter Photinus.

Now *Photinus*, the News from *Antony*?

Phot. What greatly will surprize, and may preserve you.

Prot. Hast thou, from his Audience, ought collected?

Phot. Nothing from Words: for I was warn'd aloof.

But if my Eyes are faithful, yet enough
To know -whate'er might be his Charge from *Cæsar*,
The secret Errand of his Heart was Love.

Prot. Thou tell'st me Wonders! what grounds thine Assertion?

Phot. Whether at *Rome*, or here, he caught the Flame,

I know not; but his Gesture, his Approaches,
Spoke more Respect, than *Romans* pay to Crowns!
His Looks, his heaving Bosom, his Confusion,
Confest a Soul surpriz'd, astonish'd and subdu'd!
She, conscious of the Wounds her Form had given,
With all the Blandishments of glancing Beauty,
With softning Smiles, indulgent to Desire,
Unloos'd her Charms, to make the Conquest sure.
Anon, to strike him with her various Darts,
When, to his Speech, her seeming Woes reply'd,
A stealing Shower of Tears roll'd down her Cheeks,
Like Dew-drops trickling o'er the Bloom of Roses.
When turning to disguise the Grief, her Eyes
Encountring my Observance, I retir'd,

B ;

Not

Not chusing, while I heard not, to offend her.

Ptol. Could you not guess the Occasion of her Tears

Phot. I judg'd them artful, to precede her Story,
To heighten her Distresses, for Compassion.

Ptol. If *Antony* shou'd love, Love may befriend
Her Cause to *Cesar*.

Phot. Or may ruin it.

Think you, proud *Cesar*'s Heart will brook a Rival?
Here's Ground at least to give him Jealousy.

If it succeeds, her boasted Empire ceases!

Cesar will never be the Slave of Beauty,
Tamely to court, and kiss the Chain that galls him:

No Sir, her Truth suspected, sets him free:

Or to be more the Heroe, his Contempt

May give her as a Slave to *Antony*,

Whose humbler Heart may think the Donor bounteous.

Ptol. Confusion! how she plays her Sex's Wiles!

The whole Artillery of Love to thwart me!

Her Eyes wou'd lift his Legions in her Cause,

And be the Mistress of Mankind, for Empire.

[*A loud Shout.*

Phot. But hark! these Acclamations from the Port
Speak *Cesar* near our Shore.

Ptol. Haste then to greet him.

Some fitter Time shall weigh this Secret.-----Lift!

[*Trumpets.*

Again the Signal Trumpet, from our Gallies,

Calls us to meet this Master of the World!

His Pow'r must judge this Prize, for Empire play'd,

Betwixt the Monarch, and ambitious Maid;

But if Ambition be his fiercer Flame,

The Head of *Pompey* shall out-blaze the Dame.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE opens to the Port of Alexandria.

Enter on one Side Ptolomey wearing his Crown, with Photinus and Attendants. From the upper End, the Roman Lictors and Officers with their Fasces and military Ensigns, &c. While they range themselves on each Side the Scene, Shouts and Trumpets are heard. After which Cæsar advances, and Ptolomey kneeling addresses him.

Ptol. Lord of Mankind! Imperial *Julius*, hail!
Lo! at thy Feet, as to the First of Men,
In awful Homage, bows thy prostrate Ægypt.
The Sun, and *Cæsar*, now, have equal Empire:
Far as his Beams extend, *Cæsar* has conquer'd!
Nor, to the teeming Banks of Nile more wisht
His genial Heat, than *Julius*, to our Shores!
What Kings are safe, that dare oppose his Glory?
What People free, whom *Cæsar's* Arms protect not?
Take then this happier Province to thy Care,
While thus her tributary Prince resigns
His Crown, to be adorn'd by *Cæsar's* Brow.

[Presenting it to Cæsar.]

Cæs. Arise, young Prince, nor let thy Transport
loose thee.

Wou'dst thou appear the King, retain thy Crown;
The Lawrel better suits the Brow of *Julius*!
Crowns are the Trophies of tyrannick Sway.
Romans may conquer, but disdain to wear 'em.

Ptol. Ye Gods! what yet unheard-of Virtues have
You form'd, that only *Roman* Souls can reach?

Cæs. Call it not Virtue, to resist what tempts not.
What Heirs from Heirs receive, blind Fortune gives,
Where Birth prefers the Infant to the Man!
While heretable Crowns entail not Virtue,
The Braist were greater to bestow, than wear them.
But whence has *Ptolomey* this single Power
Of vast Munificence, where equal Right

Might claim an equal Merit, from the Bounty?
 Beware, no private Wrong to *Cleopatra*,
 Prompt thee to offer up a Power usurpt,
 Lest Beauty shou'd prevail, on Power superior,
 To right her Sufferings, with the sole Dominion.

Ptol. If *Cæsar's* Enemies deserve to reign,
 None stand before the Claim of *Cleopatra*.
 If on her Will the Fate of *Rome* had rested,
Pharsalia's Field had given the Palm to *Pompey*.

Cæs. Were your fair Sister, Prince, the Foe you
 speak her,
 Her Spirit wou'd, in Person, have declar'd her.

Ptol. But if great *Cæsar's* Foes deserve their Chains,
 Then gentle are the Bonds of *Cleopatra*.

Cæs. Let me conceive you, Sir; at once, be plain.

Ptol. What I have urg'd, then, plainly this confirms.

[*Presents Cleopatra's Letter to him, who seems to peruse it.*

Had not our Vigilance cut short that Notice,
Pompey, forewarn'd, had now revers'd his Fate;
 Had headed Troops in *Parthia*, or in *Africk*,
 Might still have vainly rais'd the Dust of War,
 To choak the Pass of *Cæsar*.

Cæs. Ha! revers'd!

Something tremendous must have caus'd this Notice.

Phot. Take Comfort, Sir, he staggers at the Proof.

[*To Ptol.*

Cæs. Nor can I think her yet the Foe of *Cæsar*!
 The State of *Pompey* will resolve the Doubt. [*Apart.*
 Produce then *Pompey*, to condemn the Queen.

Ptol. Let *Cæsar* be obey'd--*Achillas*, ho!

[*To Achillas. who is suppos'd at some Distance.*

Open the gazing Throng, and to our View,
 Advanc'd in Air, upon thy Javelin's Point,
 Present our Evidence of Faith to *Cæsar*.

[*Cæsar turning to the Entrance, starts.*

Cæs. Stupendous Vision! have my Eyes their
 Function!

Some

Some God awake me from this frightful Dream,
Or raise the living *Pompey* to the Field,
That I may meet him, there, less terrible!
Hence! from my View! remove the ghastly Form!
Nor give weak Nature these resistless Pangs.
Pharsalia now has drawn the Tears of *Cæsar*.

Ptol. Phrynius! oh! the Storm is rising! save me!

[*Aside to Pho.*

Dec. How has young *Ptolomey* with Words deceiv'd me?
Was this the Seizure he had made of *Pompey*?

Cæs. Ev'n in the Field, that Sight were mournful,
But here, where Benefits rely'd on Safety,
Where Obligations fenc'd him from Suspicion,
To trample down the Mounds of Gratitude,
Inhospitably steel'd, and deaf to Honour,
To strike the Life, to whom your Crown was due,
Sets universal Nature in Alarm,
And warms his Foes, even *Cæsar*, to avenge him.

Ptol. Cæsar! I grant the Deed, that thus offends
thee ----

Cæs. The Deed! Immortal Pow'rs! is there a Crime
Peneath the Roof of Heav'n, that stains the Soul
Of Man, with more infernal Hue, than damn'd
Assassination? O my curdling Blood!
When-e'er the Image strikes upon my Brain,
Involuntary Horrors shake my Frame,
And mock the Force of Intrepidity.

[*Ptolomey offers to speak.*

No more! Impartial Justice wou'd be calm,
Nor shall unheard condemn: when *Cæsar* is
Himself, his Patience shall endure to hear thee.

Dec. If Virtue, or if Honour might be Judge,
Cæsar was never more himself than now. [Apart.

O *Pompey*, now might thy hard Fate be envy'd!
If thy great Spirit hovers yet in Air,
Look down, and triumph, in the Grief of *Cæsar*.

Cæs. Reflection has, at length, made way for Judgment;

Now urge thy Motives for the Fate of *Pompey*.

Ptol. What Words can save, what *Cæsar's* Frown condemns?

If what is done to serve him, can be Wrong,
Why strike his Arms such Terror thro' the World,
That not to serve him, seems the greater Crime?
Where Fear prevails, what Conduct can be blameless?
Will *Cæsar* then resent a Passion, which
Himself excites? Involuntary Crimes?
Will he oblige the Blind to see, the Deaf
To hear, or the disorder'd Brain to reason?
Must Nature change her Course, to act his Will?
The Wretch that fears to drown, will break thro'
Flames,

Or, in his Dread of Flames, will plunge in Waves.
When Eagles are in View, the screaming Daws
Will cower beneath the Feet of Man, for Safety!
Not Folly is more ignorant than Fear!
If Fear be Guilt, 'twere Guilt to give us Fear,
'Then let the Dread of seeming *Cæsar's* Foe
Answer, to *Cæsar's* Arms, for *Pompey's* Fate.
My Life! my Crown, are equal in thy Power!
If *Cæsar* for an Enemy cou'd weep,
What kind of Pity must invade his Eye,
When a mistaken Friend endures his Vengeance?

Cæs. If *Cæsar* can deplore an injur'd Foe,
Can he, who boasts the Wrong, expect his Friendship?
Or vainly shall his Friend presume, the Crime
Will, at the Cost of *Cæsar's* Fame, be pardon'd?
But Friend's a Name, I've not yet chose for thee:
'Twas what my Heart had still reserv'd for *Pompey*.
False and destructive is thy Zeal for *Cæsar*!
'T'have sav'd that Life, had giv'n Mankind Repose,
And made *Pharfaia* glorious! Tow'ring Thought!
With what transporting Joy, the harass'd World,
Had, in one peaceful, publick Chariot seen
Pompey, and *Cæsar*, o'er their Jars triumphant!
That forward Fruit, that Harvest of my Arms,

Thy

Thy curst, officious, wasteful Hand has ruin'd !
To pass the Crime. how might the World arraign me !
How might the partial Senate justify
The Rage with which their Votes pursu'd me ?

Ptol. Were I but *Cæsar's* Foe, I might have Mercy.

Cæs. Yet, let me not, to sooth my Enemies,
Swerve from the Laws of conscious Clemency ;
How black and horrible soe'er the Deed,
'Tis not the Fact, but Will, creates the Crime. [*Apart.*
Thy Youth and Inexperience, Prince, arrest
My Arm, and turn the Eye of Vengeance
On elder Criminals, thy Flatterers.
If thou wou'dst prove thy Penitence sincere,
Give up thy Counsellors to instant Justice,
As due Oblations to the Shade of *Pompey*.

Phot. 'Tis well ! the War's begun ! *Cæsar*, thy Heart
May yet repent this Arrogance of Pow'r. [*Apart.*

Cæs. And since the Burden of Imperial Rule
Out-weighs thy Strength, call to thy present Aid
Thy Sister's Right, to share and grace thy Throne.
Had she been heard, what Glory hadst thou gain'd !
What Shame, what Ills, what Infamy avoided !
If possible, repair thy Loss ; but haste !
'Think that each Moment, 'till her Right's restor'd,
But swells thy Debt of Royalty usurp'd.

[*Exe. Ptol. Phot. and Egyptians.*

O *Decius* ! was there ever Day like this ?
How sudden are the Blows of Fate ! what Change,
What Revolution, in the State of Glory ?

Dec. Glory and Empire ever will have Heirs.
What *Pompey* once possess'd, is now enjoy'd
By *Cæsar*.

Cæs. Yet the Senate own'd his Cause ;
Which gave it, to the World, the Stamp of Virtue :
There his Ambition got the Start of *Cæsar*.

Dec. Virtue, like Gold, will take the Stamp from
Pow'r.

Yet Truth must own, in what has pass'd this Day,
Had

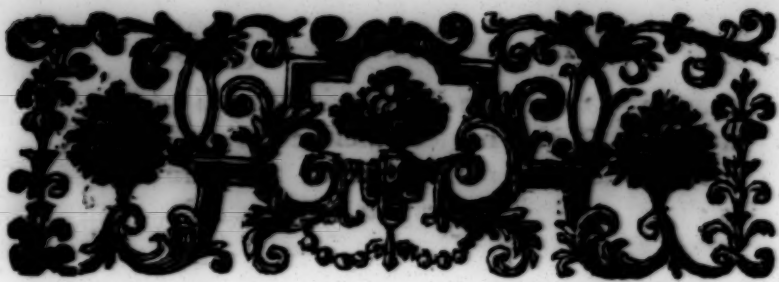
Had *Cato's* self been Witness of your Conduct,
He must with Praise, or Envy, have beheld it.

Cas. *Cato* would term it but a specious Bribe
For Power: That *Pompey's* Blood was, in Regard
To *Rome*, reveng'd, to court her Senate's Favour:
That *Cleopatra's* Beauty, not her Cause,
Regain'd her Crown: Yet *Cato* has his Merits:
And Men, one Day, may change their Thoughts of
Caesar.

The Time may come, when his destructive Arms
Shall well repay this Ravage of the World,
And force them, by Obedience, to be happy.

So when the swelling *Nile* contemns her Bounds,
And with extended Waste the Valleys drowns,
At length her ebbing Streams resign the Field,
And to the pregnant Soil a ten-fold Harvest yield.





CÆSAR in ÆGYPT.

*Effossum tumulis cupide descendit in antrum ;
Illic Pelai pro'es vesana Philippi
Felix prado jacet, terrarum vindice fato
Raptus ————— Lucan. lib. 10.*

A C T III.

SCENE, *Before the Tomb of Alexander.*

CÆSAR, DECIUS, ACHOREUS.

CÆSAR.



DECIUS, Dismiss the Train ; yet guard
the Portal.

Observe the strictest Order, in our
Watch :

These Sons of Nile are faithless, ser-
vile, dangerous.

The Fate of Pompey warns us to be wary.

When Antony returns, here let him find me.

[Exit Decius,

Believe me, good Achoreus, thy Disgrace

Commends thee to the Breast of Cæsar : Here,

Thy Virtue seems a greater Prodigy,

Than all the Brood, or Monuments of Ægypt.

Thy just Humanity, thy Zeal for Pompey,

Be;

Became thy venerable Years, thy Function.
 When holy Guides neglect themselves for Heav'n;
 Nor fear t'advance their Precepts by Example,
 'Tis then the Gods are righteously rever'd.

Acho. *Cæsar*, thy Virtues, Knowledge, and thy
 Power,

Incite me now to bolder Acts of Duty :
 And since I find not, in thy calmer Soul,
 That fierce, untractable, remorseless Nature,
 Wherewith thy Enemies asperse thy Fame,
 Let not my zealous Grief offend thee, *Cæsar*,
 If I confess I sigh for thy Ambition!

Cæs. Where it opposes Virtue, charge me freely !
 Be bold ! If I am justify'd to one
 Good Man, the Millions I offend are Railers.
 Virtue, like the Sun, shines not for Applause.

Acho. Ambition was my Charge ! which when it
 climbs

O'er violated Laws, tramples on Virtue ;
 Yet of the narrow Mountain when possess'd,
 The Footing how unsure ! the Fall how dreadful !
 Perhaps by Treason ! Treason has Ambition !
 Or say thou wert secure, how vain the Glory !
 To stand in Clouds, on Eminence, alone !
 And view thy happier social Slaves beneath thee.
 E'en then must thou descend ! *Cæsar*, behold,
 Fix on this mouldring Monument thy Eyes,
 Amidst the Wonders that our Nile can boast,
 This best might suit Ambition's Meditation !
 Of all the spacious Earth his Sword subdu'd,
 Great *Alexander*, now, commands but this.

Cæs. Soft, *Achoreus* ! lies *Alexander* here ?

Acho. Here rest his Bones ! his Bounds of Empire,
 now.

Cæs. Here might indeed the Moralist declaim.

Acho. Here, when his ruthless Desolation ceas'd,
 When his tumultuous Soul cou'd waste no more,
 Himself receiv'd, and gave his Slaves, Repose.

Cæs.

C Æ S A R in Ægypt. 39

Cæs. Thus, when the awful Gods wou'd scourge,
or blest

Mankind, they give unbounded Power to One.
The Vice, or Virtues, of the Prince, create
Their Woes, or Happinefs.

Acho. Wou'dst thou from hence
Infer, that *Rome's* Obedience to thy Sway
Might make her, with the Loss of Freedom, happy?
E'en Benefits, Impos'd, are gentler Chains.
Or say the Yoke of *Cæsar* might sit easy?
Yet, who shall hold the Reins, when *Cæsar* is no more?
Perhaps a *Tarquin*, or a *Ptolomey*!
A Prince of savage, or too ductile Nature.
Why, then, O *Cæsar*! this discordant Rage?
Why is Imperial *Rome*, that sway'd the Earth,
Her self at Variance with Posterity?
Why wage thy *Veterans* War, without a Foe?
Why are her Sires by Sons, Brothers by Brothers
slain?

As mutual Murder were the publick Welfare.
But, *Cæsar*, I am bold; pardon these Tears!
'Think that Benevolence deplores, not Envy chides thee.

Cæs. What thou hast urg'd, *Achorus*, heaves my
Heart!

Cæsar forgets not Nature, tho' Victorious:
I grieve to think the Innocent involv'd
In Ruins which the Guilty have deserv'd!
Had *Rome* her ancient Virtue, with her Pow'r,
Cæsar had trembled at her Civil Wars:
But Luxury, Corruption, Vice and Fraud
Have drain'd her down, e'en to the Lees of *Rome*.
Her Honours, now, by publick Price are bought;
Her Magistrates, by Blows, not Votes, elected:
'Thus is the Carcase of her Freedom torn
By Beasts of Prey, each scrambling for his Share.
Where Men are Wolves, what Wretch wou'd be the
Lamb?

Where Laws are violated, Arms are Virtue.

Act III.

Acho. Is *Cæsar* arm'd to guard her Laws?

Cæs. Be patient.

Pompey, in War, was Great; *Cæsar*, Successful:
We fought, 'till *Rome* was glutted with our Spoils;
'Till she grew Jealous of the Swords that serv'd her.
While I was absent, *Pompey's* Arts prevail'd;
He wrought the Senate to a partial Vote,
That *Cæsar* from his Charge should be recall'd,
And glorious *Pompey* in his Pow'rs confirm'd.
And to give greater Lustre to his Honours,
They robb'd my Conquests of their due Demands;
Nor Triumph, nor a Province, was assign'd me.

Acho. *Rome* to her Generals ever had been grateful.
This look'd, indeed, as if she fear'd her *Pompey*.

Cæs. On this I paus'd:— And to assert my Right,
By their own Tribunes sent my Grievances,
With gentle Terms of Peace, and due Submission;
Their haughty Consuls, in Contempt of *Cæsar*,
And of those Laws that make the Tribunes Sacred,
Drove them with Violence from out the Senate:
And, at the Hazard of their Lives, from *Rome*:
Then call'd forth *Pompey* to oppose me. Him,
Because she fear'd, *Rome* chose her General;
And Her, because I knew not Fear, my Arms
Defy'd. --- I pass'd the *Rubicon*, --- She trembled!
Pharsalia, since, has prov'd which Gen'ral's Sword
Might better have advanc'd her Glory. --- *Cato*,
'Tis known, no less oppos'd the Power of *Pompey*;
Or if his Virtues since have join'd his Cause,
'Twas that he thought, since one must be her
Master,

Rome wou'd have gentler Chains from *Pompey's* Nature.

This --- *Cæsar* dares deny; and Time shall prove.
If *Cæsar*, then, is question'd why his Arms
Oppose the Virtues he admits in *Cato*,
Or why he makes them not his Practice? *Cæsar*
Replies, --- He will, --- but will first have Power:

When

CÆSAR in Ægypt. 41

When that, like Fate, is uncontestable,
 Then *Cato's* Lectures shall give Laws to *Cæsar*.
Acho. Cæsar, the Gods, alone, can read the Heart :
 Thy Words, 'tis true, confirm me to revere
 Thy Virtues; Heav'n best knows their secret Motive.
 On this depend; — the Merits of thy Cause
 Will prove, at last, the Measure of thy Fate.
Cæs. When Fate shall call him, *Cæsar* is prepar'd.

Enter Decius.

Now, my *Decius* ! why wear thy Looks this Sadness ?

Dec. When *Roman* Matrons wear the Chains of
 War,

What *Roman* Bosom but regrets the Triumph ?
 Never did *Pompey's* Fate, as now, affect me !
 Pardon then, *Cæsar* ! if my Sighs inform thee,
 The fair distress'd *Cornelia* is thy Captive.

Cæs. Cornelia ! ha ! thy Sighs become thee, *Decius*.

Dec. The tell *Septimius*, who pursu'd her Flight,
 Demanding, at the Port, immediate Entrance,
 To lead his boasted Captive on to *Cæsar* :
 I thought a *Roman* Matron's Bonds unfit
 To grace the Vaunting of a *Roman* Traytor !
 And therefore stopp'd his Triumph with a Guard,
 'Till *Cæsar's* further Pleasure might be known.

Cæs. Cæsar shall thank thee, *Decius* ! and himself
 Will make his Pleasure to *Septimius* known.
 But haste ! conduct us to this Fair Distress.

When *Roman* Virtue is oppress'd by Fate,
 'Tis meet the Victor on the Vanquish'd wait.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, *An Apartment near the Port.*

*Cornelia bound. Septimius speaking to the Roman
 Guards.*

Sept. Why loiters thus your busy Officer ?
 Is this fit Treatment for the Friends of *Cæsar* ?

Wart

Was't not this Arm, that gave him, at a Blow,
The Head, that fam'd *Pharsalia* cou'd not reach?
Must we, that bring him Captives to compleat
His Conquest, wait, like Suitors, to present them?
Mistaken *Decius* may repent this Insult!

I'll take no Thanks, 'till *Caesar* has reveng'd it.

Corn. Mistaken Murderer! talk'st thou of Vengeance,
For any Treatment, that insults thy Crime?
Caesar, tho' steep'd in Blood, abhors th' Assassin!
His Arms, tho' Impious, strike no Coward Blows!
Shall Murder claim the Wreaths of Conquest?
If *Caesar's* Cause provok'd thy Hate to *Pompey*;
Why, like a Soldier, fought'st thou not in Battle,
Where arm'd, where Sword to Sword thou might'st
have charg'd him?

There had his Wounds, at least, confest thee Brave,
And *Caesar*, then, without a Blush had grac'd thee.
But as thou art detestable to Man,
'Tis some Asswagement of *Cornelia's* Woe,
That even the Foes of *Pompey* must avenge him.

Sept. Enjoy thy empty Notions of Dishonour!
Decisive Blows, in spite of Railers, have
Their Merit. *Caesar* knows the Use of Valour:
And, for great Actions, must have Hands intrepid.

Corn. Why did I waste my Breath on Infamy!
But frantick Sorrow to the Winds will talk! [*Apart.*]

Enter Cæsar, Decius, and Attendants.

Sept. Most mighty *Caesar*! ere my Tongue pre-
sumes——

Cæs. *Caesar* disdains to hear——thy Deeds have
spoke thee!

Decius, disarm! and see him closely guarded,
'Till injur'd Dignity pronounce his Doom!

Cornelia's Bonds deform the Pride of War!

These are not *Roman*, but *Ægyptian* Fetters.

The Virtuous never wear the Chains of *Caesar*.

[*Cæsar releases her. Septimius is bound and led off.*

Corn.

CÆSAR in Ægypt. 43

Corn. O *Cæsar*! had'st thou conquer'd thus for
Rome,

How greatly might this Grace of Power become thee!
But while thy Sword is drawn against her Laws;
O'er every *Roman*, whom thy Arms distress,
Such specious Comfort is injurious Insult!
Cornelia cannot thank thee, for her Woes!
If by some publick Crime I have deserv'd them,
Whence then this Pity? If I'm Innocent,
Let *Cæsar* name the Power, that dares t' inflict them?

Cæs. When civil Discords to the Sword appeal,
From whatsoever Part the Wrong commences,
Neither can boast of Innocence in War!

Corn. Give up thy own, but spare the Fame of
Pompey!

What Senate own'd thy Cause?

Cæs. What Gods crown'd his?
But oh! what Gods, or Senate, cou'd defend
The Sword, that brings *Cornelia* to Affliction?

Corn. *Cæsar*, thou hurt'st me more by this Com-
passion,

Than all thy Terrors, in the Rage of War!
Yet boast not, Victor, of thy Sword's Success!
Cornelia's Fate has lost the Cause of *Rome*!
My cruel Destiny has fought for thee!
To that, a Victim fell my first Lord, *Crassus*!
By that, was *Pompey* vanquish'd, not by *Cæsar*!
Thou, but the Hand of Fate that follow'd me!
But that, th' inevitable Will of *Jove*
Had long prefix'd my Ruin, to thy Fortune,
The Liberty of *Rome* had scap'd thy Chains,
Nor had thy Impious Arms o'er *Pompey* triumph'd.

Cæs. Alas, we talk on too unequal Terms.
The gentlest Truth, that justifies my Arms,
Wou'd now appear a Triumph o'er *Cornelia*.

Corn. *Cæsar*, no! so impartial is my Heart,
Wert thou but Innocent, my Tears wou'd cease:
Had *Pompey's* Fate been Just, I might have born it!

But

But while we see thy fierce Ambition prosperous,
 And *Pompey's* Cause attended with his Blood,
 Mankind might think, that Heav'n it self were sack'd,
 That Dæmons had usurp'd immortal Power,
 Revers'd their Laws, and made Rebellion Virtue.

Cæs. Thus Virtue, when mis-led, becomes Injurious!
 Thou talk'st of *Cæsar*, as if *Rome* were blameless!
 As if her Senate had preserv'd her Free,
 Nor long since sold her Power to private Hands!
 While clam'rous Guilt, and specious Patriot Zeal,
 Wou'd cast on *Cæsar* the Reproach of Tyranny.
 As if my Wrongs, and Insults, after Service,
 Were not the Proofs of *Pompey's* Usurpation:
 Of his o'er-bearing their dependant Votes,
 To crush the Fortunes of rejected *Cæsar*,
 Whose only Sword cou'd bar his Way to Empire.

Corn. Thou dost defame him, *Cæsar*; he was true,
 Firm, and devoted to the Laws of *Rome*.

Cæs. O *Cornelia*! O! 'tis with Sighs I tell thee,
Pompey's Ambition shone thro' all his Arts!
 Even to Contempt of *Cæsar*, it inflam'd him.
 Had he receiv'd my Terms of Peace with Candor,
 These Desolations never had reproach'd us:
 Each had been Glorious in a private Life;
 Nor had *Cornelia's* widow'd Arms dplor'd him.

Corn. Provoking, gross Insinuation! Peace!
 Thou know'st thy Terms were offer'd as a Feint,
 T' amuse the Senate, and protract thy Sentence.

Cæs. That Feint shou'd have been prov'd: had I
 receded,
 Then had his Arms — But flatt'ring Fame deceiv'd
 him;

'Twas ev'n his common Boast, if he but stamp'd
 His Foot, what Legions, at the Sound, wou'd wait
 him!

Corn. Cou'd it be Boast, to think his Cause might
 call 'em?

Cæs. The Cause of *Cæsar* — wanted not its Numbers.

Corn.

CÆSAR in Ægypt. 45

Corn. When Violence and Rapine sound to Arms,
Bankrupts and Prodigals are warm for War.

Cæs. 'Tis granted. *Pompey's* Army was Superior.

Corn. Superior far in Virtue, not in Spoilers!
His Troops were cumber'd with the Sons of Peace,
Men train'd to civil Arts, to Laws, and Science!
Whom Place and Plenty had disus'd from Toil;
Unskill'd in War, yet, for their Birth-rights, *Romans!*
Souls that disdain'd their Bodies, when enslav'd;
And therefore left them, on *Pharsalia's* Plain,
To taint the Air with *Cæsar's* shameful Glory.

Cæs. When *Cæsar*, like the Senate, shall misuse
The Trust the Gods assign, let Gods forsake him.

Corn. *Cæsar*, some say thou hast a human Heart,
O'er private Sorrows melting to Compassion.

Cæs. I feel *Cornelia's* Woe, tho' she contemns
My Pity.

Corn. I retract the Pride: My Heart
Is humbled, *Cæsar*, while the general Woe
Thus bends me to thy Feet, with Tears for *Rome!*
Have pity on her Wounds! her Sighs! her Groans!
O yet relent! and Conquer with Compassion!
Compose the wailing World, and yield us Peace!
Thy tender Parent, *Rome*, is not Obdurate!
I know her, by my own remissive Heart!
In bare Imagination of the Joy,
It melts, forgets its private Grief, nor more
With *Pompey's* Ruin will upbraid thy Glory!
O! yet restore her Freedom! yet relieve her!
Here end thy Conquests! Conquer *Cæsar*, now!
And, like victorious *Sylla*, crown'd with Vengeance,
Resign that Power, which Gods nor Men cou'd
Shake.

Cæs. While Earth contains a *Roman*, that presumes
With Means coercive to reduce my Power,
All Thoughts of Peace are but inglorious Dreams.
Let *Julius* cease to be, or now be *Cæsar!*
Rome may detest, but cannot taint my Power!

What

What conquer'd *Roman* is not free to leave me ?
 What Enemy, when Captive, is not pardon'd ?
 What are the Marks of *Cæsar's* Tyranny ?
 But, O *Cornelia* ! spite of all my Boasts,
 Thy pale Calamities upbraid Success,
 And, like a chilling Frost, deface my Laurels !
Cæsar, at best, can but revenge thy *Pompey* !
 There shall thy Tears yet triumph o'er his Foes,
 And *Cæsar's* social Grief revere his Fame.
 But I detain thy Sorrows from Repose ;
 What Comforts *Ægypt* can supply, command :
Decius, see thou her State be equal to
 The *Roman* Matron's Dignity : her Friends,
 Her Followers, all receiv'd, like Friends of *Cæsar*.

[*Cæsar* retiring to the End of the Scene, meets *Antony*.
 They seem to talk apart, while *Cornelia* speaks.

Corn. Am I, ye Gods ! so fallen ! so greatly wretched !
 That he, who bears unmov'd the Groans of *Rome*,
 Can lend a Sigh to lost *Corne'ia's* Woe !
 Yet dares not She be thankful ? Rigid Fate !
 While *Cæsar* is the Foe of *Rome*, what great,
 What noble Virtues, am I doom'd to hate ?

[*Exit, led by Decius.*

Cæs. But what, my *Marcus*, cou'd so long detain
 thee ?

Ant. To *Cæsar* ever has my Heart been open :
 From thee, there's not a Frailty there conceal'd !
 Why was I chosen for this fatal Errand ?
 O ! I have drank my Ruin, at my Eyes !
 Deform'd my Faith, betray'd my Truth to *Cæsar* !
 From thee, as from a Conqueror, I came,
 Assur'd of Triumph, but return a Captive !
 Her tow'ring Charms at once o'erbore my Soul !
 I spoke for *Cæsar*, while I sigh'd for *Antony* !

Cæs. We, *Marcus*, will be ever Friends ! a Friend

[*Taking his Hand.*

Outweighs th' Indulgence of a short-liv'd Joy.
 Prove, that thy Sighs prevail'd upon her Heart,

And

And *Cæsar's* cancel'd Hope resigns to *Antony*.

Ant. This Bounty, *Cæsar*, binds me to the Truth.
Hope had I none, but what my Weakness form'd.
Pleading for thee, I trembled at Success;
While her advancing Smiles gave me Despair!
When, with thy Conquests, I adorn'd thy Flame,
A conscious Pleasure sparkled at her Eyes,
Unheedful of the Wretch, that burnt, before her.
If Love were criminal, Despair has punish'd it.

Cæs. Despair and Love ne'er vex the Soldier long!
Or Absence is a sure Relief — If not,
When *Cæsar* shall dispose of Provinces,
Ægypt may fall to *Antony* — 'till when —

Ant. May *Cæsar's* Fortunes lead him to his Wishes.

Cæs. Saw you my Orders, to confirm her Crown,
Obey'd?

Ant. During my Audience, *Ptolomey*
In State approaching, plac'd it on her Brow:
On which the Nobles offering to renew
Their Homage; " Yet a while, defer, She cry'd,
" This doubtful Duty — Ere I take my Crown,
" From *Cæsar* am I yet to know the Terms
" Of wearing it! my Brother boasted to
" Deserve it whole: *Cæsar* perhaps has wrong'd him!
Then darting her Disdain around, she pass'd
The Croud, and left them to their Dread, astonish'd.
What haughty Conflict labours in her Breast,
Her private Audience better will unfold.
But see, she comes! O *Cæsar*, guard thy Heart! [*Exit.*]

Enter Cleopatra, who having made lowly Reverence to
Cæsar, he gently approaches her.

Cæs. Fair Wonder of the Nile! this Grace to *Cæsar*,
What Service can deserve, what Toils repay?

Cleo. *Cæsar*, I come to undeceive thy Bounty!
A Crown restor'd, which Right, or Innocence,
Might claim, reflects its Lustre on the Donor:
But let not *Cleopatra's* Soul, by Fraud,

Or

Or vile Concealment of a Truth, receive it ;
Which might, if known, have undeserv'd the Favour.

Cæs. In what can Truth be *Cleopatra's* Foe ?

Cleo. By *Pompey's* Death, the Earth and Seas are *Cæsar's*.
But *Cleopatra*, had her Power prevail'd —

Cæs. Had sav'd my Rival, to dispute the Title. —

Cleo. The Charge is Just. And had not Spies prevented —

Cæs. 'Twas not in Spies, to intercept the Virtue !
That still retains its Merit, tho' abortive !

Cleo. Then *Cæsar* is the Heroe Fame proclaims him !
Now I revere the Grandeur I oppos'd !

My Crown, in Homage due to *Cæsar*, triumphs.

Cæs. If Homage shou'd to Dignity be paid,
Cæsar might, rightly, kneel to *Cleopatra*.

Her generous Concern, for *Pompey's* Fate,
Without the Interest her Charms might boast,
Alone had been assur'd of *Cæsar's* Service.

Cleo. Since *Cæsar* gives me Choice, that Service,
As to the nobler Motive, I ascribe to Virtue.

Cæs. Yet Beauty, if she please, may mend her
Choice !

Let us not rob the Needy, for the Great.
Love begs a little ! Virtue scorns Reward ;
Conscious of Duty, she content resigns
The Thanks, that Love with transport wou'd receive.

Cleo. No, in the Lover, *Cæsar* wou'd be lost !
Love wou'd deplume the Heroe, to the Swain,
And dress Ambition in a vulgar Merit.

Cæs. *Cæsar* might scorn, like other Men, to love !
But *Cleopatra's* Charms exalt her Slave,
And crown his Servitude, with Dignity.

Cleo. This is the Language of our menial Courtiers,
Who, when their Hearts are warm, despise our Thrones,
And find an Empire on a *Cynthia's* Bosom :
But *Cæsar's* loftier Views condemn the Frailty.

Cæs. A Soul so tow'ring, in a Form so fair,
As it might dart Despair to fighting Kings,

Gives

Gives the rough *Roman* emulous Desire.

Cleo. How wou'd such Softness suit with *Cæsar's* Laurels?

Cæs. Nor Gods, nor Men refuse the Flame of Love!
What is Ambition, if not crown'd by Beauty?
Can proud Preheminence, or vain Degree,
Lift up the Soul, to equal heights of Joy?
Can all our Pomp, our Glory, boundless Power!
To Punish or Reward, Revenge or Pardon?
To right the Injur'd, or restrain th' Oppressor?
To call forth Merit, from Obscurity,
And give its Rags to gawdy Sloth or Fraud?
To chase rebellious Kings? To crown th' Obedient?
To give, if possible, the World our Laws,
And even compel the Stubborn to be happy!
Can all these boasted Attributes of Power,
Be, in the Pride of doing well, rewarded?
In vain the Course by martial Speed is won,
If smiling *Venus* stands not at the Goal!
In vain, has Conquest led me round the Globe,
If in the richer Circle of this Zone
The Treasure of the Earth illudes my Toil.

Cleo. O *Cæsar*, *Cæsar*! cease these Flatteries!
Nor give my Heart a Prospect of Delight,
Which only *Latian* Beauties can enjoy!
Such Transports, there, to Merit might be due;
But our *Ægyptian* Dames are born too near
The glowing Sun, to boast of *Roman* Lustre!
What I might boast, too early Cares deface;
And, like an eating Canker, in the Bud,
Have broke the slender Promise of a Flower.
But were I Mistress of those real Charms,
Which *Cæsar's* lavish Fancy has created,
He'd find my Eyes, ambitious as his Arms!
My first of Love shou'd bless the first of Men!
Gods! how the glorious Image swells my Soul,
T' have distant Monarchs crowding to my Court,
And, at my Feet, their Suppliant Empires laid!

If, far behind the Throng, some dazling Brow,
 Circled with Lawrel, cast an awful Look;
 Shone o'er their Heads, and darkned their Pretensions!
 How wou'd my Transport, thro' the Press, make way,
 And dart, like *Venus*, to the Arms of *Mars*.
 While Crowns and Scepters, catching in my Robe,
 In vain shoud clog the Flight of my Ambition.

Cæs. Inchanting Vision! O! the *Mars*! thou Soul
 Of *Juno*, wrapt in *Cytherea*'s Form.

Cleo. Forgive these Sallies of a wand'ring Brain;
 The fancy'd Being is no more! tis lost!
 For me, the Gods have no such Heroe found!
 Unless my vanquish'd Heart --- might call him --- *Cæsar*!

Cæs. Be *Cæsar*, then --- the *Mars*, the Gods assign thee!
 O take me, Goddess, gently to thy Arms!
 There hide my Heart, and mould it to thy Wishes!
 By Heav'n! there's Magick in thy softning Eyes!
 So look'd *Idalian Venus* on the Swain,
 When, to her Charms, the golden Prize was giv'n.

Cleo. *Cæsar*, thou grow'st too fast upon my Heart!
 Spite of my Boast,

My vaunting wild Ambition, I retreat,
 I shrink, and tremble at thy Power! defend me!
 Spare me! speak! for I cou'd hear thee talk for ever!

Cæs. Is this a time for Words! when blazing Charms,
 Like glittering Swords, in War, provoke the Charge!
 Come forth, thou fair Defiance, to the Field
 Of Love, and prove the Prowess of thy Beauty!

Hence, to some secret verdant Bower remove,
 By Art or Nature form'd for blissful Love;
 There wanton *Cupids* round thy Couch shall fly,
 And kindling Flames, for ev'ry Charm supply.
 There shall, compleat, the Wreaths of *Cæsar* be,
 And crown his Conquest of the World in thee!





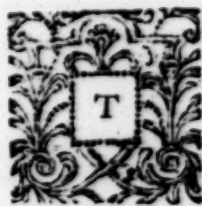
CÆSAR in ÆGYPT.

En altera venit
Victima nobilior: placemus cæde secunda
Hesperias gentes: jugulus mihi Cæsaris haustus
Hoc præstare potest, Pompeii cæde nocentes
Ut populus Romanus amet—— Lucan. lib. 10.

ACT IV.

PTOLOMEY, ACHOREUS.

PTOLOMEY.



ALK not of Comfort, to a Wretch
 forlorn!

My Right, my Hopes of Empire have
 their Period!

My haughty Sister, in her Charms
 triumphant,

Now moulds the Heart of *Cæsar*, to my Ruin!
 Her Vengeance, like a whirling Edd^y, draws
 Me headlong down, ingulph'd, to rise no more!
 While *Cæsar's* conscious Tyranny enjoys
 The Fruit of my Ingratitude to *Pompey*;
 Yet swells his Fame, with Insults for the Service.

Acho. Yet Sir, be calm; impartially reflect
 On *Cæsar's* Conduct: you upbraid him now,

That in Resentment he regards his Glory :
 When was it known he made it not his Idol ?
 To hope his Friendship from the Blood of *Pompey*,
 Was mixing *Cæsar* in the Herd of Men !
 But since the awful Gods distinguish him
 With a superior Sway, to bow Mankind
 Beneath their uncontestable Decrees ;
 Think it their Will, and make Obedience Virtue.

Ptol. Can I then yield up, to his Rage, my Friends,
 For due Obedience to their Sovereign's Will ?

Acho. Cou'd you abandon *Pompey* ! such a Friend !
 And perish, to protect his Murtherers ?
 Is *Cæsar* to be gain'd, by farther Errors ?

Ptol. What Course, in these Extremities, can help
 me ?

This *Cæsar* chafes me, like the hunted Lyon !
 The more I struggle in the Toil, the more
 I'm bound, girded, self-tangled, in his Power.

Acho. Ev'n, at the worst, Sir, safer are you there,
 Than in those Hands that led you to the Toil :
 Might I be heard ———

Ptol. O ! had I never heard
 But thee, these Miseries had ne'er befallen ;
 Then *Cæsar*'s Honour had been here my Guard !
 Nor had the Guilt of *Pompey*'s Blood pursu'd me !
 O ! venerable Sage ! yet help thy Prince !
 Assist me ! save me, from this nodding Ruin !
 And, with thy wholesom Counsels, heal my Heart.

Acho. Alas ! my Prince, what's left, admits no
 Choice ;

Those Counsellors, that shook, must save your Crown !
 They, or their Master, must be *Pompey*'s Victim !
 Without a Murmur then, to *Cæsar* yield them.
 The Argument they urg'd for *Pompey*'s Fate,
 Now holds against themselves, Necessity !
 If there be room for Mercy, may they find it !
Cæsar, appris'd that I declar'd for *Pompey*,
 Holds me in some degree of Trust and Favour.

If then a Punishment, on this side Death,
May satisfy their Crime, my self will beg
The Mitigation, for my Prince's Honour.

Ptol. The Virtues of *Achoreus* shall redeem it.

Acto. See Sir! *Photinus*, and *Achillas*, come,
With downward Eyes, foreseeing what must fall!
Ill it befits *Achoreus* to insult
The Grief, which Virtue warns me not to comfort.
Permit me to retire — Now, Sir, exert
The King! be faithful to your self, and reign! [*Exit.*]

Enter Photinus and Achillas.

Ptol. Why am I driv'n to these Indignities?
Why yield you not your selves to *Cæsar's* Mercy?
Or, must I send you bound, like Criminals?
And come my self, in Evidence against you?
If in your Hearts there liv'd that Truth you boast,
When you perceiv'd his Rage at *Pompey's* Fate,
Why slept you not undaunted forth, like Men,
To claim your Share of Glory, in the Deed?
But basely left your Prince deserted, lost,
To stand, alone, the Shock of his Reproaches?

Achil. If *Ptolomey* disdains to be himself
Our Judge, we scorn to kneel for *Cæsar's* Mercy.

Phst. Nor came we, Sir, to justify our Errors;
The Infirmary of Nature; we confess them;
Cæsar's Vain-glory has deceiv'd our Hopes!
But if, for *Pompey's* Fate, our Blood must answer,
Our Sovereign's Will, not *Cæsar*, shall condemn us.
Your Victims, Sir, shall be themselves your Priests,
And pierce these honest Hearts that fail'd to serve you;

Achil. *Septimius'* Hand has taught us how to die!

Ptol. *Septimius!* ha!

Achil. Yes Sir, the Insolence
Of *Cæsar*, like a Roman, he resented!
When, to compleat his late *Pharsalian* Conquest,
He brought *Cornelia* Captive, to his Presence,
The Tyrant's Pride disdain'd to give him Audience;

And, in the Bonds his Prisoner wore, confin'd him:
 'The Sting of which Disgrace so swell'd his Heart,
 'That the same Dagger he employ'd on *Pompey*,
 In his own Breast he plung'd, in scorn of *Cæsar*.

Phot. The noble, *Roman*, Soul!

Ptol. *Septimius* dead!

Achil. I saw him, on the Pavement, stiff and breath-
 less.

Phot. Now what's this mighty Tyrant's outside
 Greatness?

That storms at your Ingratitude to *Pompey*;
 And while he reaps the Profit of your Crime,
 Yet stiles his Treatment of *Septimius*, Virtue!
 That daring Hand, that gave his Pride the World.
 But all is of a-piece! Not Crowns escape him!
 The Sov'reign Lord of *Ægypt* is his Slave,
 And, in his sight, must crouch, and lowly bend
 To watch th' imperious Bidding of his Eye!
 Must give up all, his Friends, his Empire, Honour,
 The yet untainted Honours of his Race,
 A royal Sister's violated Fame,
 To glut the Riots of his pamper'd Power.

Ptol. Said'st thou my Sister! — born for my Un-
 doing!

Phot. This Night, devoted to voluptuous Love,
 These Paramours, like Deities, have revell'd,
 In all the Luxuries of sensual Joy!
 The Scene selected, for their amorous Rites,
 Is now that Bower, she terms the *Paphian* Court,
 Herself the *Venus* there! the ambient Lake,
 Which from a thousand gurgling Fountains flows,
 A stately Train of silver Swans surround,
 Like naval Scouts to guard their Citadel!
 A signal Streamer, from the Window wav'd,
 Raises or falls the golden Drawbridge down,
 To pass or to exclude attendant Slaves,
 As Solitude incites, or cloy's Desire:
 A-down the distant Vale, in Order rang'd,

Silken

Silken Pavilions form the Camp of *Cupid*!
 Where new Delights for every Sense are stor'd.
 Their Banquets beggar *Ægypt* to supply;
 As if they meant to waste that World he'd conquer'd.

Now Bands of mimick Maskers, light-heel'd *Gauls*,
 Melodious Virgins, or the warbling Eunuch,
 Beguile the languid Intervals of Love!

To soft enervate Sounds, their Souls dissolve,
 As Fame and Virtue were the Scorn of Greatness.

Ptol. Discordant Thunder drown their Harmony,
 And forked Lightnings rivet their Embraces!

Phot. Methinks I see her, in her am'rous Dalliance,
 Wanton, and toying with the Fate of *Ægypt*.

Ptol. Villain! how dar'st thou rack me with these
 Horrors?

Unable to avoid, or to revenge them.

Phot. 'Tis therefore to your View, Sir, I present
 them!

To give your Vengeance Choice, on whom to fall!
 Whether on us, whose Arms wou'd set you free,
 Or on this wasteful Tyrant, that enslaves you?

Ptol. What vaunting Project brooding in thy Brain,
 To save thy self, wou'd plunge thy Prince in Ruin?

Phot. If, Sir, our Lives can your lost Crown retrieve,

Take them! and bury, with our Bones, the Secret.

Achil. But if our Prince dares urge us to the Proof,
 These Hands, that have endanger'd, shall preserve him.

Ptol. So confident! unfold this Mystery.

Phot. The Moment, that I read, in *Cæsar's* Rage,
 For *Pompey's* Death, the lowering Fate of *Ægypt*;
 Conscious, that open Force were vain t' oppose him;
 I gave *Achilles* Orders to detain,

Conceal'd within our Walls some chosen Troops,
 That might, in our Distress, revenge our Chains:

Cæsar returns, this Evening, to the Palace:

But knows not, that a subterraneous Vault,

Beneath this Town, whose Entrance we command,
May bring your Vengeance to his Doors, and at
A Blow---give Ægypt, and the World Repose.

Ptol. Now by the injur'd Majesty of Kings!
The Vision wakes my Soul! bright Vengeance dawns!
O! for a Moment of resistless Ruin,
To crush the Head of this enormous Tyrant!
Gods! 'twere too much! the Thought o'erbears my
Soul!

Ev'n *Pompey's* Head, by *Cæsar's*, were atton'd,
And *Rome* wou'd owe her Liberty to Ægypt!

Achil. Nay more, the conquer'd World, to *Ptolomey*!

Phot. Howe'er her Senate favour'd *Pompey's* Arms,
Yet his Success had been, as *Cæsar's* dreadful!
Pompey preserv'd had been her equal Master:
But both destroy'd, secures her Friendship,
Confirms her Freedom, and your Fame immortal.

Ptol. But oh! my Friends, in vain is all this Ardour,
Unless our Hopes were sure of Execution!
The secret Passage I approve, but while
Surrounded by his Guards, how may our Force,
Without Alarm, or Chance of his Escape,
Approach him? failing of our Blow, we perish.

Achil. That, Sir, by Hands who have Access, shall
reach him.

Some daring Spirits, in *Cornelia's* Train,
Impatient to preserve the *Roman* Laws,
Already have embrac'd our Enterprize.

Phot. When next the Tyrant deigns to give them
Audience,

(Which oft, with Smiles imperious, he allows,)
Then sure and sudden shall the Blow be giv'n!
When on a Signal, from the dreadful Vault,
Bursting like Thunder, shall our Troops rush forth,
And e'en defy his guardian Gods to save him.

Ptol. O thou hast fir'd my Soul, with vengeful
Triumph!

Isis! Osiris! Pharian Gods ador'd,

Incline

Incline this Day propitious to our Vows!
 How glorious will your sacred Altars blaze,
 When such a Victim to your Vengeance bleeds!
 What Terrors must this Waster of the World
 Dismay, when from the teeming Earth, Revenge,
 And meagre Death, impetuous shall assail him?

So when the prouling Wolf, on *Ætna's* Vale
 Thirsting for Blood, o'erleaps the Rural Pale,
 High o'er his Head the dreadful Mountain roars,
 In Streams erect the spouted Sulphur soars,
 And boiling to the Plain a blazing Torrent pours.
 In vain the Savage from the Ruin turns,
 But ere he dreads his Fate, amidst the Deluge burns.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE opening to the Bower, &c.

Cæsar and Cleopatra appear sitting at a Banquet, attended all by Women. Cæsar attentively reading Letters.

Cleo. *Cæsar*, these last Expresses have disturb'd you,
 Shall we walk forth? or ride? or sail the Nile?

Perhaps this Cell's too gloomy; shall we change it?

Cæf. The Place might charm a Deity: but while
 Those smiling Eyes, with such a soft Concern,
 Pour forth their quick'ning Glances to my Heart,
 Immortal Pow'rs might change their Heav'n with
Cæsar.

Cleo. *Cæsar*, howe'er this Flattery charms my Ear,
 My Sense is not so lull'd, but that I saw
 You read those Letters, with a pensive Eye!
 Why were they suffer'd to invade you here?
 Was this a place, for Bus'ness to intrude?

Cæf. 'Twas your Command, my Queen, I shou'd
 peruse them.

Cleo. 'Twas that my Heart, then, cou'd refuse you
 nothing.

I'll know this Secret, *Cæsar*, that affects you.

C 5.

Cæf.

58 CÆSAR in Ægypt.

Cæs. Away, you jealous one! there! tire your Patience.
[Gives her the Letters.]

Cleo. My Jealousy is cur'd! nor wanted I
To search the Secrets, but the Heart of *Cæsar*.
Since you permit me, I no more am curious.

[Gives back the Letters.]

Cæs. If I seem'd pensive, 'twas the Lover's Fear;
The Fear of being torn from *Cleopatra*.

Cleo. Nay, then I am concern'd, to know the Cause.

Cæs. The restless World, I find, envious of *Cæsar*,
Resolves to spin Resistance to the last.

These Letters, from *Achaia*, bring me Word,
That *Scipio*, *Appius*, *Juba*, lately join'd,
Have call'd on *Cato*, to command their Forces;
Who from *Corcyra*, since, has put to Sea,
To head the Contest, and revenge *Pharsalia*.

Cleo. Alas, vain Men! have they not try'd their
Cæsar?

Since they prefer their Ruin, to Submission,
'Tis but to March! to Meet them! and to Conquer!

Cæs. How soon, that March, from *Ægypt* might re-
call me,

Was what o'ercast my Thoughts, for *Cleopatra*.

Cleo. As *Cæsar's* Fame, in Arms, first warm'd her
Heart,

So what supports his Glory, feeds her Flame!
But vacant Moments shou'd indulge Desire!

Cæs. O cease, thou soft'ning Syren, thus to chant!
Lest, while I gaze, and listen to thy Voice,
I bury, in those Arms, the *Cæsar* that subdu'd thee!

Cleo. What is this secret Charm, in martial Men,
That more than others, finds our Sex so easie?

Cæs. The Brave, and Fair, methinks, become the
Passion.

Cleo. And yet they tell me, *Cæsar*, once you lov'd
An *Ethiopian* Queen! was it her Crown that charm'd you?
How cou'd you bear a *Demon* in your Arms?

Cæs. She serv'd sometimes to kill the Soldier's Care,
And

And guarded Nature, from the Chains of Beauty.
Soldiers but ill obey their fighting Leader!

Cleo. Yet *Antony* has led victorious Legions,
Tho' he now sends successless Sighs to Love.

Cas. For whom? successless Sighs! impossible!

Cleo. Indeed, I fear me, *Cesar*, he's thy Rival,
For while I gave him Audience, his Confusion---

Cas. Was what became the Softness of his Errand.

Cleo. If he were guilty, you cou'd pardon----

Cas. Pardon!

Were it his Crime that *Cleopatra's* fair?

Shou'd I condemn him, that he thought like me?

Were not his Passion justify'd by *Cesar's*?

Cleo. *Cesar*, I love you not, you're all Ambition!
How can you love, so free from Jealousy?

Cas. Why shou'd I either doubt my Friend, or
wrong

My *Cleopatra*? where I love; I trust!

A gen'rous Flame's the Vigour of the Soul!

But shamefac'd Jealousy is mean Desire!

Where once Suspicion enters, *Cesar's* Love

Must leave the Banquet to the next invited!

But why these needless Wiles, to alarm

A Heart too willing of itself to yield?

Cleo. Forgive me, *Julius*! if a Heart, like mine,
Thinks Art a Duty, to insure its Wishes!

Can I be too secure---I don't complain!

No! when I've Cause, my Sufferings shall be silent,

Cas. Thou Soul of Love----

Cleo. Let us have Musick, *Cesar*.

A pleasing Sadness hangs upon my Heart,

Which I, methinks, wou'd sooth with Harmony.

Cas. Indulge the Softness, and inflame thy *Cesar*!

O *Rome*, thy Envy of my Fortune, now,

Were just! reproach me! hate me! style me Tyrant!

Let *Cato* rail, but thus let *Cesar* triumph!

[Embraces her.]

[A Trumpet is heard at a distance.]

(12)

Cleo. Whence that unbidden Sound ? Look forth,
my *Charmion*. [Exit *Charmion*.

Cæs. A Trumpet ! here !—can call on none but
Cæsar.

Cleo. A thousand various Apprehensions shake me :
Some Rashness of the King, t'assert his Power !

Cæs. Fear not, my Queen, while *Cæsar* is thy Guard.
Re-enter *Charmion*.

Cl. o. Now ! th' Occasion.

Charm. Madam, 'tis *Antony*.

With earnest Voice he hollows o'er the Lake,
For Speech with *Cæsar*.

Cleo. *Antony* !

Cæs. Your Leave,
My Queen, for his Admittance.

Cleo. At *Cæsar*'s Pleasure.

But let not me be present to his Audience.

Cæs. Think you, I fear, to trust your Interview ?

Cleo. Cou'd it oblige my *Cæsar*, I might stay.
But in my Sense, 'twere kinder to retire.

[*Cæsar* leads her forth, and returns.

Cæs. I like not this Alarm—Some new Disorder !
I've been remiss-- but 'tis the Life of *Cæsar*,
To struggle with Annoyance.

Enter *Antony*.

Now, the News !

I read it, *Marcus*, in thy Looks, unwelcome !

No matter, speak it whole, nor spare thy Terrors.

Ant. *Cæsar*, be now thy self ! the Terror's new !
The Captains of thy Legions mutiny.

Cæs. They must be quell'd ! Proceed ! their Grievances.

Give me the Terms of Insolence, that spoke them ?

Ant. Tho' of themselves, too prompt to murmur, at

Their Toils, while *Cæsar* revels out the War !
I fear the gen'rous Freedom you've allow'd

CÆSAR in Ægypt. 61

Cornelia's Followers, has inflam'd the Tumult!
In friendly Bowls they mingle, with our Chiefs;
Where Sons with Sires, Brothers with Brothers
meeting,

Rush into former Fondness! Foes no more!
Remorse, and Shame of mutual Guilt, subdues 'em.
Now loud they curse the Rashness of their Cause,
Renounce their Hatred, and embrace in Love.
Swear, they, no more, will aggravate their Crime;
Nor glut, with *Roman* Blood, one Man's Ambition.
Peace they resolve! and as they're *Romans* born,
Are free, and have as ample Right to end,
As *Cæsar* to commence the War.

Cæs. My Patience!

Has Conquest then so pamper'd them! so high,
In jauncing Pride, that they disdain their Rider?

Ant. Nor, came they hither (thus they talk) to quell
Ægyptian Jars; nor, for a Wanton's Lip,
To prostitute the Terror of their Arms.

Cæs. Where, *Marcus*, may I face this bellowing
Herd?

That, like the Lion, *Cæsar* may disperse them.

Ant. I left them swarming in the Palace Court,
Where *Decius*, to prevent the spreading Flame,
Holds them in Parley, while I made speed to *Cæsar*.

Cæs. 'Tis well; they shall be Judges of their Ge-
neral!

It must be so! No time for cool Resolves!
The Cure must, like the Malady, be desperate!
But, *Cleopatra*---No!---Staying, to part,
Might let the Torrent swell, to part us ever!
Besfriend me, *Marcus*, in this Exigence;
Wait thou the Queen, inform her what has chanc'd,
Tell her, what dire Convulsions tore me hence,
But that I left my Friend, my dearer half,
To swage her Fears, and mitigate my Parting. [*Exit.*

Ant. What pleasing Terrors fill, at once, my Soul!
What Solitude! what Scenes of soft Retirement!

The

The Place infuses languishing Desire!
 The Fair alone, and pensive! *Antony*
 Commission'd, as a Friend, to sooth her Fears,
 To pour out all my full Benevolence
 Of Heart, to calm her Sighs for *Cæsar's* Absence!
 Tumultuous Joy! --- But oh! the torturing Task!
 How, in the Friend, shall I conceal the Lover?
 How, for my Rival, can I plead sincere?
 When my own Sufferings want her softer Pity?
 Why hast thou bound me, *Cæsar*, by thy Trust,
 To lose this Crisis of complaining Love?
 Thy happier Stars, thy Pow'r, thy Conquests, Fame,
 Have strew'd thy Way with Roses, to her Arms!
 But what, alas! can lift my Hopes so high?
 My Laurels sprout but from the Root of *Cæsar*;
 Obscure, and shaded, by his loftier Boughs:
 Despairing *Antony*, at best, but brings
 A bleeding Heart, more passionately fond,
 Yet that, forbid, by Honour, to complain.

Enter Cleopatra.

Cleo. So soon Dispatcht, my *Cæsar*! *Antony*!

[*Surpriz'd.*

Ant. Receives this Honour, by the Leave of *Cæsar*.

Cleo. My trembling Heart! What wou'd thy Fears
 suggest?

The Leave of *Cæsar*! did you ask it?

Ant. No!

Cleo. Did he impose it? say! or did he think
 The Bounty greater, to prevent Entreaty?
 Why has his Absence thus insulted me!
 That from another's Mouth, I must receive,
 What *Cæsar's* Will decrees of *Cleopatra*!

Ant. Could you be calm, you'd find his anxious
 Love----

Cleo. Talk not of Love! his Heart is all Ambition!
 Beauty has only Charms, for useless Hours!
 But the lov'd Idol of his Soul is Power!
 To that, as to his Deity ador'd,

He

CÆSAR in Ægypt. 63

He kneels, and thinks no Vows but those are sacred!

Ant. Had you been Witness of his Pain to part,
How his conflicting Soul for *Cleopatra*-----

Cleo. Why staid he not himself, to satisfy
My Heart? can mine be eas'd by Deputation?
Assign'd, like irksome Bus'ness, to a Proxy?
Ev'n Bus'ness is preferr'd to *Cleopatra*!
Has Wedlock bound me tame to his Obedience,
Thankful to wait his Leisure of Desire?
Have I not scorn'd all Pomp of bridal Honours?
Deaf to the distant Sighs of *Asia's* Kings,
To make my Heart a Present worthy *Cæsar*?
Yet came I free, and spotless to his Arms,
Unclogg'd with languid Laws of Happiness.
And can I bear this cold prudential Flame,
That when his Int'rest calls, obsequious flies,
Calm to my Love, regardless of my Peace?

Ant. Am I forbid to vindicate his Love?

Cleo. O, had he ever lov'd, he wou'd have thought
The worst of Tortures Bliss, to silent Parting.

Ant. Has *Antony* offended *Cleopatra*?

Is *Cæsar's* Love, from ought I've said, suspected?
Name but wherein, and execute his Vengeance!
Here with this Dagger wreak it on my Heart!
For I dare die, to prove the Faith of *Cæsar*.

Cleo. Forgive these Sallies of a Heart alarm'd;
Too fond and faithful, for its own Repose!
I have offended you! Passion uncurb'd
In Presence of the Innocent, is Insult:
If I am not unworthy of your Pardon,
Be kind, and dissipate my Doubts of *Cæsar*.

Ant. Ye Gods! how great! how soft her Disposition!
[*Apart.*

Cleo. What dire Mischance cou'd force him thus
away?

Ant. His Life! his Glory! Love! were all at stake!
From Causes, now, too tedious to relate,
His menacing Centurions mutiny!

Flash'd

Flush'd with Success, and vain of Services,
 They call their General to account his Conquests!
 Had he not timely flown, to quench the Flame,
 The Ruin might, ere this, have reach'd him here.
 He knew, that parting Love counts Hours but Moments-----

And therefore seiz'd that Moment to preserve you.

Cleo. How are we sure he may suppress this Tumult?

Ant. Banish your Fears! leave *Cæsar* to his Fortune!

His Genius never, at his Need, forsakes him:
 This Cloud will pass; let but his View confront them,
 His piercing Eye, like the *Gorgonian* Shield,
 Shall turn this big-mouth'd Monster into Stone!
 Then when like *Perseus* he returns, in Triumph,
 Preserv'd *Andromeda* shall clasp the Heroe.

Cleo. You Romans want not Wiles of Adulation!
 You sooth and play, like Wishes with our Hearts!
 When I'm in fault to *Cæsar*, plead for me.
 The Tongue of *Antony* were sure to gain him!
 Had our *Ægyptian* Court, in all its Pride,
 The Nymph, that of his Heart might boast her Conquest,

My Pow'r might then reward his Faith to *Cæsar*.

Ant. *Ægypt* has found the Face--but *Antony*
 Has on himself impos'd Despair! the Space
 Betwixt his Heart and Hope---is Earth from Heav'n!
 Nor can my Sighs reproach her Cruelty,
 Who knowing not her Pow'r, is innocent.
 While in my Breast the Anguish I retain,
 Enduring Virtue triumphs in the Pain,
 The Sighs of Honour are not Sighs in vain.
 But shou'd my Falshood once reveal my Care,
 To ask her Pity might deserve Despair.
 When by her Eyes enflam'd, upon my Tongue,
 Burning to speak, my secret Pangs have hung,

My

My Conscious Honour then regain'd the Day,
And bore me guiltless, from her Charms, away [*Exit.*

Cleo. O *Antony*! had *Caesar* not been *Caesar*,
A Heart like thine had taught me gentler Passion.
But Thirst of Empire seizing on my Soul,
Has drove me down the Stream of fierce Ambition.
Why did I dally with his gen'rous Flame?

Searching the Wound, I never meant to cure?

But Beauty wild with Pow'ër, delights to reign
O'er Hearts victorious, and enjoys their Pain;
And yet how greater far the glorious Lore,
'To keep one Heart of Merit in our Pow'r,
Than making thousands from the Crowd, adore? }
Be my sole Triumph, but of *Caesar* sure,
My envy'd Fame shall with his conquer'd World
endure.





CÆSAR in ÆGYPT.

*Quem non ille Ducem potuit terrere tumultus?
Fata sed in præceps solitus dimittere Cæsar,
Fortunamque suam per summa pericula gaudens,
Exercere, venit: nec, dum desæviat ira,
Exspectat: medios properat tentare furores.*

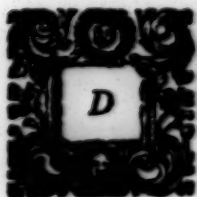
Lucan. lib. 5.

ACT V.

SCENE, *The Palace-Court.*

DECIUS, *with several CENTURIONS and
Inferior Officers of CÆSAR's in Mutiny.*

1 CENTURION.



DECIUS, away! in vain wou'd Words
appease us!

Our Civil War, or *Cæsar*, is no more.

Dec. Is *Cæsar*, in one Day, your Enemy?

2 *Cent.* 'Tis time, that *Romans* shou'd
with *Rome* be Friends.

1 *Cent.* Have we not spent our Lives, in *Cæsar's*
Service?

Dec. And wou'd you basely close 'em with his
Ruin?

1 *Cent.* We see no End of his insatiate Arms.

Have

Have we not scatter'd ev'ry Region round us
With *Roman* Bones, now whitening to the Sun?
And what have the Survivors gain'd, but War?
More Blood and War is all the Hope that's left us.
We are determin'd! on, to *Cæsar*! forward!

Dec. Yet stay your Madness! think of milder Measures!

Temper may bring him willing to your Wishes.

1 Cen. Behold these hoary Heads, that bend beneath

Their Helmets, and are blanch'd in *Cæsar*'s Wars!
These wither'd Hands, that feebly grasp their Jav'lines!
Harmless as rural Crooks, meer Staffs for Age!
Is War supportable to Life, like this!

Is it not time to let Diseases end us?
Have not our Toils, at least, deserv'd an Urn?
Or that our wailing Friends might close our Eyes?

Still shall we leave our mangled Carcases
Unbury'd, to manure the Earth, for *Cæsar*?

Or knows he not the Strength, that yet is left us,
Might, by one Stroke, secure the Peace of *Rome*?
And, with his Head, repay the plunder'd World?

Dec. So obstinate! be on your selves your Fate!
He comes, the dauntless, and the dreadful *Cæsar*!

Enter Cæsar with a Javelin.

Cæs. Who are these lordly Sires of Civil Power,
That summon *Cæsar* to their bold Tribunal?
That, tir'd with Toil, would talk Mankind to Rest,
Restrain the Valiant, and command their Leader?

1 Cen. Here, *Cæsar*, stands the Power that made thee Great!

Determine, now, to give Mankind Repose.

Cæs. Repose be thine! Command and Toil be *Cæsar*'s.

[Kills him.]

Who next advances to receive Dismission?
Ye noisy! turbulent! vain-glorious Rout!
Are you the Arbiters of *Cæsar*'s Cause?
Like Fate, to limit, or with-hold his Conquests?

Could

Cou'd you presume, that your poor Aid withdrawn,
 Wou'd leave his Standards naked in the Field?
 If *Pompey's* routed Cause, o'er burning Sands,
 Can draw such Numbers, to resume the War,
 Can *Cæsar's* Eagles droop, in full Success?
 Can the Victorious fail of worthier Hands,
 To bear our Trophies, and divided Spoil,
 To *Rome*? While you, inglorious in Repose,
 Are deafn'd with the Clangors of our Triumphs?
 Hence, from my Sight, ye murmur'ing heartless Herd!
 Ye undeservers of *Pharsalian* Honour!
 Such dastard Spirits are unfit to follow
 Where *Cæsar*, and his Fortune, leads the Brave.
 Hence, to your abject Homes! there pine in Corners!
 There waste your winking Lamps of Life away,
 And leave your General to be singly glorious!

Dec. O mighty *Cæsar*! see thy prostrate Bands
 Confus'd, and suppliant at thy Feet for Pardon!
 O calm thy dreadful Brow! thy *Decius* kneels!

[*They all throw themselves at Cæsar's Feet.*]

Convinc'd of what their Truth, by me, pronounces!
 Thy warlike Spirit has reviv'd their Flame!
 While they behold their Gen'ral's Breast thus fir'd,
 Thus blazing onward, in the Course of Glory,
 Their glowing Hearts imbibe the Martial Ardor,
 Forgetful of their Toils, or Wounds unheal'd,
Pharsalian Vigour swells their Streams of Life,
 And pants for Conquests, to retrieve their *Cæsar*.

Cæs. *Decius*, to thee, *Cæsar* consigns their Fate:
 Disperse them to their Posts: There, Man by Man,
 Examine to the Source of this Disorder:
 If Treason sprung it, or meer Martial Licence,
 Those who are sound in Heart, retain and pardon;
 The Factious and the Stubborn bear to Justice.---
 Yet stay--- If I mistake not in the Crowd,
 I see a Face, that has a Claim to Pardon! [abled!
 That's he!--- Soldier, come forth--- thou seem'st dis-

2 *Con.* *Cæsar*, I am: the Sinews of this Arm
 Are useless.

Cæs.

Cas. Thou wert wounded at *Pharsalia*?

2 Cen. Has *Cas*ar then forgot? when o'er the Head
Of *Brutus* there, this Arm was rais'd in Air,
Thy hasty Sword, to save him from the Blow,
Unstrung these Nerves, before his Fate cou'd reach him.

Cas. I remember --- what mov'd thee to this Tumult?

2 Cen. Resentment-of thy broken Promises.

Cas. If in my Course of Cares, thy Merit scap'd me,
Why sought'st thou not Occasion to remind me?

2 Cen. Because I found it easier to deserve,
Than ask Reward! which due from *Cas*ar too,
I thought secure; but felt my Arm forgotten,
And therefore rais'd this other to revenge it.

Cas. Thy Charge is Just, and turns thy Crime on
*Cas*ar;

Thy Bluntness speaks it but mistaken Virtue.
Give me thy Pardon, Soldier, for thy Wrong.

2 Cen. *Cas*ar, I lov'd thee ever, but was griev'd,
To think the Wound, my Gen'ral's Mercy gave,
Had only mark'd me to reproach his Honour.

Cas. *Decius*, this Instant let a Donative
Of ten great Attick Talents be his Meed!
And to supply the Wreath he might have torn
From *Brutus*' Head, to the first vacant Cohort
Be his Command preferr'd.

2 Cen. What Roman Heart
Beats not at *Cas*ar's Virtue?

Cas. If on Search,
Thou find'st, among these Numbers, Men whose Age
Has led them to the Verge of drooping Life,
Let Sums proportion'd to their Service be
Disburs'd, and Convoys order'd, to their Country.

Omnes. None, *Cas*ar, none! our Swords, our Lives
are *Cas*ar's.

Cas. Then *Cas*ar is again your Fellow-Soldier,
[*They Shout.*

For further Thanks, my *Veterans*, attend me.
Lead to the Palace.

Enter

Enter Cornelia.

Corn. Caesar, guard thy Life!

Cæs. Let Danger face me, and the Guard is present.

Corn. Revenge, and Treason, in these Walls, determin'd,

Lie lurking for thy Blood — the Moment that
Thou enter'st here, a thousand furious Daggers
Will clash their Points within thy Bosom! This
Contains the Plan, the Means, th' Accomplices!

[Gives a Schedule]

Cæs. Gods! am I rivall'd by *Cornelia's* Virtue!
O Roman Spirit! I t my Envy thank thee!

Corn. Thanks I refuse; thy Envy were my Glory!
This just Discovery to my self was due.

Without Conditions, therefore have I made it.
Yet I must own, one Life e'en Honour stands
Engag'd to ask; be that in *Caesar's* Breast.

Cæs. *Cornelia's* Honour, here, gives Laws to *Caesar*.

Corn. *Fulvius*, a faithful Servant in my Train,
(Whose Zeal impatient in the Cause of *Rome*,
Had rashly join'd him in this Enterprize,)
Reflecting how the Deed abortive might
Involve Great *Pompey's* Relict in the Ruin,
In duteous Confidence reveal'd the Secret;
'Twas thus *Cornelia's*, and from her, 'tis *Caesar's*!

Cæs. O *Pompey*! Envy not *Pharsalia's* Field!
Tho' *Caesar* conquer'd, thy *Cornelia* triumphs.

Corn. Yet think not, *Caesar*, that I've spar'd thy
Life,

To form a Friendship, where my Hate is due;
No, I preserv'd thee but to use thy Power,
In what I know thy Glory is concern'd,
To wreak thy Vengeance on my *Pompey's* Murderers!
That past; again, I give thee to the Sword,
A nobler Victim to the Laws of *Rome*.

Cæs. Each Moment of that Life, thou hast giv'n to
Cæs.,
Is lost, while *Pompey's* Vengeance is delay'd!

I gave thee Orders, *Decius*, to demand
Th' Assassins, and Advisers of his Fate.
Are they surrender'd?

Dec. Caesar, no! --- the King
Illudes thy Power: Ere his unwilling Search
Pursu'd them, we have Cause to think, he sent
His private Notice to advise their Flight.
Ev'n in th' *Ægyptian* Camp, they're now protected;
Where fierce in Menaces, they brave thy Vengeance.

Cæs. Brav'd by *Ægyptians*! let our Troops beform'd!
Pursue them, by a Trumpet! if refus'd,
Say, *Caesar*, by his Legions, will demand them.
Call from the Fleet our *Germans*, to inforce us!
This Scheme describes an Aqueduct, a Vault
Thro' which this Earthborn Treason is to speed.
Draw out five Cohorts, to secure the Streets,
And guard our Pioneers, while they dig through,
And with a Barrier Wall cut short their March;
Then, from the Sluices, drown them in the Cavern.
Cornelia! when this Treason is suppress'd,
Caesar will give due Order for thy Freedom,
With Convoys, to whatever Port, thy Friends,
Thy Hopes, or Fortune of thy Cause, shall call thee.

Corn. Caesar, in vain I leave this fatal Shore,
Unless Indulgent to my Woes, thou grant
One farther Boon.

Cæs. *Cornelia* might Command it.---

Corn. Of all the Trophies thy *Pharsalia* boasts,
Yield to my suppliant Sorrows, *Pompey's* Ashes.

Cæs. *Philip*, his faithful manumitted Slave,
Having preserv'd them, in too mean an Urn,
I therefore charg'd *Achoreus* to provide-----

Corn. 'Tis not the Casket gives the Treasure Value,
The meanest Urn is dignify'd by Tears!
The Bones of *Pompey* will adorn his Tomb.

Cæs. *Achoreus* with the mournful Object shall
Attend thee.----*Antony*!

Enter

Enter Antony.

Ant. Caesar, to Arms!

From the *Ægyptian* Camp, our Spies inform us,
That for some sudden, hostile Enterprize,
Their March is speeding onward to the City!
That fierce *Photinus*, and *Achillas'* Rage,
To save themselves, or to redeem their King
From *Roman* Power, have blown this Tempest up,
Determin'd on their own, or *Caesar's* Fate,
To stake the Chains, or Liberty of *Ægypt*.

Cas. Thy News has but confirm'd our earlier Notice.

Ant. O! I foresaw this Beauty wou'd be fatal!

Cas. Let *Marcus* then be warn'd by *Caesar's* Error!
[*Apart.*

The Time yet serves to mend it---now my *Veterans!*

2 *Gen.* Now, *Caesar*, we'll redeem our blasted Honour,

And guard thy Glories, from the Fate of *Pompey*.

Cas. Since to prevent, our Arms arriv'd too late,
Like *Romans* follow, and revenge his Fate.

[*Exit, cum suis.*

Corn. No, *Caesar*, to destroy thee, tho' 'twere Just,
Revenge is mean, when stain'd by Treachery!
Pharsalia, *Rome*, and *Pompey's* Blood, demand
An equal Desolation of thy Fame!

Ev'n at thy Legions Head, in open Field,
Where Conquest gave thee Usurpation! there!
There, to deplume thee of thy crested Glories!

When my Victorious Father, and the Sons
Of *Pompey*, may like echoing Hunters chase thee,
With all thy branching Honours on thy Head,
And circling round thy Fall, enjoy thy Ruin!
Then, then were *Rome*-----and *Pompey's* Fame re-
veng'd!

But from this Blow, the Gods and Honour guard
thee!

For

For O! thou wert his Victor, not Assassin!
And howsoe'er thy Cause reviles thy Arms,
Yet Roman Justice scorns the Sword of Treason!

Enter Achoreus with Pompey's Urn.

But see! the Holy Priest obeys! and from
The Gates of Plenty comes, to feed my Woes
With *Cæsar's* charitable Dole of Death:
The dear, the mournful, last Remains of *Pompey*.

Acho. From mighty *Cæsar*, to distressed *Cornelia*,
These honour'd, sacred Relicks, I present;
But that thy Piety o'erflows his Will,
A nobler Urn had grac'd thy Heroe's Ashes.
"Go thou, *Achoreus*, (said the gen'rous Victor)
"Compose her Sorrows! mitigate her Wailings!
"Tell her, her Virtue has secur'd her Vengeance,
"Binding the Life of *Cæsar*, to pursue it.
"But 'till more glorious Monuments can rise,
"Entreat her to accept his previous Victims.
Then bending to the great Remains, he sigh'd,
Embrac'd them --- paus'd --- let fall a Tear,
And with an awful Kiss, gave back the Charge.

Corn. O sacred Virtue! teach me to receive,
With Thanks, these Obligations of my Foe;
Nor let ungrateful Envy lead my Soul,
To wrong the Generous by mean Suspicion!
What tho' he rises by the Fall of *Pompey*!
What tho' his Arms opposing *Ptolomey*,
May fix ambitious *Cleopatra's* Crown?
Shall I upbraid the Vengeance, whose Effect
Disperses Benefit to more than me?
Cornelia, no! 'twere impious to revile
The Sun, for that his Beams are general!
Judge *Cæsar* then in this, to think like thee;
Believe the nobler Motive rules his Heart,
And own the Debt of his Revenge, and Tears.

Ach. Thus Virtue never is defac'd! unchang'd
By Strokes of Fate, she triumphs o'er Distress,

D

And

And ev'ry bleeding Wound adorns her Beauty.

[*Trumpets and Shouts at a Distance.*]

But hark! th' Alarm is giv'n! and *Cæsar* now

Again is dealing the Decrees of Fate!

In time retire! the Ruin here may reach you.

Corn. What Ruin can come nearer to my Heart?

[*Felling the Urn in her Arms.*]

O grudge me not this dear Repast of Grief!

Grief is the only Food my Sense can bear!

Love has resign'd its Fondness to Affliction,

Which with the same Impatience seeks its Object,

And thus wou'd feed its Woes with full Despair.

[*Shout. Charge.*]

[*She opens the Urn gently, and gazes into it kneeling, while Achoreus speaks.*]

Acho. Again! the Storm of War approaches! Gods!

She hears it not! immers'd in deeper Woes!

Did ever Grief thus dignify the Heart?

See how her agonizing Frame endures!

While Tears run back in Wonder of her Woe.

[*Trumpets.*]

With Care observe the Sallies of her Soul,

[*To her Attendants.*]

While I explore th' impending Danger: Guard

Her Grievs from Violence 'till my Return

May judge, if Courts, or Temples may protect her.

[*Exit.*]

Corn. 'Tis done! the Debt of Nature is discharg'd!

Great, injur'd, peaceful, dear Remains, farewell!

Grief has enjoy'd its Ecstasy of Pain! [*Closes the Urn.*]

And now a nobler Duty claims my Soul,

Revenge and *Rome* demand me back to Life,

To animate our Cause, 'till Liberty

Regain'd, may raise its Altars to thy Name,

O *Pompey*! that last Hope alone prevails;

For that blest Hour, I patient breathe, beneath

These Loads of dire Calamity. Nor dare,

'Till that's accomplish'd, lay the Burden down.

Then

CÆSAR in Ægypt.

75

Then shall *Cornelia*, thro' the Gates of Life,
Rush foremost, with the Tidings to thy Shade.

[*Alarm.*

Enter Achoreus.

Acho. Away, *Cornelia*! fly, thy Foes have conquer'd!
Cæsar is lost! and *Ægypt* triumphs o'er
The Fate of *Pompey*.

Corn. Gods! it cannot be!
Say how! the Terrors of the Day deceive thee!

Acho. O no! the King, who warily, at first,
Seem'd neutral in the Fray; on his Success,
Exulting now, avows the Enterprize,
Applauds his Vengeance, and absolves the Crime.

Corn. Still am I lost in Wonder! Was not *Cæsar*
By me appriz'd, forewarn'd of this Design?

Acho. Too short the Warning, when so near the
Blow!

For tho' his Care no Moment lost, to stop
His latent Danger, from the Aqueduct;
Yet, ere his Cohorts from their Ships cou'd land,
Or those within the Town be drawn to Order,
Our speedier Troops, impetuous as the Tides
Of *Nile*, came pouring thro' our Gates! while *Cæsars*,
Now, like a Vessel from its Anchor blown
Adrift, and uselefs, down the Stream is borne,
Lost, and unaided, by the Wrecks around him!

Corn. Yet hold! nor let me hear of *Cæsar's* Fate!
Lest *Rome*, dishonour'd by the Means, shou'd owe
Her Liberty to vile *Ægyptian* Falshood!

Lest the perfidious *Ptolomey* shou'd buy,
With *Cæsar's* Head, his Pardon, from the Senate,
And ward the Vengeance of the Gods, for *Pompey*!

Acho. Who next must bleed, the Gods can tell; but
now

In dread Confusion, fly the *Roman* Eagles,
Prest, and retreating to the *Pharian* Isle;
There only have the Valiant Choice, to fall
On pointed Spears, or perish in the Seas

D z

Behind

Behind them. The reveng'ful *Ptolomey*,
 Impatient to resume the Reins of Empire,
 Flew, on the News, to make the Queen his Captive;
 Pretending, now, she is the Kingdom's Foe,
 Confederate with *Cæsar*, to its Ruin!
 Fly then, *Cornelia*, from this rolling Danger!
 Outrage and Slaughter fill the Streets, and sweep,
 Without Distinction, Innocence along!
 To *Isis*' Temple haste! thy Virtue there
 Secure may wait the Will of Heav'n.

Corn. Just Gods!

Had I but Life to lose, the Tumult here
 Might end my Woes; but lesser Cares must wait:
 To guard these dear Remains, I wave my Fate. [*Exe.*

The SCENE opening to the Palace, discovers Cleopatra guarded.

Guard. Here our Commission ends. Th' Occasion,
 Madam,
 Of your Confinement now, the King himself
 Will answer——he approaches. [*Ex. Guards.*

Enter Ptolomey.

Ptol. Gods! I thank you!
 This Hour has well repaid the Wrongs of Empire;
 Thou fatal Stain, to the *Laguan* Race!
 Inglorious *He'er*, to the Peace of *Ægypt*!
 Where is your *Paris* now? your Reveller!
 Your Champion *Cæsar*, who dissolv'd in Pleasures,
 Contemn'd the Royal Vengeance, that surrounds him?
 What, are thy boasted Charms abandon'd, lost!
 Has then this glorious Robber left thee hopeless!
 From thy unguarded Honour stoln the Gem,
 And thrown thee, like a useless Casket, by,
 To make his Flight more speedy? N w recall him.

Cleo. *Cæsar* best knows his Time---you say he's fled:
 The Flying live! the Living may return!

Ptol.

Ptol. So desperate! canst thou then form a Hope,
On *Caesar's* Life? are Malefactors said
To live, when o'er their destin'd Heads, the Sword
Of Justice rais'd in Air, is falling to the Blow?
Such is the State of *Caesar*, coop'd in *Pharos*!

Cleo. On *Caesar's* Fate, I know my own depends:
Nor will precarious Life, when he's no more,
Be worth my Care: yet in his vanquish'd Heart
I reign'd one Day, the World's Imperial Mistress!
All Empires have their Period: mine, tho' short
On Earth, shall perching on the Wings of *Caesar*,
Be born through Ages to a deathless Fame!
What Beauties yet unborn, reading my Story,
Shall find their Virtue stagger, at my Conquest,
And sigh for *Cæsars*, that, like mine, might love!

Ptol. Confusion! dar'st thou vaunt thy Infamy?
Is kindling Shame a Stranger to thy Cheek?
That nor thy Race dishonour'd, nor the Breach
Of sacred Laws, can give thy Crimes a Terror?

Cleo. Talk'st thou of violated Laws! whose Heart,
On cool Deliberation, cou'd renounce them?
Who deaf to Obligations, to thy Crown restor'd,
To Honour, Gratitude, or Faith of Nations,
Cou'dst basely pierce thy Benefactor's Bosom,
And stain thy Soul, with bounteous *Pompey's* Blood?
While I, at Hazard of my Throne and Life,
Strove by his Safety to prevent thy Crime.
If, with Resentment fir'd, I since have leagu'd
With *Caesar*, to retrieve my Crown; accuse
Thy own injurious Arms, that first usurp'd it?
Did I not warn thee too of *Caesar's* Love?
Didst thou not know my Soul was form'd for Empire?
And cou'dst thou hope, that maiden Modesty,
A peevish Coyness, wou'd restrain Ambition?
What are the Laws that ever yet confin'd it?
Tho' Love to *Caesar's* Merit might be venial!
But Nature's whole Consent abhors th' Assassin.

Ptol. 'Tis well! this Spirit shall have further Tryal!

78 CÆSAR in Ægypt.

Who waits ? our Guard ?

Enter Guard hastily.

What means thy breathless Terror ?

Guard. Look forth, and see, Sir---*Pharos* is in Flames.

Ptol. Confusion to my Eyes ! [*Going to the Window.*

Cl.o. It must be so !

The Brand of Vengeance is in *Cæsar's* Hand. [*Apart.*

Enter Photinus from the other Side.

Phot. O Horror ! Horror ! Ruin, Rage, and Slaughter,

With *Cæsar's* Fortune, follow at our Heels !

O Sir ! with Shame and Terror, I pronounce it,

Fly, fly, while yet Occasion serves, to save you.

Ptol. Gods ! let me know the Danger, that compels me.

Phot. While *Cæsar* in the *Pharian* Isle was hemm'd,

And to all Eyes, that saw him, deem'd our Prey,

Death every Moment feeding on his Front ;

And on his Rear, no Hope, but Seas to sink him ;

Yet Fortune, in his last Despair, redeem'd him.

While on the narrow Mole, fierce *Decius*, joyn'd

With *Antony*, a while sustain'd the Day ;

Himself perplex'd, and raging at his Fate,

As if, he dying, had resolv'd to light

His Funeral Pile, with dread *Phalaric* Darts,

That kindle as they fly, he fires the City ;

Nor spares our Altars from the blazing Ruin !

And now far casting o'er the Main his Eye,

With trembling indignation he beheld

His distant Fleet inactive to his Aid.

Then heav'd his Breast, and springing with the Thought,

He headlong plung'd him in the Waves ——

Cl.o. My *Cæsar* !

Phot. In one rais'd Hand aloft above the Tide,
Some Scrolls of high Importance he preserv'd,

And,

And, with his other, plough'd the Surge before him!
 As oft, athwart the rapid floods of Nile,
 Some monstrous Crocodile, in quest of Prey,
 Rolls his huge Length, thro' Showers of Darts along;
 So, fearless of the hissing Shafts around him,
 Swam the fell *Cæsar* foaming to his Fleet.
 His Troops, that from their Ships beheld his Danger,
 With Shouts, that echo to the Heav'ns, receive him,
 Nor lose a Moment to regain the Day!
 Now loaded Gallies ply their stroking Oars,
 And in an Instant pour them on the Strand.
 They form! they march! thus *Cæsar* re-inforc'd,
 Furious as *Libyan* Whirlwinds blows his Foes
 Before him.

Ptol. Gods! as Fortune were his Slave!

Cleo. Form'd to subdue the World, and charm the
 Fair! [Exulting.

Ptol. What Hope can save us?

Phot. On this Side the *pharos*,

Where yet our fainting Troops dispute his Passage,
 A light-sail'd Vessel hails about the Shore.
 Thence only can your Fortune save you.

Cleo. Hold!

Yet ere you perish, hear a Sister's Counsel.
 Spite of my Injuries, a Brother's Blood
 Sets Nature in too horrible Alarm!
 And not preventing, is to urge thy Ruin!
 From *Cæsar's* Arms, what Earth or Seas can save thee?
 If then thy Fear suggests, thou hast deserv'd
 His dread Resentment, trust with me thy Fate:
 Ne'er shall these Knees unbend from *Cæsar's* Sight,
 'Till *Cleopatra's* Prayers have seal'd thy Pardon!

Ptol. Audacious Insult! Pardon! Shall my Crown,
 Dependent on a Wanton's Smile, compound
 Thy Crimes? the Pandar of my own Dishonour?

Cleo. Thy Fate be on thy Head!

Ptol. The Fate of *Cæsar*,

Alike with *Ptolomey's*, is fix'd and certain:

Who

80 CÆSAR in Ægypt.

Who first must perish, to the Gods is known.
At least, this Hour shall Honour lost atone;
My Rage shall on his Heart revenge our Fame,
Or scorn the Life, that dares survive the Shame.

[Ex. Ptol. and Pho.]

Cleo. Ungrateful Boy! thy parting Arrogance
Betrays the rooted Rancour in thy Soul:
Had *Cæsar* not espous'd my injur'd Right,
Or had my Eyes engag'd his Arms, for thee;
Then, what thou term'st my Shame, were courtly Glory.
I thought thy Youth misguided by thy Creatures;
That they alone had wrought thee, to the Tyrant;
But find thy Nature, to their Hands, had form'd thee.
My Woman's Heart, forgetful of my Wrongs,
Wou'd have commended thee to *Cæsar's* Mercy;
But now, while thus thy Hate disdains my Care,
If his just Vengeance, for the Blood of *Pompey*,
Shou'd overtake thy Guilt; reproach thy Rashness.
My Fame's acquitted of thy wilful Fate,
And Grief, in rising Empire, shall forget thee.

[A Flourish.]

Hark! hark! the *Roman* Trumpets, like the Voice
Of Fate, pronounce to *Cæsar's* Arms the Day!
My Heroe! see where joyous *Antony*
Flies with a Lover's Haste, to bear the News.

Enter *Antony*.

Ant. Hail! bright Imperial Monarch of the Nile!
For such have *Cæsar's* Fortune, and the Fate
Of *Ptolomey*, ordain'd thee:

Cleo. *Ptolomey*!

What dreadful Ruin cou'd so soon o'ertake him?

Ant. As *Cæsar* round the blazing *Pharos*
Led his well-order'd Troops, to quench the Flames;
Forth from the Palace, in disorder'd Haste,
He saw the King, *Photinus*, and the Guards,
Rush thro' a Band of *Romans* to the Bay;
Where *Ptolomey's* young Arm so bravely fought,

That

That *Cæsar*, in the Conflict, call'd aloud,
Spare! spare the King! He, scornful of his Mercy,
With double Fury now renew'd the Fray!
But oh! in vain! breathless, at last, he saw
Photinus, and *Achillas*, by his Side
Expire! a Death, for their vile Crimes, too glorious!
At length, his Fortune desperate, he broke,
With Fury, thro' the Tumult, to the Mole,
From whence, into a floating Bark he launch'd,
His last Retreat and Hope: but here, his Friends,
Too zealous for his Safety, urg'd his Fate;
Such Crowds of Followers his Flight attended,
That ev'n in *Cæsar's* View, th' o'er-freighted Boat
Sunk foundring down, and perish'd in the Deep.

Cleo. Such is the Vengeance of the Gods for *Pompey*!

Ant. Well has his Death atton'd his Errors past,
Since injur'd *Cleopatra*, by his Fall,
Enjoys, at last, her undisputed Empire.
Ev'n *Cæsar* fought not for himself, but you:
This Moment to your People he proclaims
You Queen, and to conciliate to your Crown
Their Hearts, and render *Ptolomey* forgotten,
Confirms the Laws and native Rights of Ægypt.

Cleo. Can *Cæsar* have a Foe, that is not such
To Virtue? [Flourish.]

Hark, he comes! my Conqueror!
My Wishes Lord, and Glory of my Heart.

Enter Cæsar. She runs to embrace him.

Cæs. O my forsaken Fair! my Toils, at length,
In Peace and Transport yield me to thy Arms!
In all the Conflicts I've, this Day, sustain'd,
My Fears for thee sunk deepest in my Heart;
And while the Soldier fought, the Lover trembled.
But here my Heart, collected to its Joy,
Pours out my Cares, forgotten on thy Bosom.

Cleo. Now ye chaste Matrons, that reproach my
Love,

Behold

Behold my *Cæsar* in this Blaze of Glory!
 O let the Dangers of this Day but speak him!
 Let impious Treason, thro' the Earth, assail him!
 Or, in the *Pharos*, dreadful Flames surround him,
 Thence hurl him headlong to devouring Seas!
 While, like the Ocean's God, he rides the Billows,
 Behold him, thro' this War of Elements
 Victorious! then! then bid these Arms refuse him!
[Shout.]

Enter Decius.

Dec. Cæsar, the publick Joy, in Crowds impatient
 Swarms round the Palace, to behold their Queen.

Cæs. A Moment, and the Queen shall greet them:—
Cornelia!

Enter Cornelia on the other Side.

Corn. Cæsar, with a divided Heart, I come]
 At once to gratulate, and mourn thy Arms:
 Since *Pompey*, here, no more Revenge can hope,
 This fatal Shore is hateful to my Eyes;
 I therefore now remind thee of thy Word,
 Thy promis'd Convoys, for my free Departure.
 Hence let me wing my Flight! with *Pompey's* Urn,
 To rouse the drooping Life of Liberty,
 And arm another World, to blast thy Lawrels!
 O *Cæsar!* tremble! for my Soul presages!
 Howe'er thy lawless Arms may swell thy Power,
 Think not that *Rome*, tho' conquer'd, will endure thee!
 Her Genius, like a Lion tam'd, one Day
 May turn, when least suspected, on his Keeper,
 And stalk, in Triumph, o'er the Limbs that aw'd him!
 Such may be *Cæsar's* Fate! the Gods have warn'd thee!
 Wou'dst thou be truly glorious, yield us Peace!
 To *Scipio*, *Pompey's* Sons, and *Cato*, now
 I bend my Course; if thou hast ought to offer,
 That may concern the harass'd World's Repose,
Cornelia shall report it.

Cæs.

Cæs. Tell them, this !

The Laws, they fight for, *Cæsar* will maintain;
Nor are they safer, in their Hands, than his!
When I look round the World, and see
What Miseries attend Abuse of Power,

I judge my Conquests by the Gods assign'd,
To give their Laws new Force, and mend Mankind!

If then Ambition prompts me to excell

The greatest Patriot fam'd for ruling well,

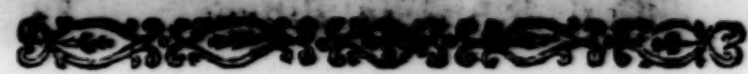
Let foul-tongu'd Envy burst her swelling Heart,

My conscious Virtue shall perform its Part.

Cæsar his Period to the Gods shall trust,

Nor can, 'till Gods forsake him, think his Arms unjust.





EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. OLDFIELD.

WAS it not Bold, from stated Rules to Roave,
 And make the Tragic Muse commode to Love?
 To shew victorious Cæsar turn'd Gallant,
 And what, in Life, the greatest Warriors want!
 That all the glorious Battles they may gain,
 Unless the Fair are Kind, are Fought in vain!
 Prim Prudes, be sure, will urge, that lawless Fire,
 In Death, and Desolation, shou'd expire!
 That Tragedy shou'd fright your Hearts from Evil,
 And shew, that Love unlicens'd——is the Devil!
 Suppose this True——Yet, who's to judge the Error?
 Wou'd Belles and Beaux refuse the Joy, from Terror?
 Our Author, therefore, tells the downright Story,
 And lays his Madam's Frailty fair before you:
 Say, Nymphs! who've seen this Cleopatra die,
 Were you then cur'd of Love? or did you cry
 O God! my Lord! wou'd you were Antony!
 Can you then blame a Muse, subdu'd, to write,
 On what gave Cæsar's Heart such full Delight?
 Since you in Music found his Charms sublime,
 Make not a little Common Sense his Crime:
 'Tis true, he had not all the Charms in Fashion
 His Laurels gave not, like Tupé's, Temptation.
 Romans, of old, were no such killing Cattle,
 Nor wore their Hair, like Cocks, new trimm'd for Battle!
 Nor knew of Paste, and Puffs, the modish Air,
 With Heads, like frozen Mops, to melt the Fair!
 Our Dame's, at least, less liable to Satyr,
 Tho' frail, she chose the Grand, not Petit Maître!
 Beside, if Cæsar at her Feet cou'd lie,
 Your Tears may flow more Just, for Antony!
 Since then, his World well Lost, your Hearts admire,
 Let Her with CÆSAR live, with ANTONY Expire.

3



F I N I S.

